

# JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK FOR LITTLE FOLK

*Number Three*



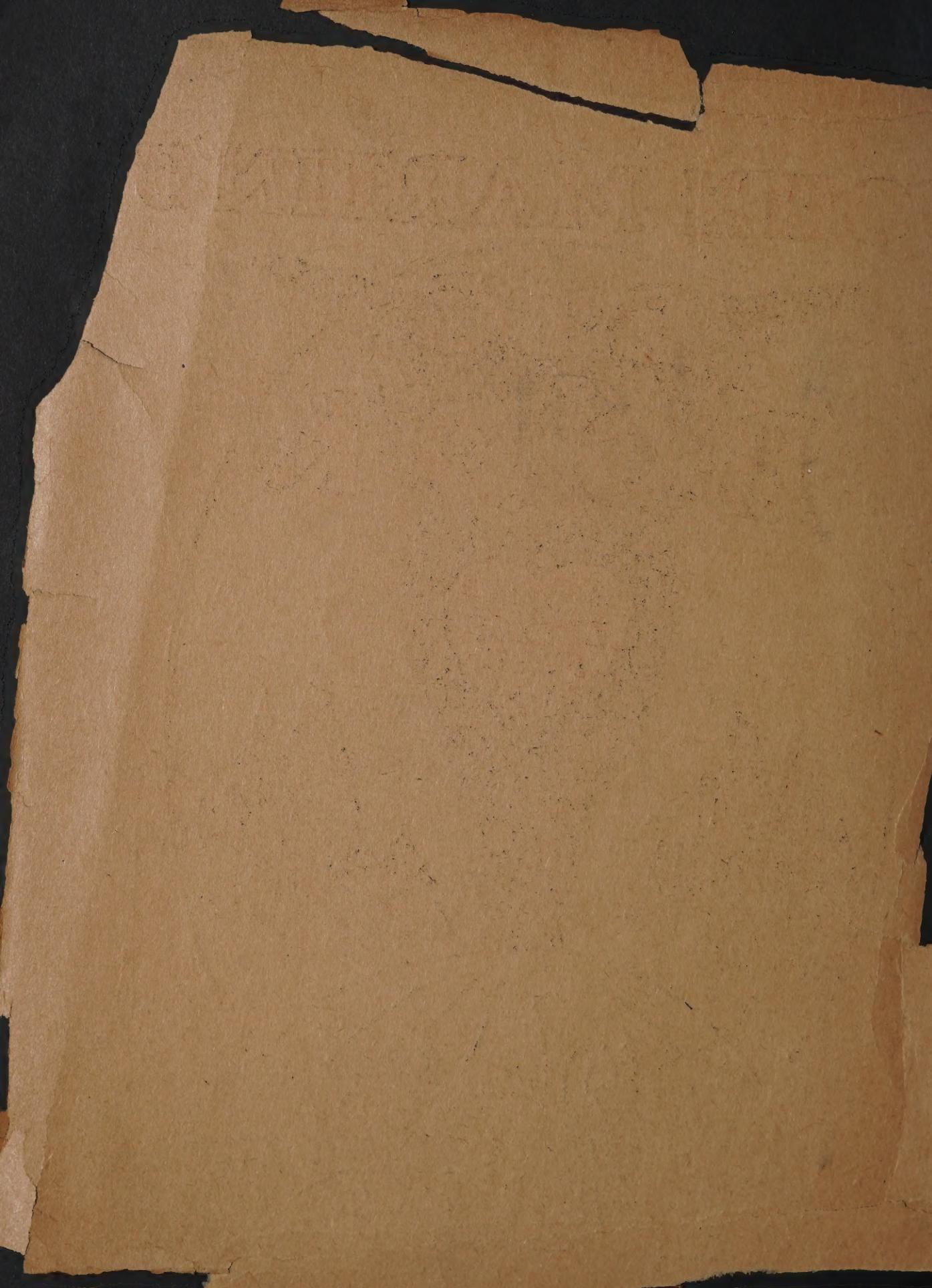


# JOHN MARTIN'S

# BIG BOOK

FOR  
LITTLE  
FOLK  
No. 4.



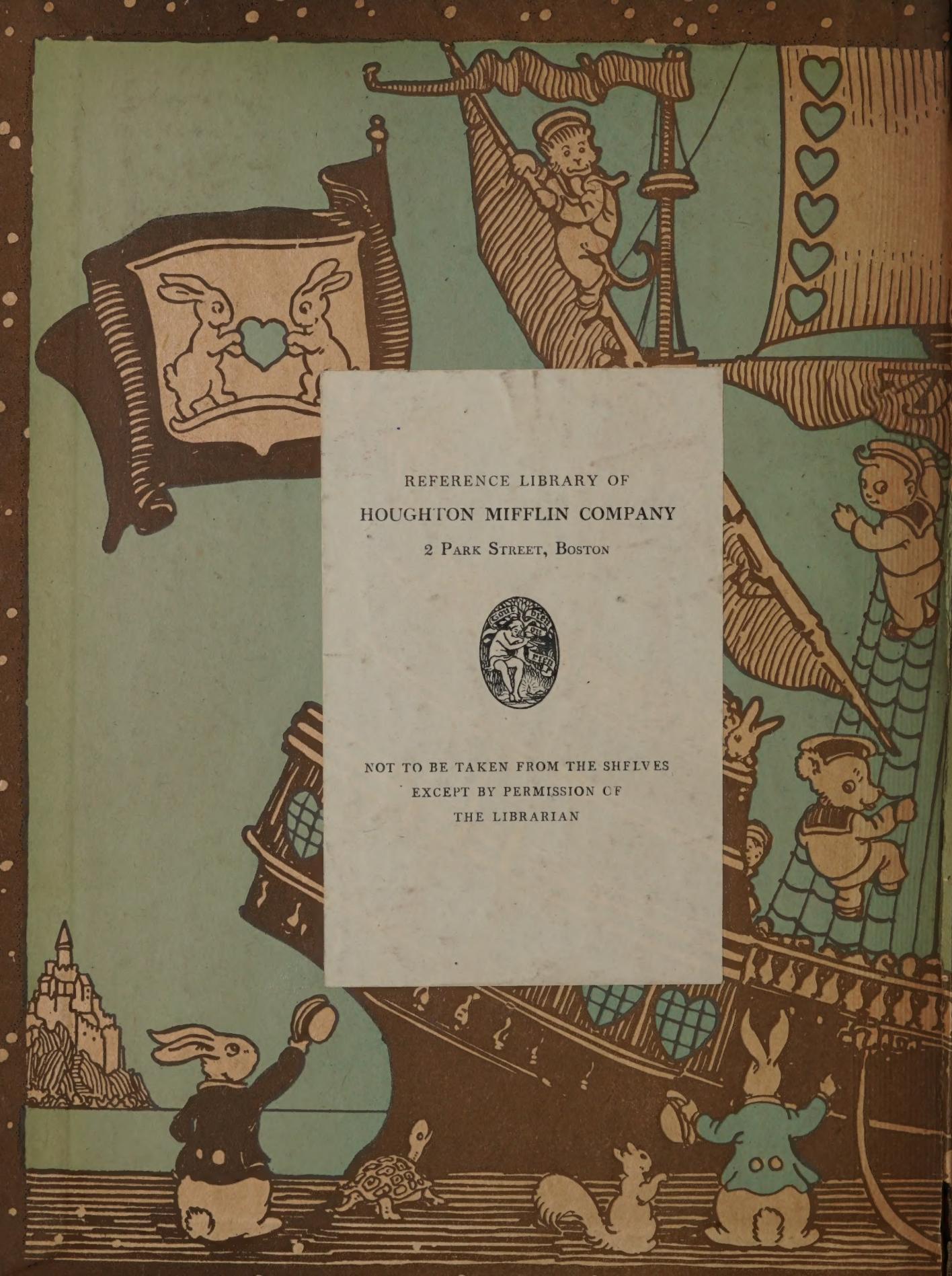


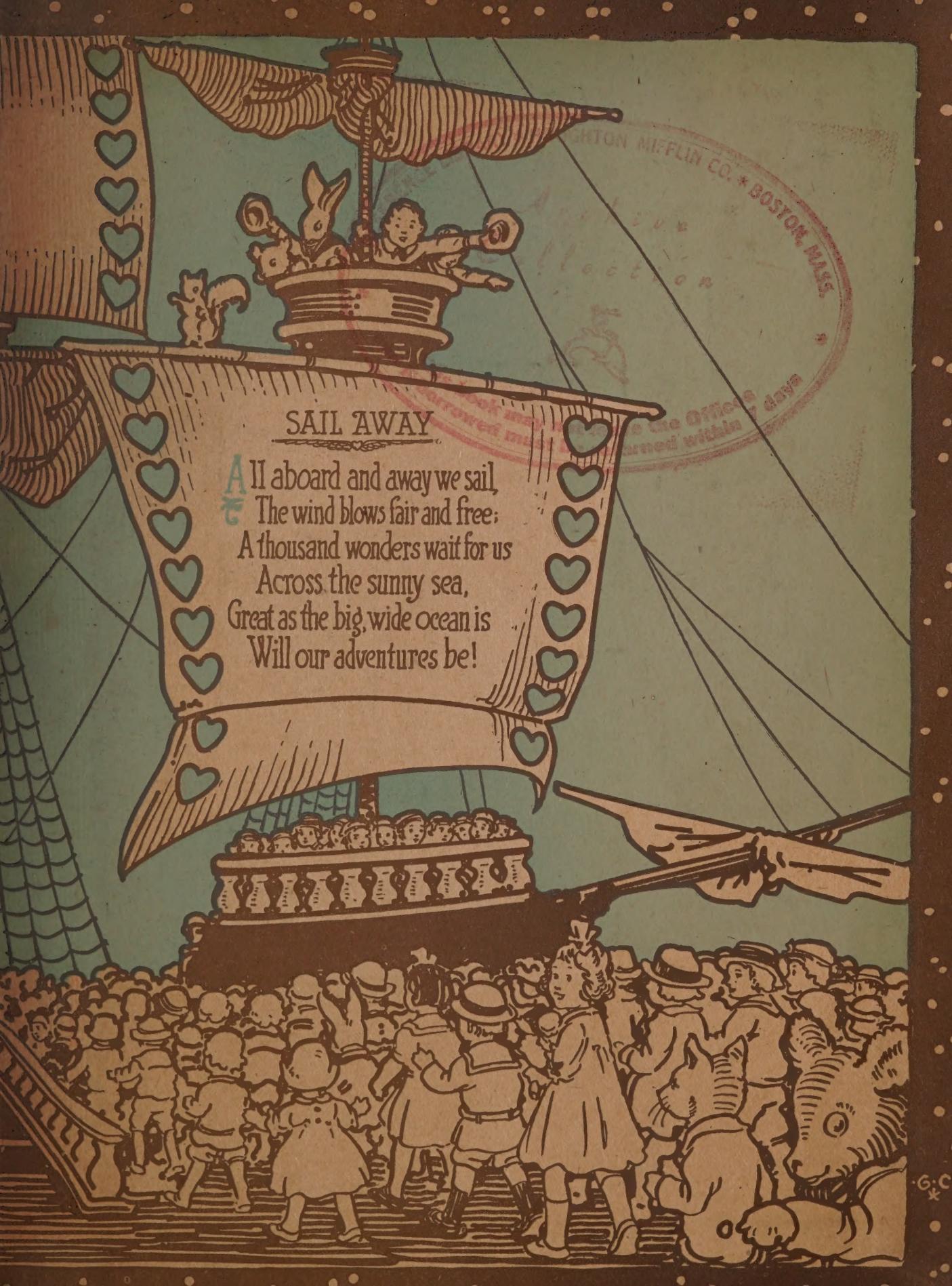


REFERENCE LIBRARY OF  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
2 PARK STREET, BOSTON



NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE SHELVES  
EXCEPT BY PERMISSION OF  
THE LIBRARIAN





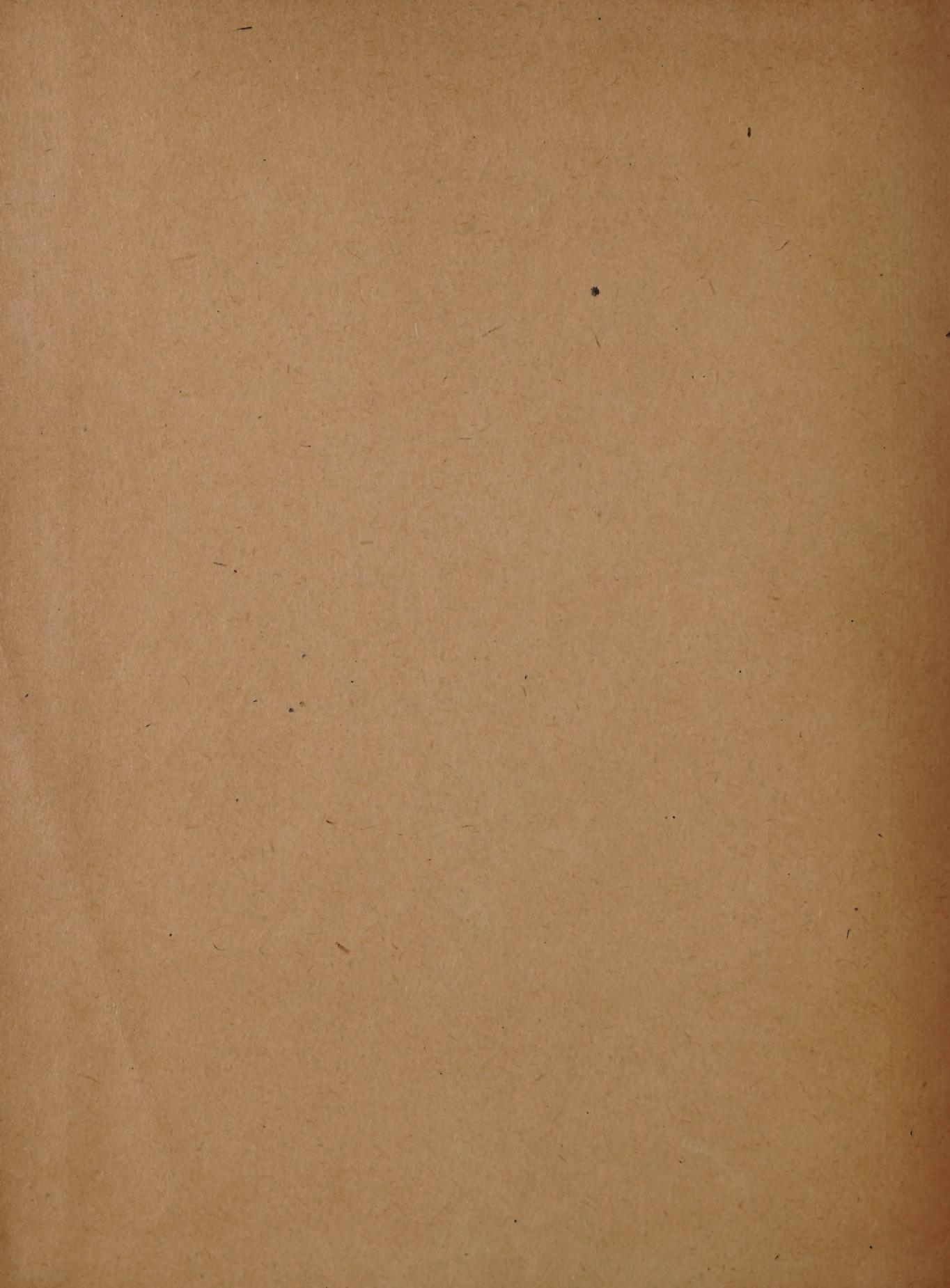
## SAIL AWAY

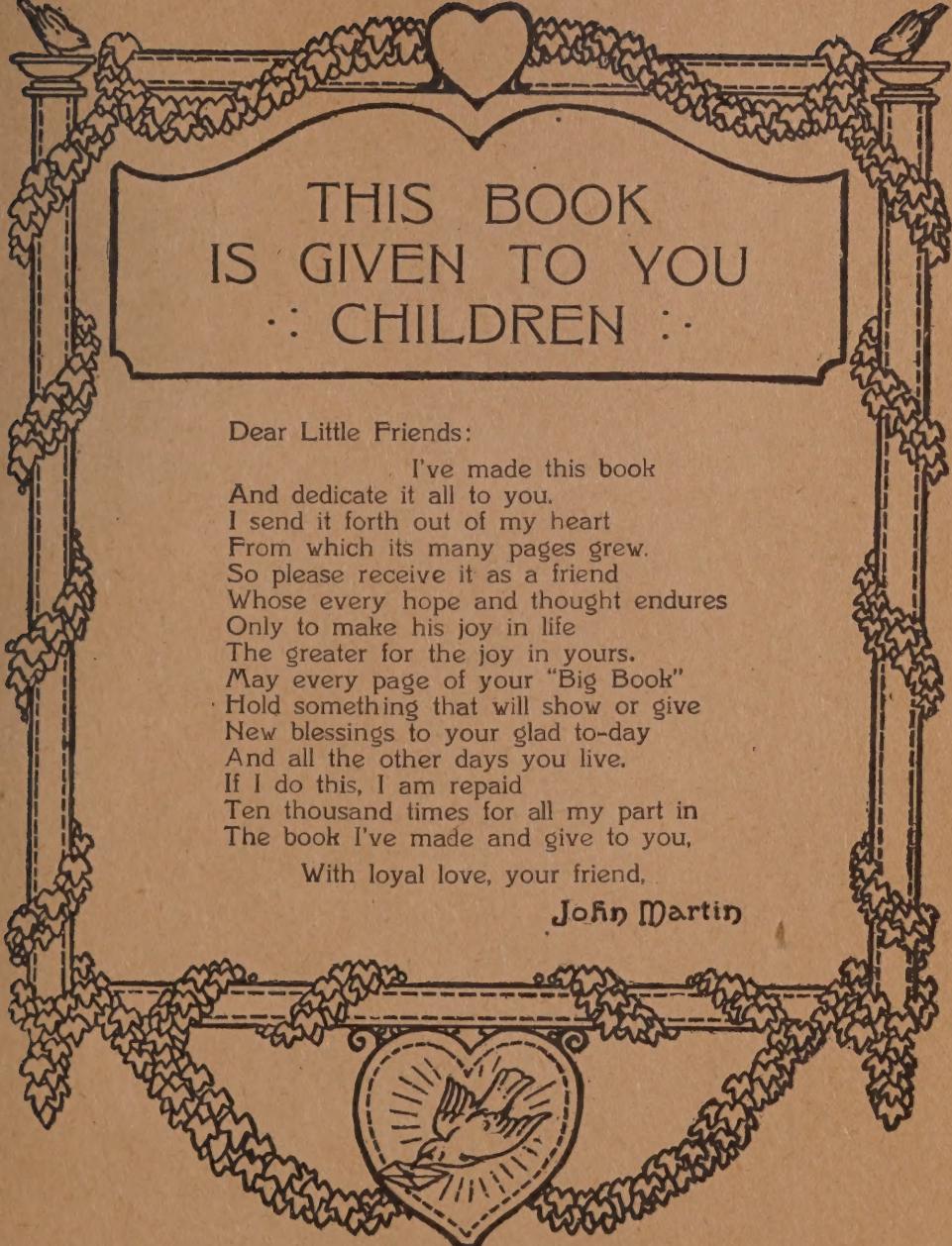
All aboard and away we sail,  
The wind blows fair and free;  
A thousand wonders wait for us  
Across the sunny sea,  
Great as the big, wide ocean is  
Will our adventures be!

IGHTON MIFFLIN CO. \* BOSTON MASS.

Postage  
Paid

POSTAGE PAID  
TO THE OFFICES  
OF THE POSTMASTER  
WITHIN ONE DAY





THIS BOOK  
IS GIVEN TO YOU  
:: CHILDREN ::

Dear Little Friends:

I've made this book  
And dedicate it all to you.  
I send it forth out of my heart  
From which its many pages grew.  
So please receive it as a friend  
Whose every hope and thought endures  
Only to make his joy in life  
The greater for the joy in yours.  
May every page of your "Big Book"  
Hold something that will show or give  
New blessings to your glad to-day  
And all the other days you live.  
If I do this, I am repaid  
Ten thousand times for all my part in  
The book I've made and give to you,

With loyal love, your friend,

John Martin



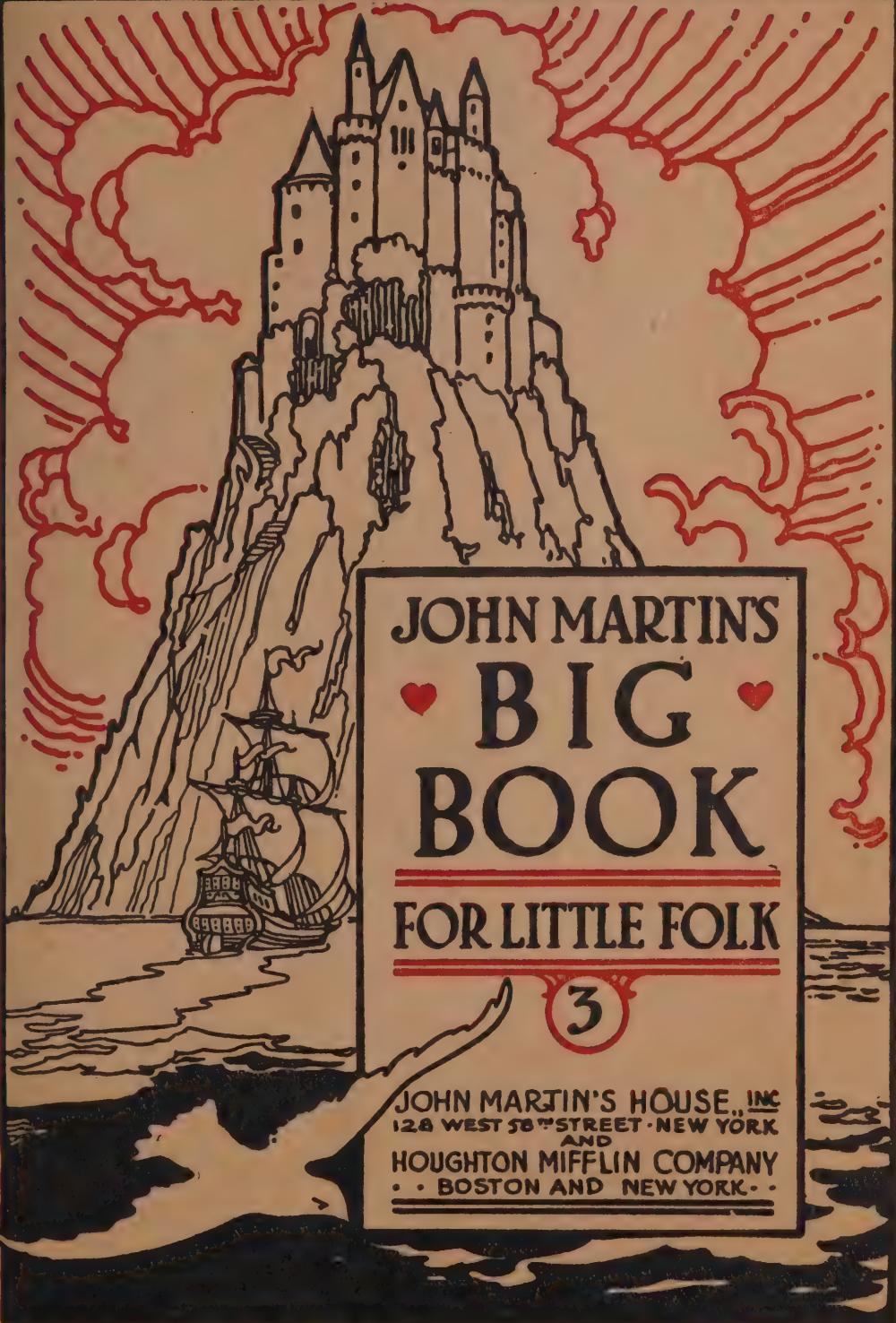


### • MY BOOK SHIP •

MY BOOK is just  
A ship of thought  
That sails away with me,  
It takes me straight  
To wonderland  
Beyond the wisdom sea.  
I am the captain  
Of my ship,  
I sail away to find  
New places, people,  
Wonders and  
Adventures of the mind.

George  
Carlson



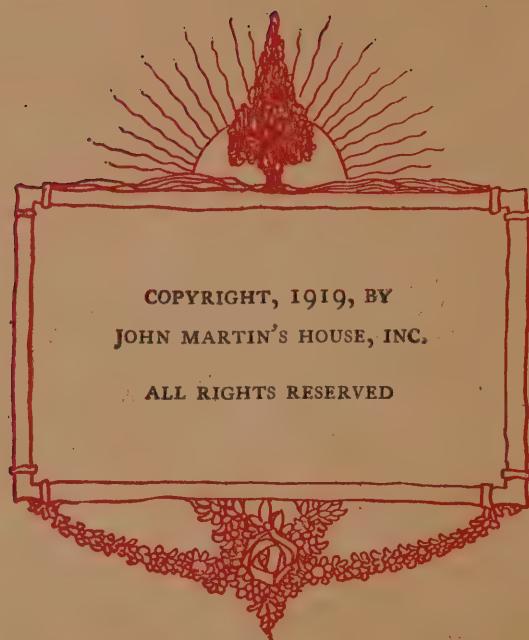


JOHN MARTIN'S  
BIG BOOK  
FOR LITTLE FOLK

3

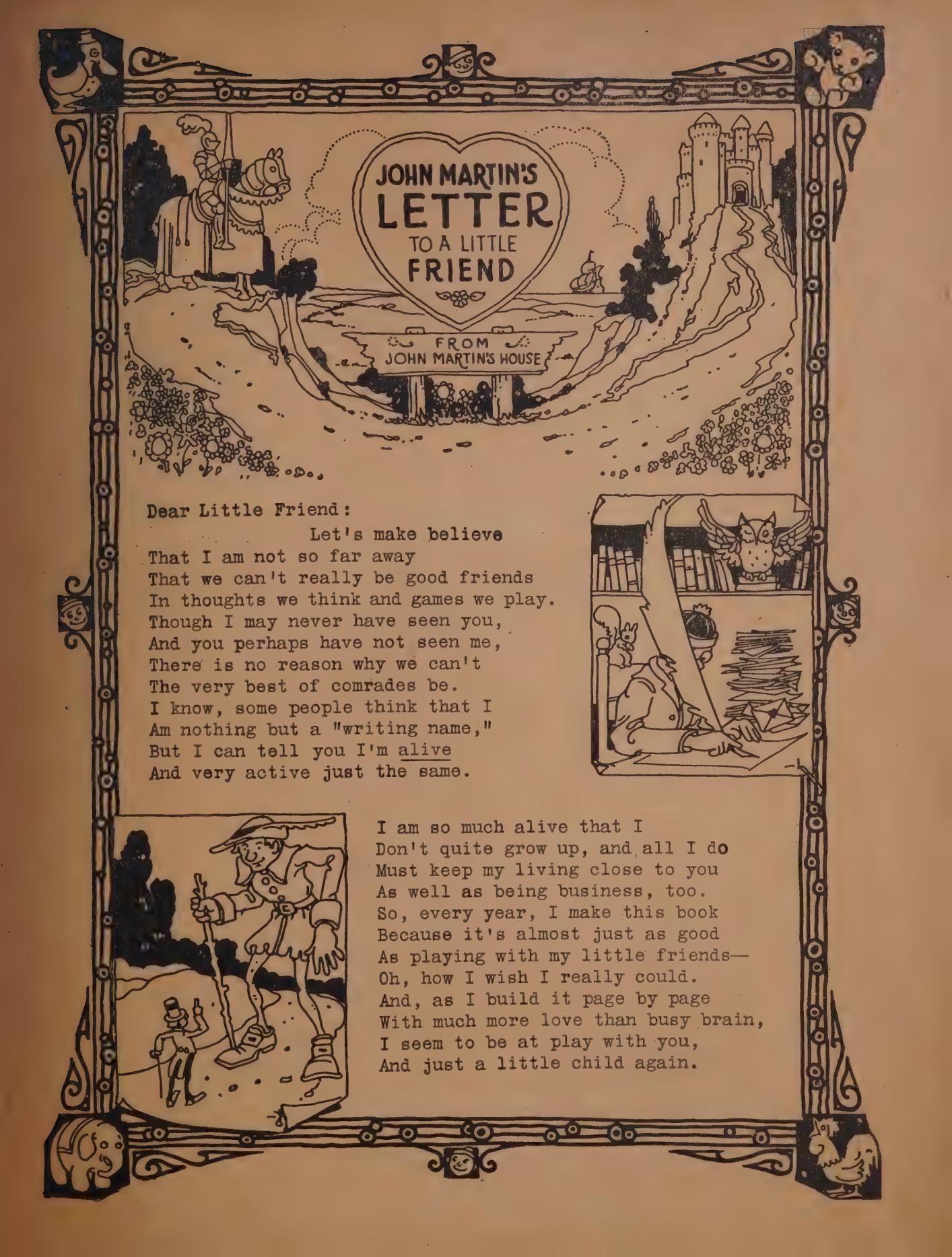
JOHN MARTIN'S HOUSE, INC.  
128 WEST 58<sup>TH</sup> STREET · NEW YORK  
AND  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
· · BOSTON AND NEW YORK · ·





COPYRIGHT, 1919, BY  
JOHN MARTIN'S HOUSE, INC.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



# JOHN MARTIN'S LETTER TO A LITTLE FRIEND

FROM  
JOHN MARTIN'S HOUSE

Dear Little Friend:

Let's make believe  
That I am not so far away  
That we can't really be good friends  
In thoughts we think and games we play.  
Though I may never have seen you,  
And you perhaps have not seen me,  
There is no reason why we can't  
The very best of comrades be.  
I know, some people think that I  
Am nothing but a "writing name,"  
But I can tell you I'm alive  
And very active just the same.



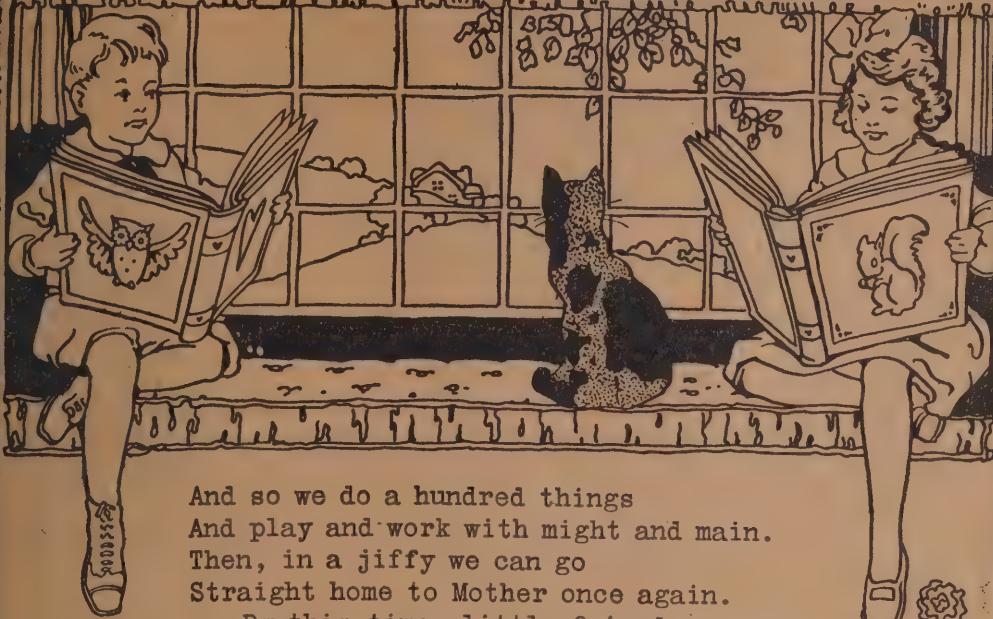
I am so much alive that I  
Don't quite grow up, and all I do  
Must keep my living close to you  
As well as being business, too.  
So, every year, I make this book  
Because it's almost just as good  
As playing with my little friends—  
Oh, how I wish I really could.  
And, as I build it page by page  
With much more love than busy brain,  
I seem to be at play with you,  
And just a little child again.

**A**ND then I like to think that we  
Go out upon a happy trip  
Across Imagination's Sea,  
In our "Big Book" which is our Ship.

The wind is fair; the rolling sea  
Is wonderful as shining gold.  
We are adventurers and we  
Are very brave and good and bold.  
Then we cast anchor when at last  
We go to seek adventures and  
We hurry to the heart of things  
And into all of Wonderland.  
We look for wisdom everywhere,  
We learn of countries, stars, and kings.



Good Mother Nature talks and tells  
Us secrets of a hundred things.  
Our friends, the fairies, play with us;  
Our knights and heroes all come true;  
And then the people of our books  
Can talk to me and play with you.  
And here and there and everywhere  
We meet Good Thoughts and we make friends  
Because we know that happiness  
And what's worth while on them depends.

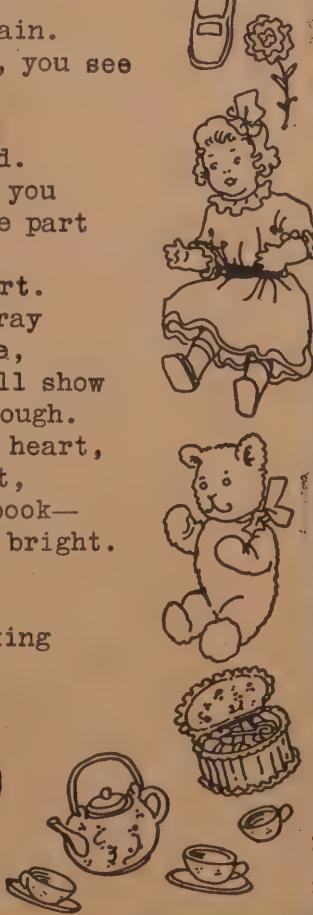
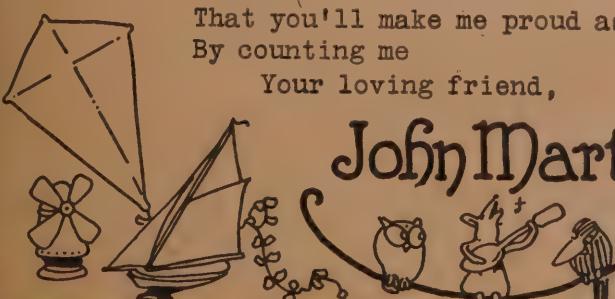


And so we do a hundred things  
And play and work with might and main.  
Then, in a jiffy we can go  
Straight home to Mother once again.

By this time, little friend, you see  
That this, my letter, is a kind  
Of parable about this book,  
Our friend of spirit and of mind.  
So keep this book I've made for you  
As you would keep a friend whose part  
In being yours is but to give  
New blessings to your happy heart.  
On rainy days when clouds are gray  
And hide the sky all lovely blue,  
Turn to your book friend, it will show  
The merry sunshine breaking through.  
When little fears creep in your heart,  
And seem to hide the happy light,  
Go to the brave hearts in your book—  
They'll show your way all sunny bright.  
And then I wish, as I now bring  
This little letter to an end,  
That you'll make me proud as a king  
By counting me

Your loving friend,

John Martin



# BOOKS

My Books  
shall be Good Friends to me  
True Friends that fail me never.  
To them I'll turn,  
In them I'll learn  
To find new treasures ever.  
Their records bright  
Shall bring to light  
Great deeds of bygone ages,  
When dauntless hearts  
Played noble parts  
In Life's forgotten pages.



# THE GOLDEN APPLES



**T**HERE is not an honest man in our country," said the King of the Goths, when he learned that his treasurer had emptied his coffers and left the country.

"I don't believe that all the Goths are thieves," remonstrated old Graybeard, the King's Councilor, "and if there is an honest man among them I will find him."

"How?" asked the King.

"Leave that to me," said Graybeard.

"I wish you luck," said the King and turned to other business.



**A**YOUTH is wanted at the King's court to tend the King's horses," cried the King's criers as they rode up and down the country of Gothland. "A youth is wanted at the King's court to tend the King's horses."

From everywhere boys flocked to the King's court in effort to secure the position of watching the King's horses. Among the first to arrive was young Egil. He was tall, straight, and strongly built, so old Graybeard spoke to him first of all.

"Will you serve the King?" he asked.

"Oh, yes sir," replied Egil.

"Then," said Graybeard, "listen carefully to what I say. If you can watch the king's foals for one whole day and tell me, at night, what they eat and drink, you will be greatly rewarded. But if you can't you will have to suffer the consequences of a betrayed trust. Do you understand?"

"Yes," replied the lad, elated at the good luck so easily won.

Next morning the king's coachman led out the seven foals, and Egil smiled brightly as he saw them. He thought himself as good as having the reward already and wondered what it would be. Something very great, he felt sure, since it was the king who was going to award it.

Away tore the colts over hills and dales and the lad after them. When the boy had run until he was very tired, he came to a cleft in a rock where a fair maiden sat spinning.

"Come here," she said, smiling upon him, "and rest awhile in the shade. It is hard work to run all day in the summer heat."

Egil knew that only too well, so he sat down beside the maid. She commenced to sing to him as sweetly as Valkyrias sing, glad runes, and strong runes, of runes of victory and runes of honor and the enraptured boy listened to her song which was as fascinating as her fathomless eyes and shining hair. He forgot the colts and old Graybeard's words, forgot his trust and his poor mother in the forest who would suffer with him if he failed. At last he remembered and arose.

"Wait a while longer," smiled the Valkyria. "At twilight the foals will return this same way. Then you can run back to the palace with them and no one will know that you have not watched them all day long. When the king asks you what they have been eating and drinking just show him this." She held out to him a tuft of grass and a flask of water.



Egil pocketed the grass and the flask of water and thanked her for her advice which saved him the trouble of running all day, and sat down again to listen to more songs. Sure enough, when the sun went down behind the forest from which he had come, the foals returned and the lad ran with them to the king's palace.

"Have you watched true and well the whole day?" asked Graybeard, as Egil reached the palace gate.

"Aye, I ha-ave," stammered the lad as steadily as he could.

"Then, tell me what the king's horses have been eating and drinking."

The lad pulled from his pocket the tuft of grass and the flask of water. "These are their food and drink."

"You have not watched true," thundered Graybeard, angrily. "You will be punished hard for betraying your trust. Return disgraced to the place you came from."

Egil limped home as quickly as he could. The punishment had been very severe and his back was bruised, his heart heavy, his limbs sore and wounded, and his temper wretched. "I went out to seek employment," he complained to his sympathizing mother, "but I will never do so again. The world is wretchedly cruel."

His mother petted him and cried over the hard luck of her poor boy, but his twin brother, Emir, said that, since Egil had failed, he would go out into the world and try his luck.

"Don't you do it," said Egil. "The world is very cruel and full of maidens who lure one to destruction by their sweet songs."

"Well, I won't listen," replied Emir and took up his cap, squeezed his mother's wrinkled hand and was off for the king's palace.

"Will you serve the King?" asked Graybeard, as soon as he was admitted. "Can you watch the King's foals?"

"Of course I can," replied Emir.

"If you can watch them a whole day and tell me what they eat and drink, you will be greatly rewarded," said Graybeard. "If you can't you will suffer punishment for betraying a trust. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

As the next morning dawned the king's coachman led out the seven foals, and off they went again, over hills and valleys and the lad after them. When he had run until he was both warm and weary, he passed by a cleft in a rock where a matron sat smiling beside a well-spread table.



"Come here and have a drink to moisten your parched throat," she called to him, holding up a cup full of foaming mead. "It is hot work to run on a day like this."

Emir knew it only too well. The sweat ran down his tanned cheeks, and there was not a dry thread upon his hot back. So he stopped and took the offered cup. He drank eagerly and handed the empty cup back to the good matron who filled it again and held it out to him.

"Now sit down a while and rest," she urged, when he had emptied the second cup and was ready to run after the colts. "It is nice and shady here and you certainly need a few minutes' rest. It is cruel to make a lad run a whole day in such scorching heat. Sit down, my boy, and I will tell you something worth knowing."

Emir sat down, indeed he could hardly stand, and he felt very comfortable as he stretched himself in the shade.

"Those foals will return this way in the evening," said the matron, smiling. "They always do. If you stay here until the sun goes down you can run with the colts back to the palace, and no one need to know that you have not been with them all day long. If Graybeard asks you what they have been eating and drinking, just show him this." She held out to the lad a tuft of grass and a flask of water.

"Thank you," said the boy. "I should be a fool to run the whole day

in the heat when nobody will know the difference." Then he settled himself more comfortably to listen to the matron's wonderful stories; stories of Helheim and Alfheim, of Swartzheim and Jotunheim, of Asgard, the city of the gods, and of the Urdar Fountain and the three Norns, of secrets of the past and secrets of the future, of awful things which none but the gods, or Valkyrias, could know. When the foals came back at nightfall, Emir followed them to the royal palace.

"Can you tell me what the King's foals eat and drink?" asked old Graybeard.

"Yes," quaked Emir, drawing a tuft of grass and a flask of water from his pocket and holding them up with trembling hand. "Here you—you see their me-meat and dr-drink."

"You have betrayed your trust," shouted Graybeard angrily. "You must suffer the punishment and then return to your home disgraced."

The lad limped home as quickly as he could. The whipping had been very severe. His mother cried over his bruises, and his twin brother said: "I told you so." But Totts, the baby, rose and took down his cap from its peg.

"Since both Egil and Emir have failed I am going to try my luck in the world," he announced.

His brothers laughed at him. "Since we have fared so badly, you think you will succeed," they sneered. "That is a good joke."

"I mean to try," decided Totts.

"The world is very cruel, my boy," moaned his mother.

"If you must go, beware of maidens, who sing songs," admonished Egil. "There is nothing in the world so treacherous as maidens who sing songs."

"That is your opinion," retorted Emir, "but I tell you mead is the real danger in the world. Beware of mead and of people who tell stories."

While the brothers quarreled about the real dangers of the world, Totts slipped out and ran to the king's palace, quite determined to be faithful to any trust.

"Will you serve the King?" asked Graybeard. "Can you watch the King's horses a whole day?"

"I will try my best," replied Totts.

"If you can watch them a whole day and tell me what they eat and

drink, you will be greatly rewarded," said Graybeard. "But if you can't you will be severely punished for betraying a trust. Do you understand?"

"I, I believe I do, sir."

Next morning the coachman led out the seven foals again, and away they went over hills and dales with Totts behind them. When he also had run a long while he came to the cleft in the rock where a girl skipped and played with three golden apples.

"Come and play with me," called the girl.

"Naw," answered Totts, grabbing the tail of the last colt to make sure he would stay with his foals, "naw, I have work to do."

"Oh, come now," cried the girl, running after him and tossing her golden apples before his eyes. "I will give you one of them if you will play with me, and each one is worth a fortune. Come on."

"Naw," shouted the boy, "I have promised to watch those colts the whole day."

"Foolish boy, foolish boy," taunted the girl. "Don't you know that the foals will return this same way at sunset? Then you can run home with them and none will know whether you have watched them the whole day or not. If the——"

But Totts was out of hearing distance. "I have promised to watch them," he shouted back.

"Good for you, good for you," called the girl in the voice of a Valkyria and disappeared, tossing her golden apples so skilfully that they landed in Totts' pocket.



The foals had reached an old vineyard in the heart of the forest, leaped over the fence, and commenced to eat clusters of purple grapes. It was almost dark when Totts with the foals reached the gate to the king's palace.

"Have you watched well and true?" asked Graybeard.

"I have done my best," replied Totts.

"Then you can tell me what the king's horses eat and drink."

"Yes," said Totts. "It is the queerest thing I have ever seen, but, whether you believe or not, the only things they have either eaten or drunk is clusters of purple grapes. There is an old vineyard up in——"

"My boy," broke off Graybeard, smiling, "you have watched true. You are the man we want for the King's treasurer."

"But, look at these," said Totts, drawing the three golden apples from his pocket. "A girl threw them into my pocket. I suppose that I must try to find her and give them back to her."

"They are yours, my boy," smiled the old man, leading Totts into the presence of the King.

"Here is the King's treasurer," announced Graybeard. "He is perfectly honest, but, I presume, very ignorant."

"That is easily remedied," said the King, smiling.

The King's tutors trained and taught the peasant boy and, in time, he became not only the King's treasurer, but he sat upon the throne itself. As King Walande, Totts is known in the ancient legends of Scandinavia.

ANNA BOGENHOLM SLOANE.



## WOOD THE WOODEN WOODS?

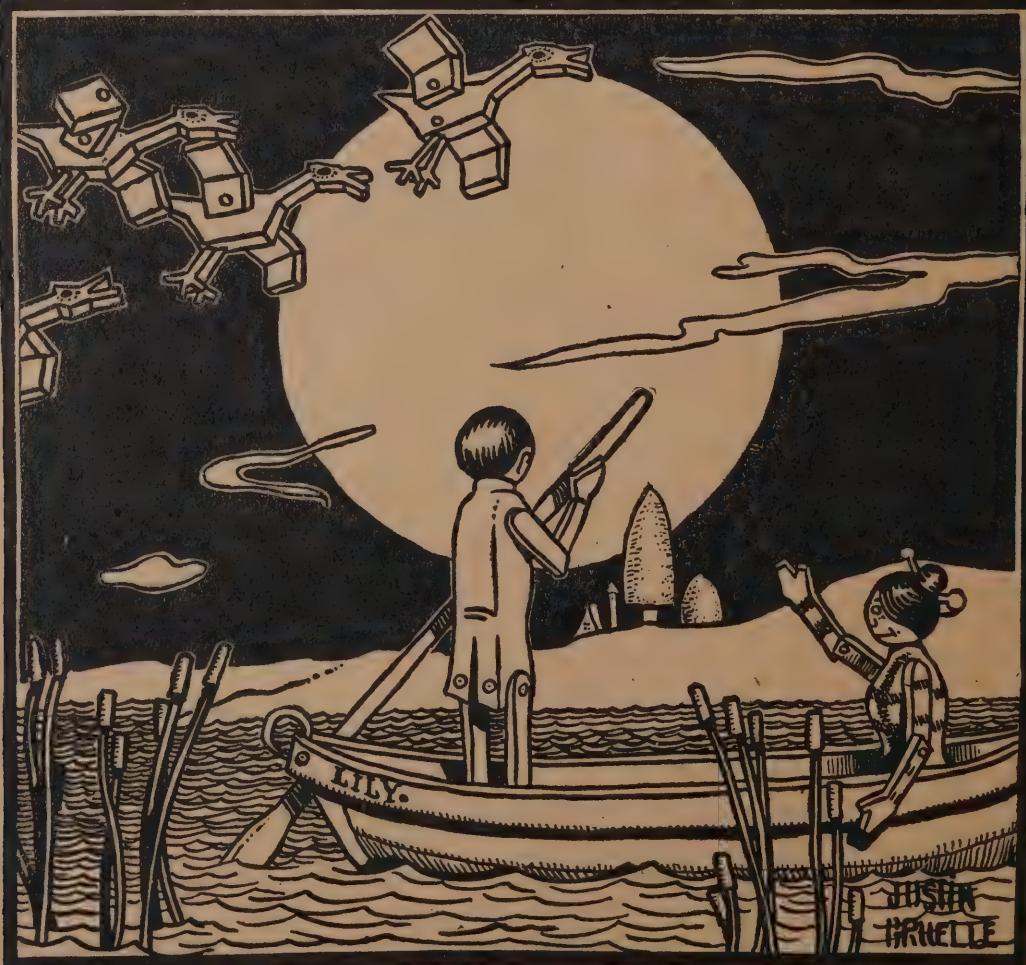
YES, Mister Wood and Mistress Wood go rowing in a boat;  
And Mister Wood has wooden legs and wears a wooden coat.

Some wooden ducks go sailing by. Some wooden cat-tails quiver

In wooden water which provides the ripples of the river.

I wonder would the wooden Woods be drowned if they would ever

Decide to tumble overboard, or would they sink? O NEVER!





# LOTS of FUN



THE CAMEL PLAYED A WHISTLE  
THE POODLE DANCED A JIG

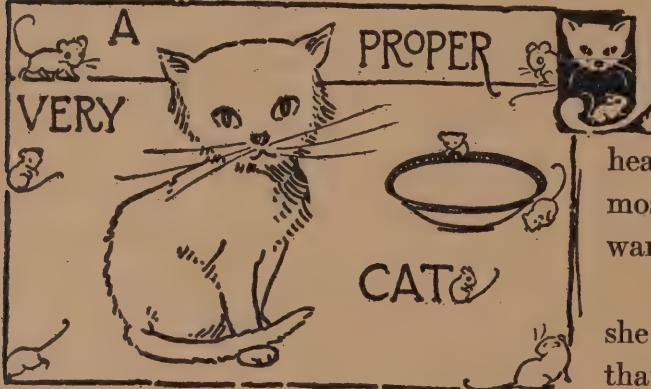


THE OSTRICH STOOD UPON HIS HEAD  
THE LOBSTER KISSED THE PIG.

ALLEN-MCMAHON



## CLUMSY—The Story of a Kitten



JOZEPHA'S Daddy was a very rich man, so you will not be surprised to hear that his little girl had almost all the toys and pets she wanted.

Most of all her playthings, she prized a tiny white kitten that had strolled into the garden

one summer day while little Jo was running after a big butterfly. It was a thin, dirty kitten then, and Jozepha's mother did not want to have it in the house, but the little girl cried and cried until Mother consented. Nurse washed the poor little waif and, after her fur coat was dry, she was a very proper cat.

Jozepha named her *Clumsy*.

From the very first day, Clumsy made herself perfectly at home. There was much fun for Jozepha to see the kitten romp about, and run after a ball of paper, and stand up on her hind legs, and try to reach the ends of the curtains. She wandered through all the rooms, over the soft carpets and slippery floors, slept on the nice big dining-room chairs, climbed up to the top of mantelpieces, and even dared to make herself comfortable on Mother's elegant lace bedcover.

Now Jozepha's Daddy did not like the kitten. She was always in his way, climbing up into his lap when he tried to read the papers and scratching at his shoe-laces when he sat at table.

One evening Jozepha's Daddy came home from the office with a bundle of valuable papers. He unlocked the little green safe that stood in the

corner of the reading-room. After he had pulled back the heavy door, he started to cross the room for the papers which he had left on the table. There was Clumsy right in the way and, of course, he tripped over the poor kitten. This made Daddy angry. He said that the useless cat was always in the way, and he wouldn't have her about. So he scolded and scolded and told Jozepha's Mother that she must turn Clumsy out of the house the first thing in the morning.

While the papers were being sorted, the door bell rang. Some one had come to see Jozepha's Daddy. He quickly pushed the valuable papers into the safe and closed the iron door.

Jozepha felt very sad when she heard that Clumsy must be put out and she began to look for her so they might have one last play together.



Jozepha went crying to her little white bed

"Clumsy, Clumsy . . . come kitty, come kitty, kitty, kitty," she called, again and again, but no Clumsy came to answer to her name.

Where was Clumsy? No one could find her. Jozepha went crying to her little white bed, and the family went to sleep.

After everything was quite still, what do you think happened? Very late in the night some one pushed open a window in the reading-room and crawled in. It was a bad man who

knew that there were important papers in the little green safe.

Softly he tip-toed to the iron safe and bent over it. There was no noise at all, only the *click, click* of the lock in the safe as the burglar tried to open it. He tried and tried, and at last it opened.

He had hardly pulled back the heavy door when something white moved in the safe; then he felt a deep scratch on his wrist; there was a soft purring noise, and a white lump sprang out of the safe.

How that man did run! He dropped his little electric light and jumped out of the window, without waiting to close it after him, he was in such a hurry.



Clumsy stretched herself; she didn't like being locked up in a safe where she could hardly breathe. She purred and purred. That was her way of laughing at the man who was running away.

"My," she said to herself, "what a funny man! Only bad men run like that through open windows; and he forgot to take his lantern, too. Oh, well, I think I'll take a little nap until Jozepha calls for me." She curled herself on the warm carpet and soon fell asleep.

The next morning Jozepha's Daddy was surprised to find the safe wide open though not a single thing was missing. He found the burglar's lantern; he saw the open window; then he saw Clumsy yawning at him. The kitten stepped up to him and pressed against his legs, purring all the time as if she wanted to tell what had happened. Daddy knew the story without being told. In his haste to see the visitor, he had locked Clumsy in the safe.

Now, Clumsy is a heroine. She saved some very valuable papers, and the family treat her like a little princess. She even goes motor riding. Clumsy is a very happy kitten.

PRIVATE MICHAEL V. SIMKO.





## DOUGHNUT DAY

MY MOTHER'S making doughnuts—  
oh,  
They smell so *very* good  
I can't keep out of doors at all—  
(Though mother thinks I should).

She has a big hot pan of grease,  
And when she's busy there,  
I help *myself* I love 'em hot!  
I know *she* wouldn't care.

She drops 'em in the cooky-jar;  
I reach it on tip-toe!  
And when she thinks she's made a lot,  
Oh my! it isn't so!

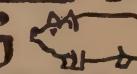
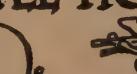
There's only just 'bout *half* a jar;  
And she begins to see  
The doughnuts that she thought were *there*,  
Are mostly all in me!

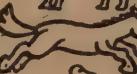
DAISY DILLON STEPHENSON.

ASpell

## \* FROM 1 TO 10 \*

❖ A DUCK  IS ONE - 1  
❖ A CHICK  IS TWO - 2  
A LITTLE DOG  IS THREE - 3  
THEY ALL WENT WALKING OUT ONE DAY  
   

THE SIGHTS IN TOWN TO SEE.  
❖ A CAT  IS FOUR - 4  
❖ A RAT  IS FIVE - 5  
A LITTLE PIG  IS SIX - 6  
THEY MADE A FUNNY LITTLE HOUSE  
     
ALL OF A PILE OF STICKS 

❖ A COW  IS SEVEN - 7  
❖ A HORSE  IS EIGHT - 8  
❖ A GOOSE  IS NINE - 9  
AND THEN  
A ROOSTER  CROWS FOR YOU AND ME  
SO THAT COUNTS UP TO TEN - 10

## \* AND BACK AGAIN \*



THE ROOSTER WENT  
AWAY TO SCHOOL  
THE GOOSE WENT  
TO THE STORE . . .



THE HORSE RAN  
TO THE TINKER SHOP  
THE COW WENT OFF  
TO WAR



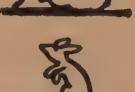
THE PIG HID IN A  
PILE OF HAY



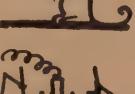
THE RAT WENT TO  
A DANCE



THE CAT WENT VISITING  
A MOUSE



THE DOG SAILED  
OFF TO FRANCE . . .



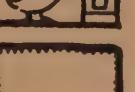
THE CHICK HID UNDER  
MOTHERS WING . . .



THE DUCK WENT OUT  
TO CALL



OH DEAR, OH DEAR,  
THERE ARE NONE LEFT  
FOR US TO COUNT  
AT ALL



# THE COMING OF SPRING

LITTLE Child, I can tell you a marvelous thing:  
Do you know that the Earth dresses up for the Spring?  
She drops her old bonnet of winds and her shawl  
Of patch-leaf and snow that she dons in the Fall.

She puts on her girdle of grass and her gown  
Of blossoming meadow and flowering town;  
She loosens her hair till it flutters and flees  
And brushes her cheek with a soft little breeze.

O Child, she is joyous and bright, for some one  
Has scampèred up north with the birds and the sun,  
And Earth leaps to meet her and cries, "O, Spring dear,  
I'm certainly, beautifully glad you are here!"

MIRIAM CRITTENDEN CARMAN.



# The Wail of the Tummy

HOW do you do? I am 'Elizabeth Ann's Tummy. It is very nice to have you to talk to. Yes, 'Elizabeth Ann must be a very pleasant little girl for so many people give her things to eat. But, oh dear, sometimes she abuses me terribly! Why only yesterday, she began the day by sending me some chocolate candy the very first thing in the morning. Imagine, before breakfast! Of course, at that time of day, I had no place to put it, and after scolding it I sent it into a corner, to stay until after breakfast; but before long, a big banana came flopping down and I was at my wit's end.

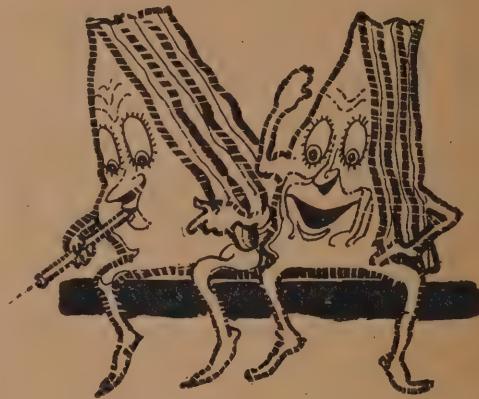
In spite of my greatest care, poor 'Elizabeth Ann sometimes gets a pain. I can't bear to have her suffer but there is no other way to make her understand. It's the business of all good Tummies to keep their owners well, and if a little heed is paid to our signals, that is very easy to do. I sent 'Elizabeth Ann a telegram, a wee pain in her side. I felt her press me with her hand and I thought she understood. After breakfast, I pulled down the shades, and we all settled down to take our nap.

THUMP! Something woke me up! The banana was turned over, a tiny egg had rolled off the shelf, and cocoa was spilled all over everything. I could have spanked 'Elizabeth Ann; she was jumping rope, and all my house was upset. I sent a telegram, and away she went to her mother. The first thing I knew, down came something else. Peppermint Water, indeed! As if that could make me stop sending telegrams. If little children would only pay attention to our signals, all the nasty medicine in the world, for Tummy-aches, could be thrown in the big sea.



After straightening things up a bit, I had just started to rest, when my little Mistress sent me a piece of cake. By this time all the other people were asleep, and I didn't mind the cake very much. You know sweet things are as good for me as any other things, if they come at the right time. I went to the cupboard marked *Cake*, and put the newcomer up out of reach. I had scarcely turned around, when another piece of cake made its appearance. Then I was cross. It was almost luncheon time, and I didn't want my shelves all mussed up. Of course it hurt 'Lizabeth Ann to have those two big pieces of cake stuffed on that one shelf, and it was lucky that the chocolate frosting stuck them together or they might have fallen.

Dear me, was the child trying to drown us? Some horrid pop was rushing down. I could hear it fizz-fizzle before it reached me. I tell you, I had to scurry around with the mop! The cake soon got wet, and as the pop



kept coming, the whole place was flooded. I didn't have to send any telegrams this time. Everything began to fight for itself. The cake was furious when the pop soaked off its frosting, and down it tumbled, right on the sleeping banana. Of course the banana kicked a little. The pop was indignant, and it fizzled and fizzled; that made 'Lizabeth Ann unhappy,

and she sat very still. I am sure she was sitting on mother's lap being petted. At any rate we all enjoyed the rest.

Although I couldn't hear the luncheon bell, I knew from the quiet way 'Lizabeth Ann walked that she was in the presence of her elders. A nice piece of roll made its appearance. After bidding me *Good Afternoon*, it went quietly to its own place and slipped in.

"My, but it is wet here to-day, Mrs. Tummy," said the roll. "I got my feet soaked just coming in." I explained what an awful morning



we had had, and with a sigh, the roll went to sleep. A nice chop, some French peas and potatoes were my next visitors, and I was glad to see such orderly folk. They all spoke kindly to the cake that had slipped off the shelf, but it was so sleepy it did not answer. I was dusting the jar marked *Dessert*, and was ready for custard or pudding. When, what do you think that naughty child sent me? MINCE PIE! I was so upset, I couldn't greet it politely; and it was cross when it found itself unwelcome.

"Where is my bed?" it growled.

"I have only a pudding jar left, but you are welcome to that," I replied meekly. It was just about to be rude to me, when something slipped past me and knocked it down. "Miss ICE-CREAM," I gasped. Now I was worried! Ice-cream and mince pie hate each other, and they always start a fight. There was only one dessert jar, and the pie started to climb in.

"That is my place," said Miss Ice-Cream. It was the colored kind and glared at the pie with its red and chocolate eyes. "You have no right here. You are a grown-up's dessert."

"If you think you belong here any more than I do, you are mistaken," the pie yelled. Both angry people asked me which was a child's dessert, and, as they are both bad, I couldn't answer. When the pie hit the ice-cream, that indignant lady splashed all over him, and he couldn't see. I heard something else approaching, and I rushed to close the door, but I was too late. Mr. Dill Pickle walked right in. Every one was quiet in a minute. Pie and Ice-Cream can at least fight each other, but nothing can fight Mr. Pickle. Not even a Tummy can manage him. He stalked around in our midst, pale and terrible.

"Oh, ho, Miss Ice-Cream, you have been fighting with my friend Mr.

Mince Pie? I will show you how ladies should treat gentlemen." Mr. Pickle, smiling a curdling smile, walked right up to Miss Ice-Cream and shook hands with her. Poor lady! She trembled and began to leak right off Mr. Pie. When she was an ugly puddle at his feet, Mr. Pickle laughed at her. This made the chop and potatoes angry. They tried to pick Miss Ice-Cream up, but she slipped right out of their hands.

"Villains," shouted Mr. Chop. He shook his fist at Mr. Pickle. Every one was awake now, even the old banana. I knew that if they did not stop fighting soon, the grown-ups would send a Doctor down. I bolted all the doors to keep everything out. It was no use. I saw it first through the keyhole, then it trickled under the door.

"Dr. Castor-Oil is coming!" I shouted. When they scrambled for their places, everything went wrong. The roll got in the pop and nearly drowned; the chop climbed in the butter's tiny jar and broke it; the potatoes and peas slipped and fell on top of the ice-cream.

"What's all this row?" rumbled an oily voice. No one answered.

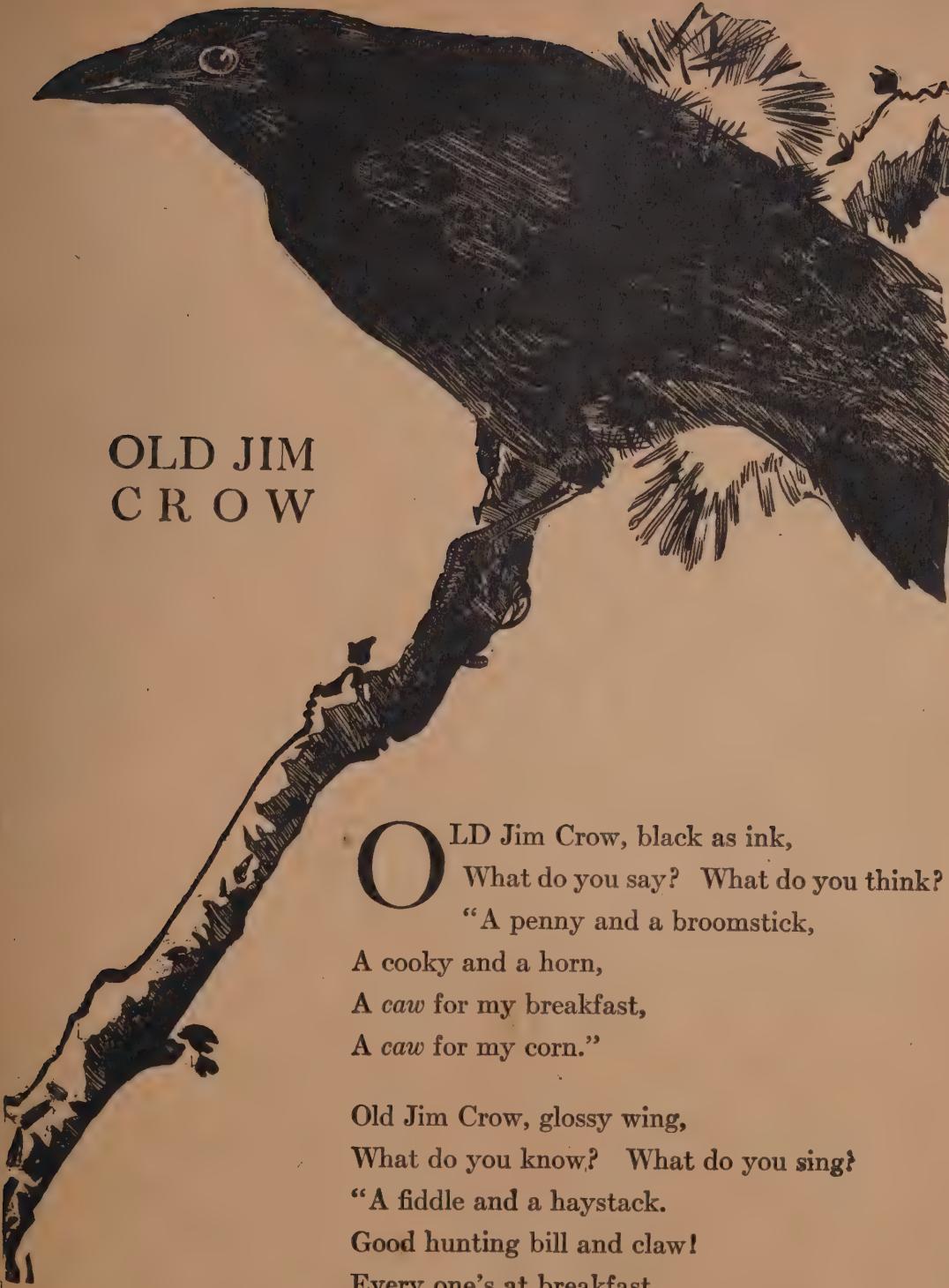
When the Doctor spied Mr. Pickle he exclaimed, "So you are here! Now Mr. Pickle, walk right into that corner and go to sleep!"

It didn't take long for Doctor Castor-Oil to straighten things out. I must confess he is a splendid person to send after bad people, but it is hard on me. At last little 'Lizabeth Ann was asleep. I felt warm and cozy outside, and I recognized my friend, Miss Hot-Water-Bottle.

Now you see why I am glad you came this way. I have wanted to tell some nice person my troubles, and you have listened very patiently. Next time we meet, I hope I shall have no horrid things to tell you.

FLORENCE PARTELLO STUART.





## OLD JIM C R O W

OLD Jim Crow, black as ink,  
What do you say? What do you think?

“A penny and a broomstick,  
A cooky and a horn,  
A *caw* for my breakfast,  
A *caw* for my corn.”

Old Jim Crow, glossy wing,  
What do you know? What do you sing?  
“A fiddle and a haystack.  
Good hunting bill and claw!  
Every one’s at breakfast,  
*Caw—caw—caw!*”

# LITTLE GIRL, LITTLE GIRL, WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN YOU GROW UP?



Will you RIDE?



Will you TRIM?



Will you SWEEP?



Will you SWIM?



Will you DANCE?



Will you PRAY?



Will you NURSE?



Will you PLAY?



Will you WASH?



Will you RAKE?



Will you SING?



Will you BAKE?



Will you WRITE?



Will you SEW?



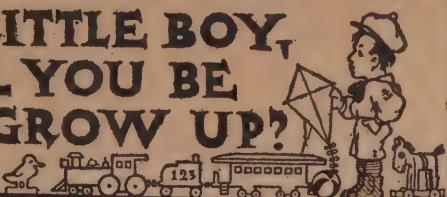
Will you PAINT?



Will you ROW?

LITTLE GIRL LITTLE GIRL, WHAT WILL YOU DO  
WHEN YOU GROW UP?

LITTLE BOY, LITTLE BOY,  
WHAT WILL YOU BE  
WHEN YOU GROW UP?



A DOCTOR?



A SAILOR?



A BUTCHER?



A TAILOR?



A HUNTER?



A SPRINTER?



An ARTIST?



A PRINTER?



An ACTOR?



A FARMER?



A DRIVER?



A CHARMER?



A GROCER?



A TEACHER?



A SOLDIER?



A PREACHER?

LITTLE BOY LITTLE BOY WHAT WILL YOU BE  
WHEN YOU GROW UP?

# HOW KITTY CAME TO COURT



**M**EW! Mew! Mew!" "Come, my kitty, come!" called a clear, young voice from the steps.

"Let us get in the great coach and play we are going to see the Queen."

So Mistress Dolly, or Dorothea, gathered up the little white kitten in her arms, and climbed into the lumbering coach that stood before the door of the wealthy London merchant's home. The kitty mewed after the manner of kitties to-day, but if I were to give you the exact words of the little maid, and the way in which she pronounced them, I am very much afraid you would not understand them. For this was in the good old days of Queen Elizabeth, you see, when English was very different from the language we speak now. When wee Mistress Dolly with her bit of white fur were inside the coach she pulled over her a great cloth coat trimmed with ermine. It was a raw, foggy day, and with one end of the cloak she carefully covered the kitty, who soon began to purr in drowsy content.

"I have covered thee up nice and warm, dear heart," said the little lass, as she stroked a soft white ear. "But how canst thou be such a drowsy-head, when thou art called to the Royal Presence? Brave shows are in hand

to-day, I warrant me, for my father tarries long. I wonder if he will wear his robes of state?"

Dorothea's mother was gone, and



her father was very tender with his little maid. He had no will to scold even her mischievous little kitten, though she made a cushion of his best doublet, or peeped from the missing shoe that he had sought for a half hour. Nor was there a sweeter sight for him than the innocent baby-face of his child, with the white furry little head of kitty pressed close against her cheek. Sir Richard was a man of much importance in the Borough of London, an Alderman, a member of the Council, and a merchant adventurer, whose ships had sailed along the coasts of newly discovered lands and brought back tales of strange monsters and people living in cities of gold.

Dorothea's nurse was a Devonshire woman, from Bideford, and she not only fed her darling on the sweet, clotted cream from Devon, but she told her wonderful stories of Devon captains, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville and Sir Francis Draké, all of whom had voyaged to the far off seas; right marvelous tales; too, of fights with Spanish ships, strange perils, and brave deeds. Jill, the kitten, winked and blinked sleepily with narrow green eyes; but Dorothea's eyes grew wide and bright, as Nurse Martha, with many an alack! and alas! told how with her own eyes she had seen the wicked Spanish galleons swoop down upon Bideford vessels in the very mouths of the rivers Taw and Torrige.

"But Master Drake paid them back, didn't he, Nurse?"

"Aye, aye, my sweet maid, and that he did!"

Wee Mistress Dolly thought of all these things as she sat snuggled in a corner of the coach. There were rumors, even now, of a mighty fleet fitted out by Spanish Phillip to ravage the English coast, and only that very morning she had heard one of her father's friends say that beacons had been kindled along shore. She fancied how the red beams would flash out over the waters, and thought if only she were out on the Devon Cliffs, she soon might see a gallant sea-fight; and right sure was she that "the Sea Dogs of Devon," as they called the sailors, would win gloriously. Thinking of this, she fell asleep and hardly awakened when her father came down, gallantly attired, to enter the coach. He carefully put Dorothea in her nurse's arms. He did not notice Jill until he was aroused from a deep reverie by her sudden rising up from the corner with a long stretch of her body and a wide yawn. She seemed in no way worried by her surroundings or the lurching of the coach, but with a happy purr climbed to her master's shoulder, and rubbed her head against his.

"What mad prank is this!" he exclaimed, at first frowning, but presently breaking into a laugh. "Sure my maid must have her will, and Jill shall see



HE PUT DOROTHEA CAREFULLY  
IN HER MISTER'S ARMS



JILL CLIMBED WITH A  
HAPPY PURR ON HER MASTER'S  
SHOULDERS.

the Queen, for 'tis too late to go back now, and I will not leave the creature to any chance of harm.' " He smiled tenderly as he remembered his little one and how dearly she loved her pet.

Many a jest and flout did he encounter as he went into the Council-hall, Jill on his arm; but he took it all very coolly, giving her only a little pat now and again as she dug her sharp claws into the velvet of his sleeve and stared wide-eyed about her. Sir Richard was a person of some importance in this meeting, for its purpose was the fitting out of ships to meet the Spaniard, and his purse was known to be a large one.

The Queen, like her Royal Father in her red gold hair and ruddy complexion as well as quick temper, turned to Sir Richard graciously, but as she saw the white cat, an angry frown knit her brows.

"This ill beseems a Council of State, Sir Richard. We confer on serious matters, and you had better to put such trifling aside."

Sir Richard bowed very low, and Cecil, the Queen's councilor, said something in a subdued voice which seemed to sooth her. She listened with more patience to the merchant's explanation, and even remarked with a smile,

"The creature hath doubtless in mind the old saying that, 'a cat may look at a king,' and surely, we would not deny any privilege that custom hath allowed even the humblest of our subjects."

A little buzz of applause went around the room, and the Queen then proceeded to lay before the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the wealthy merchants present, the need of instant aid in this hour of peril. Her words were full of fire; for Elizabeth, whatever her faults, loved England and England's

glory, and all men's hearts glowed with loyalty to their Queen and love for their country.

But even as her eyes flashed and her voice rang, a stir in the silken folds of her train caught her eye. First two little beady eyes appeared, then, cautiously, a little gray mouse slid out; the Queen was truly a woman and not free from the dread of mice. She was about to utter a shriek, when Jill made a spring, and, quick as a flash, the mouse was safe between her sharp little teeth.

The Queen clapped her jeweled hands.

"Verily, Sir Richard, your cat has proved her right to attend in Council, though she came unsummoned; I fear me 'twould have been an ill end to my speech to have quailed before so small a creature."

Cecil seized the auspicious moment of relaxation and laughter to hand a sheet of parchment to the Lord Mayor and then to Sir Richard, who sat next to him. Sir Richard wrote down a large sum, and—"more if need be," with a bold flourish and handed the paper on with such an air of hearty good will, that his neighbor wrote down twice as much as he had first intended.

"Father," cried Dorothea eagerly, on his return, as she climbed into his lap, "tell me what you did, and how the Queen looked. Nurse tells me that her very saddle is 'broidered with gold and pearls, and her harness is all of gold and silken thread. I wot not what is grand enough for her gown of



state. But if thou rememberest not the gowns, tell me about Jill, and did she truly, truly see the Queen?"

"Aye, that she did, and brought a rebuke on your father for his boldness in presenting such a new member to the Royal Council."

Dorothea's eyes grew big with terror. A Queen's frown was no empty menace in those days; yet seeing the twinkle in her father's eyes, she took heart again. "Was she very angry, Father?"

"My good Queen loves London and its merchants. Was not her own great grandfather, Sir Geoffrey, once a Lord Mayor? But that was a full hundred years ago."

Dorothea's mind went back to her favorite and she repeated, "Jill, crazy Jill, was at the Council, and in the Queen's company."

The day was still foggy and wet, and a small fire of fragrant pine knots was burning cheerily in the chimney. Jill lay at full length in its soft warmth, but at the sound of her name she turned her head slowly to see what the stir was about.

"She was truly there, my sweet maid, but she heeded not the Queen at all, for she spied a small mouse which pleased her more and she quickly captured it."

"Fie, fie, Jill, thou shalt go no more to the Council. Was the Queen vexed with her?"

"Nay, that pleased her well. But Jill did cost me many a fair gold piece, for I paid a goodly sum for fitting out of ships to win the Queen's forgiveness for Jill's first appearance."

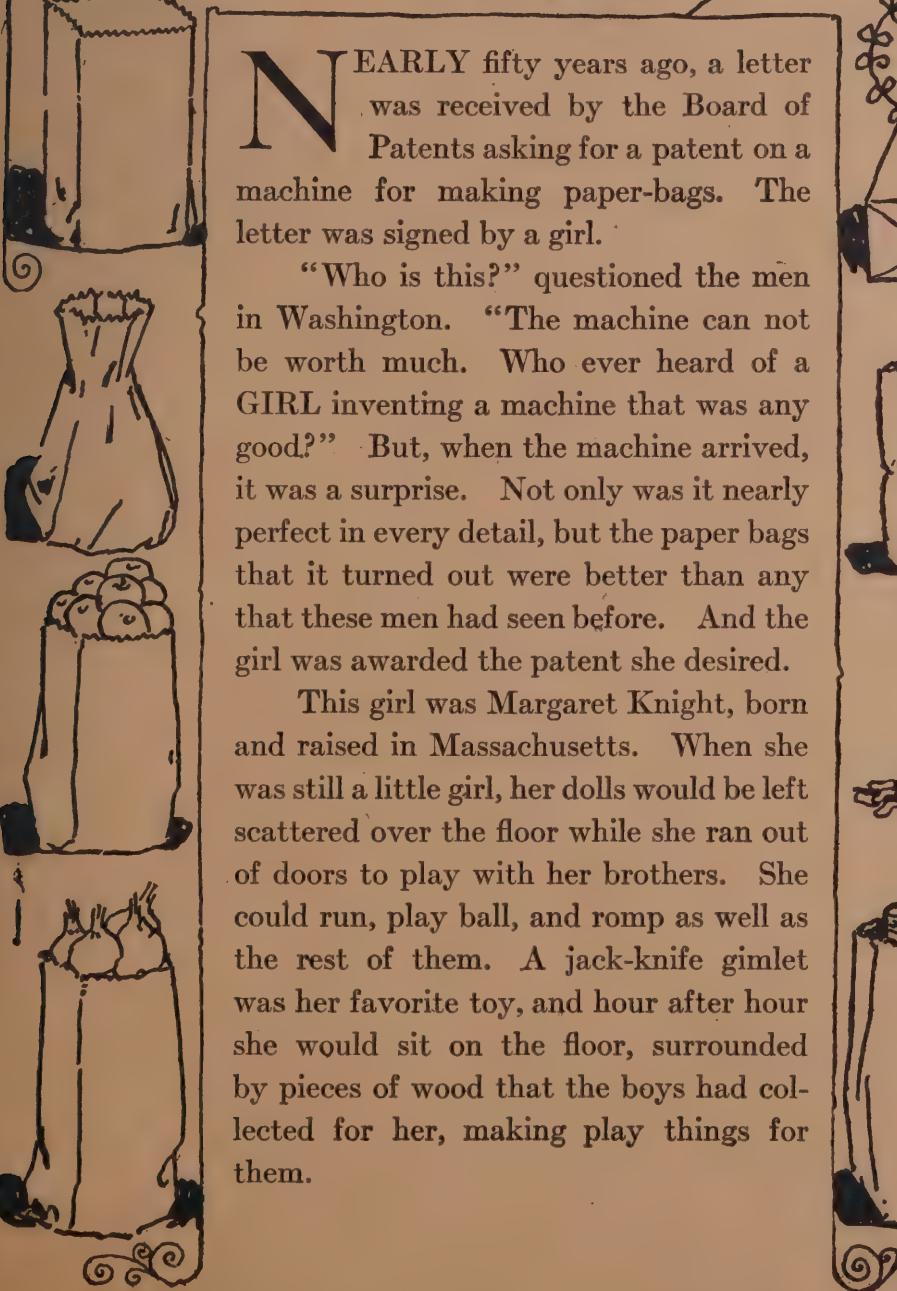
Dorothea laughed, for she knew right well that her father grudged no gold of his spent for England's safety or honor. Sleepy Jill woke and climbed into Sir Richard's lap with her young mistress. Probably she never knew how much she helped England in her battles with Spain.

SALLY NELSON.



# MARGARET KNIGHT

## THE TOMBOY GIRL



NEARLY fifty years ago, a letter was received by the Board of Patents asking for a patent on a machine for making paper-bags. The letter was signed by a girl.

"Who is this?" questioned the men in Washington. "The machine can not be worth much. Who ever heard of a GIRL inventing a machine that was any good?" But, when the machine arrived, it was a surprise. Not only was it nearly perfect in every detail, but the paper bags that it turned out were better than any that these men had seen before. And the girl was awarded the patent she desired.

This girl was Margaret Knight, born and raised in Massachusetts. When she was still a little girl, her dolls would be left scattered over the floor while she ran out of doors to play with her brothers. She could run, play ball, and romp as well as the rest of them. A jack-knife gimlet was her favorite toy, and hour after hour she would sit on the floor, surrounded by pieces of wood that the boys had collected for her, making play things for them.

"Let me coast with you," begged Margaret, one bright snowy morning.

"There isn't room for girls on this sled," replied her brother, trying to tease her.

"All right. You wait," and she ran home. All that day Margaret worked in the wood-shed. When asked what she was doing, she would reply, "Just wait and see."

And they saw. For next morning from the wood-shed came Margaret, dragging a sled with better runners than the boys' sleds possessed. Her brothers stared at her.

"Where did you get it?" they asked in astonishment.

"I made it, and I will race you down the long hill," she challenged. The little home-made sled won the race by twenty yards.

Another thing that Margaret Knight knew how to make, better than any one in the neighborhood, was a kite. The boys would trade their most beloved possessions for one of Margaret's kites. As she grew older, she tried making more difficult things, first of wood, then of heavier material, until, when but a young woman, after a year's hard work upon it, she completed her paper bag machine.

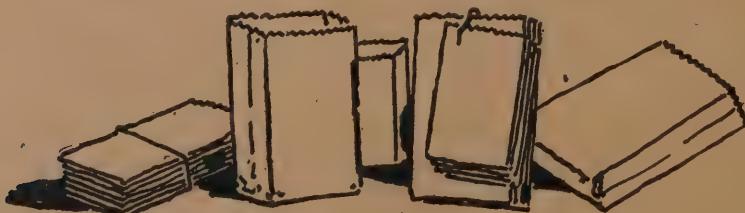
When the government actually awarded her a patent, in the year 1871, her friends gasped.

"Aren't you surprised?" they asked her. "Did you think you could do it?" To all of which she replied:

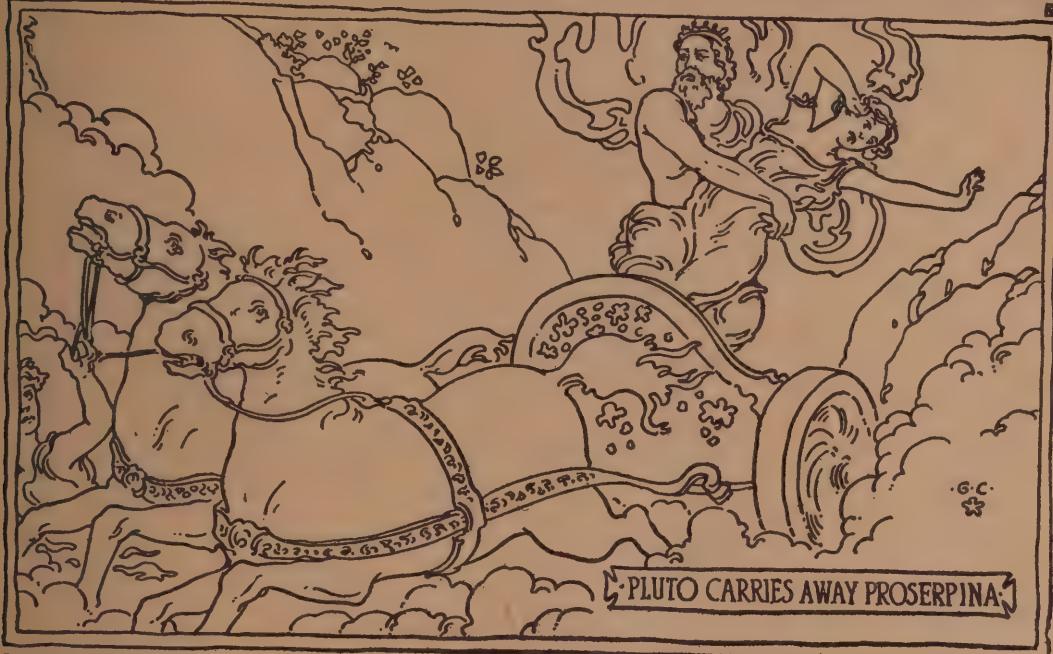
"No, I am not surprised. Ever since I was a little girl, I have worked on machinery and making pieces of material fit together for some purpose. Why shouldn't I make something important and useful?"

Several years later a large manufacturing company offered her fifty thousand dollars for her patent. But she refused to sell it. Her invention was her own. So now, whenever you buy anything in a paper bag, think of Margaret Knight, the little tomboy who could beat her brothers at their own games.

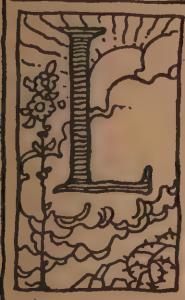
MARION HART.



# THE STORY of PROSERPINA.



PLUTO CARRIES AWAY PROSERPINA.



ONG, long ago there were twelve gods and goddesses who took a *great* interest in the affairs of the earth. The goddess Ceres took care of all the plants; she helped every little wild-flower to blossom and all the trees to put out new leaves and ripen their fruit.

She had a daughter Proserpina who was more beautiful than any of the flowers, and Mother Ceres loved her dearly. Proserpina spent her days gathering flowers and weaving them into garlands, or playing with other girls in the meadows.

One day in September, Pluto, the god of the earth below the ground, decided to go for a drive in the sunlight. He ordered his chariot and his coal-black horses, and started out through the valleys and fields. Very soon he saw Proserpina, laughing and dancing with her friends, and at once he thought how pleasant it would be to have such a merry playmate down in his kingdom under the world. So, as those black horses dashed along, he snatched poor frightened Proserpina away from her friends and carried her home with him.

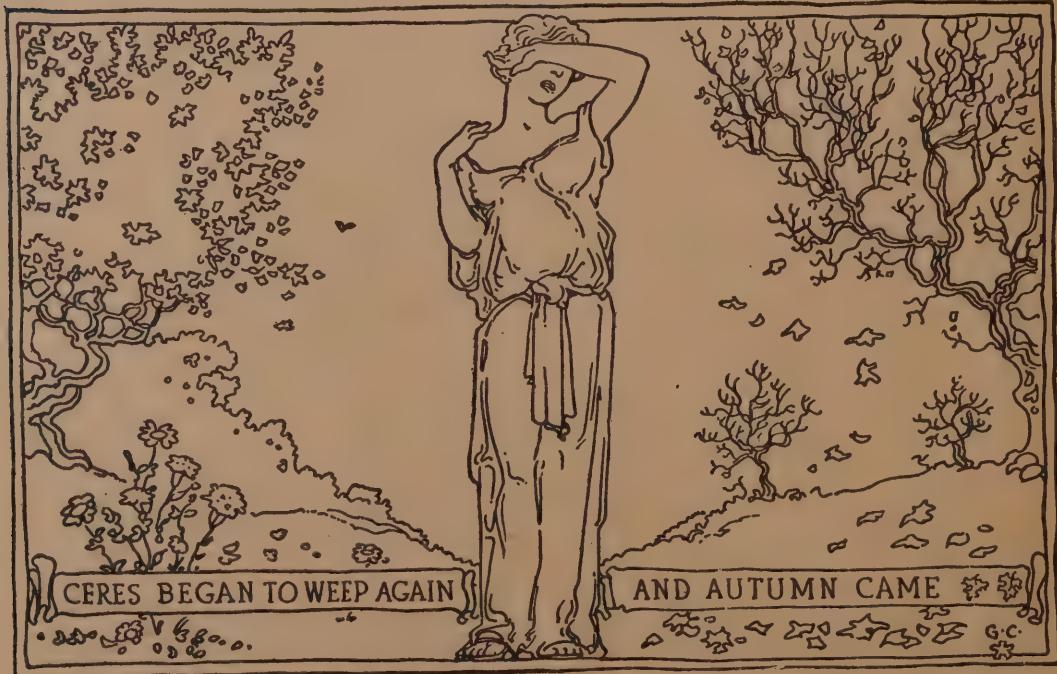
Ceres waited and waited for her daughter to come home, and then went out to look in the meadows; but no Proserpina could she find. She forgot all about the flowers and trees in her search, and the poor things

withered and died. When somebody told her that Pluto had taken her daughter to live with him, she just sat down and cried for weeks; so of course no flowers blossomed, no grain ripened in the fields, and no fruit hung on the trees. This frightened the people so that they sent to Jupiter, King of the gods, and asked him to do something about the trouble. He sent for Pluto and Ceres immediately, and told them that such a state of affairs *would never do*.

After a great deal of discussion (and a few cross words, I have heard), they agreed that Proserpina should stay half the year on earth with her mother and the other half down below with Pluto. And lo and behold! when it came time for her to visit Ceres, the Spring came; but when she went back to Pluto, Ceres began to weep again and all the plants withered and died, and Autumn came.

Up to this time there had never been one single Fall or Winter—nor, for that matter, Spring; just Summer all the year round. So now when the cold days come and we get out our sleds and skates, we know Mother Ceres is sorrowful and lonely without her sunny child Proserpina. (But Pluto is *happy*, of course, and so are we, for the sunny smiles of Proserpina bring happiness to dark days and dark places.) When the Spring days come, it is because Ceres is again glad and smiling, and we smile with Spring, don't we?

LOIS VIELE.





*A Sing Song*  
Said Betty Bunny,  
"Goodness me!  
A prettier Egg I ne'er did see;  
I think it must be  
meant for me.  
*Oh Happy Easter Morning!"*

# The Grumpy Old Duck

(SOME NONSENSE)



OSHTY, boshty, tiddle-dum dee,  
A grumpy old Ducky sailed off to sea.  
Willowey, wollowey *wop* went he!  
Over the willowey *wop-sey* sea.  
*Oshty, boshty, tiddle-dum dee.*

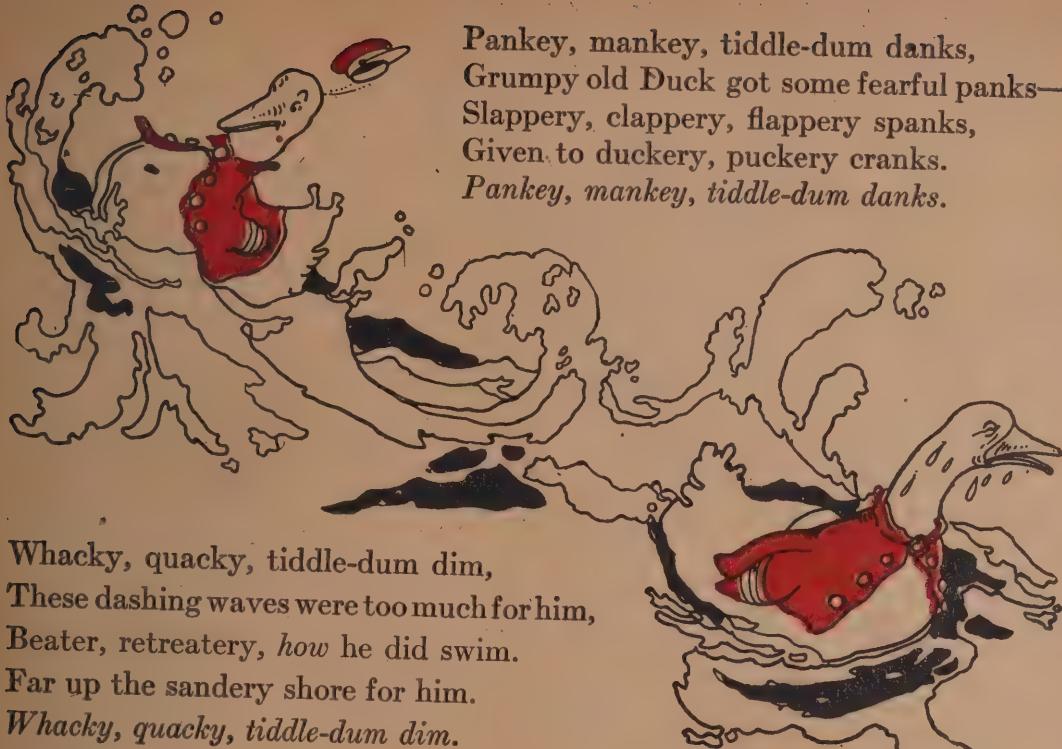


Umpty, bumpty, tiddle-dum zipp,  
Grumpy old Ducky sailed like a ship,  
Slippery, drippery *oh*, what a trip!  
He was a wobbley flopsy ship.  
*Umpty, bumpty, tiddle-dum zipp.*

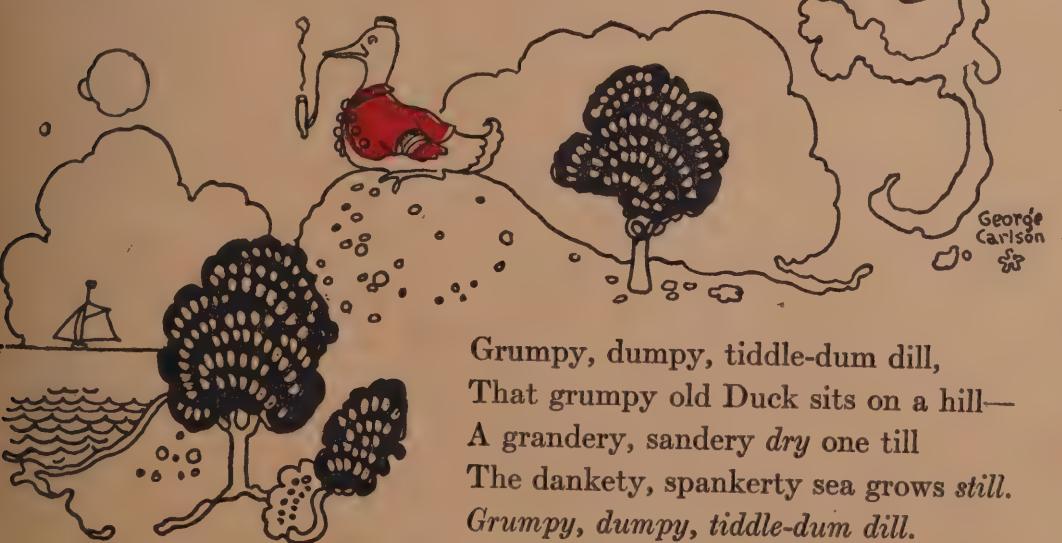


Roley, bowley, tiddle-dum bash,  
Grumpy old Ducky made much of a splash.  
Dippery, divery, down with a dash.  
He bumped a wave a crosswise crash.  
*Roley, bowley, tiddle-dum bash.*

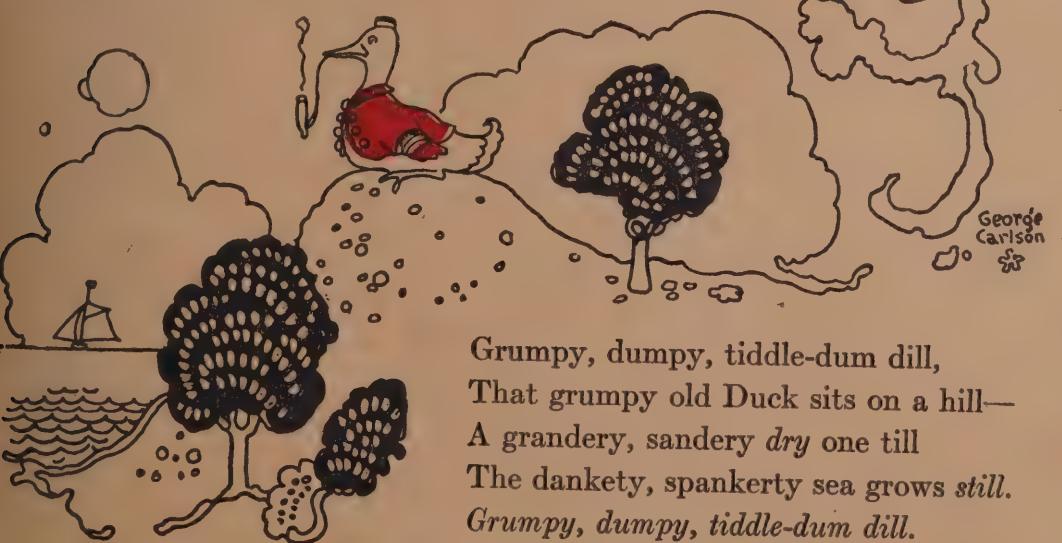




Pankey, mankey, tiddle-dum danks,  
Grumpy old Duck got some fearful panks—  
Slappery, clappery, flappery spanks,  
Given to duckery, puckery cranks.  
*Pankey, mankey, tiddle-dum danks.*



Whacky, quacky, tiddle-dum dim,  
These dashing waves were too much for him,  
Beater, retreatery, *how* he did swim.  
Far up the sandery shore for him.  
*Whacky, quacky, tiddle-dum dim.*



Grumpy, dumpy, tiddle-dum dill,  
That grumpy old Duck sits on a hill—  
A grandery, sandery *dry* one till  
The dankety, spankerty sea grows *still*.  
*Grumpy, dumpy, tiddle-dum dill.*

JANE TATE.



THAT'S ALL!

# HOW TONY MADE HIS MOTHER HAPPY.



**T**HERE was once a little boy who lived with his parents in a tiny house under a hill in Italy. They were peasants and sometimes they had only bread and cheese for supper. The boy's name was Tony and he often wanted more bread and cheese for his supper, but the cheese plate was always empty, with only crumbs on the table in place of bread. Tony never cried for more to eat, as so many children would have done, because he knew it would make his mother sad. But he would go out and play with his big black cat Cisco, and soon forget that he was hungry.

As many as twelve times in a whole year a dish of macaroni and a small piece of meat stood near the loaf of bread on the table. Then Tony would laugh, clap his hands, dance merrily and sing "La Bella Napoli". Tony always saved a bit of bread for Cisco and when he had a piece of meat he gave Cisco exactly half of it.

Tony's father worked all day long in a small field. He had one donkey that plowed the land. When the wheat that grew in the small field was ripe, he hitched the donkey to a cart and drove the grain to a mill. There the miller ground the wheat into flour. Tony's mother made macaroni from some of the flour, but most of it was saved to make into bread.



One morning Tony's mother could not get out of bed because her head ached badly. Then her whole body ached and Tony and his father thought she might never get well. Tony's father promised the Virgin Mary in his prayers that if his good wife lived he would sell his donkey and give all the money to the Church.

From that day Tony's mother grew much better and then entirely well. Tony was so happy that he sang "La Bella Napoli" four times. But the peasant was afraid to sell the donkey, for then he could raise no wheat and they would all starve. He became quite unhappy for he kept thinking about the promise he had made in his prayers.

One day he told his wife about the promise he had made to the Virgin Mary and she said the promise should be kept.

"But, my good woman, if we let the donkey go, we will have nothing to eat," he said.

"And if you break your promise you will be unhappy forever," his wife replied.

So the man hitched the donkey to the cart and started to the fair in the village. Tony begged to go with his father. He put Cisco in the cart, too, for fun and company.

"Why are you so sad, father?" asked Tony as they were driving up the pretty green hill.

"Because, my son, I must sell the donkey and give the money to the Church and then the next time your mother isn't well she will surely die, for we will have nothing to eat."

"Father, let me be sad with you," said Tony. "I will sell Cisco, too, at the fair. And I will get a lot of money for him, for he is a big and beautiful cat."

The man told Tony he might sell his cat.

Soon they came to a band of gypsies who stopped to admire the donkey.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the gypsies.



"We are going to the fair," answered the peasant.

"Well, you have a fine donkey to carry you," said the gypsies. "He is worth a hundred dollars."

"But I shall sell him at the fair for twenty-five cents," said the peasant.

The gypsies looked at him as if they thought he had taken leave of his senses. Then they offered to buy the donkey and the peasant told them they would have to buy the big black cat, too. They began to laugh and asked Tony how much he would take for the cat.

"Oh, much money," cried Tony, "as much as a hundred dollars." The peasant refused to sell the donkey without the cat or to change the price of the cat or the donkey.

So the gypsies paid the hundred dollars for Cisco and twenty-five cents for the donkey. They thought it was a queer bargain but seemed pleased and went on their way with the donkey, cat, cart and all.

When Tony saw Cisco leaving, he wiped away two big tears that rolled down his cheeks but he began to talk about all the money they had. Tony's father told him that the mother would now be happy.

The peasant gave the twenty-five cents to the Church and Cisco gave the hundred dollars to his mother. It made her very happy.

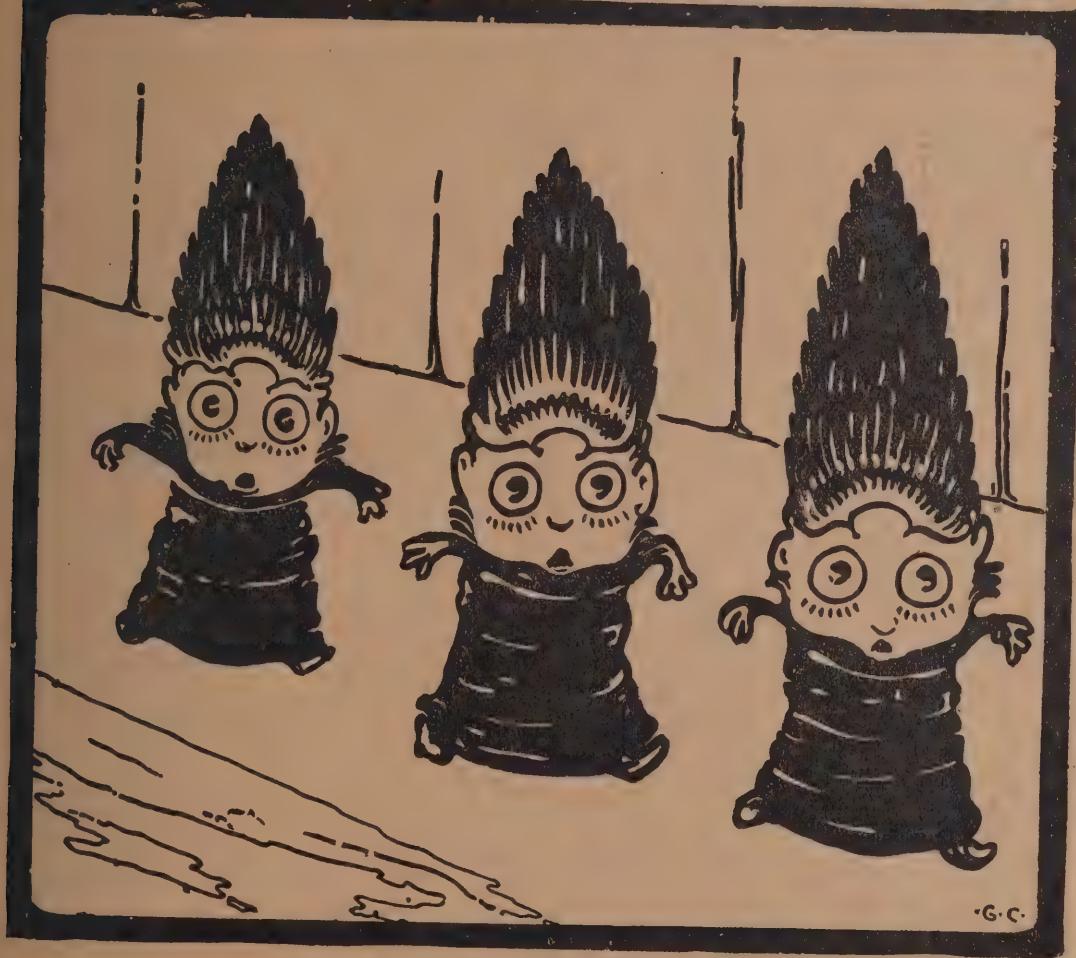
They bought a new donkey and cart, and still there was money enough left to buy meat and macaroni every single day.

One day the miller gave Tony's father a pretty black kitten. When Tony's father took it home Tony was so glad that he sang "La Bella Napoli" all day long.

*And this is a Little Folk Tale told me by an Italian, who seemed to think that Tony's father was a very clever person, but I think he was very sharp. What do you think about it?*

BEULAH L. FAY.

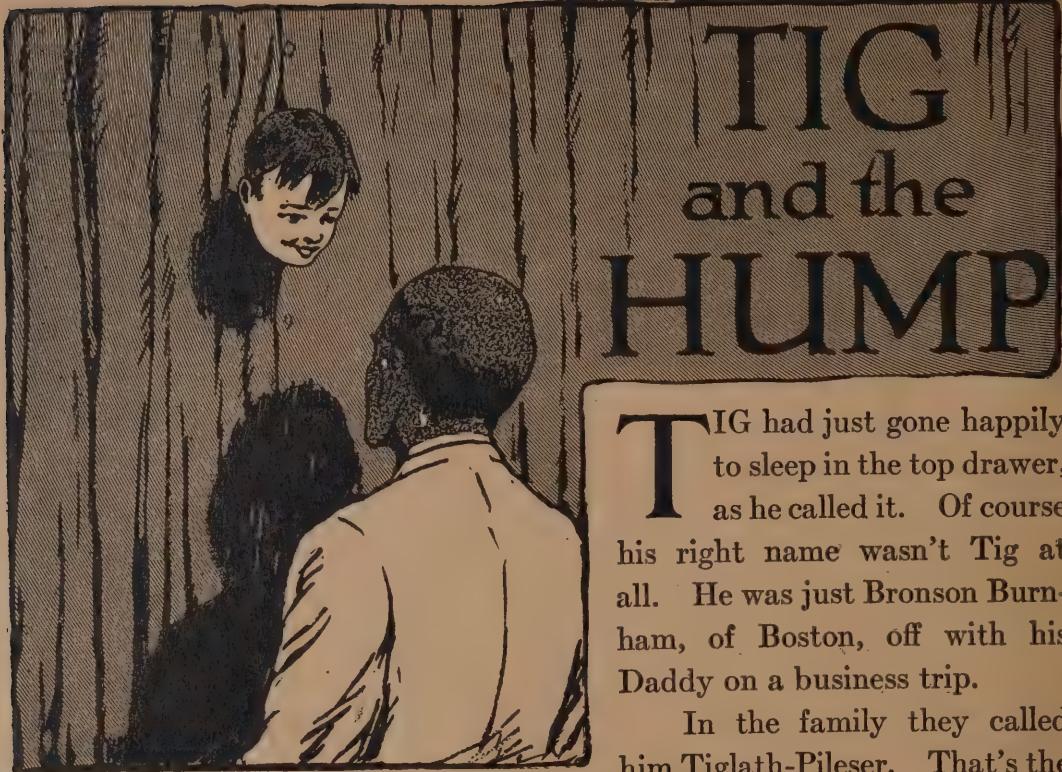
# UP-SIDE-DOWN-SIDE-UP



G.C.

OH SEE FUNNY LITTLE ELVES!  
WHAT MAKES THEM HURRY SO?  
JUST TURN THE PICTURE UPSIDE DOWN  
AND THEN YOU'LL SURELY KNOW!





# TIG and the HUMP

TIG had just gone happily to sleep in the top drawer, as he called it. Of course his right name wasn't Tig at all. He was just Bronson Burnham, of Boston, off with his Daddy on a business trip.

In the family they called him Tiglath-Pileser. That's the

name his Uncle Peter gave him, for he declared that Bronson wasn't enough name for so knightly a chum as this nephew of his. And, oh yes, you will want to know about the top drawer, too, won't you? Well, that's another thing to explain; it wasn't a top drawer at all, but just the upper berth in a Pullman sleeper.

The train was slipping along the straight track and around the curves at a lot of miles per hour when Tig woke up. For a minute he did not know where he was; there was a dim light in the aisle and a green curtain at his side.

After some thought, Tig peeped through the curtain to find Sam, the jolly porter, sitting on the floor at the end of the aisle shining a lot of shoes. "Hello, Sam," whispered Tig, delighted to find somebody about at that hour, "where are we?"

"Right near the Junction, Marse Tig," Sam whispered back, "we'll be there in half an hour; is you all right? Your Pa, he's sound asleep in the bunk right under you. Something I can do for you, Marse Tig?"

Any kind of adventure being most welcome in the middle of the night,

Tig said, "Sam, do you think you could find a sandwich and a glass of milk? I'm hungry as a wolf."

In a jiffy Sam came back from the other end of the car with just what Tig wanted. Then, wrapped in a big blanket, Tig sat on a couch in a compartment and in low tones talked railroading with Sam, making the sandwich last a long time by taking very little bites. Sam had finished his last pair of shoes when he said:

"Marse Tig, to-morrow morning I'm going to show you a hump, the Junction hump, the biggest hump on the whole line of this railroad."

"What is a hump, Sam?" inquired Tig.

"Now Marse Tig, you just turn in, and it won't be long before it's breakfast time. While you are putting that away, I'll have all the berths made up, and then I'll *show* you the hump. How will that do?"

"All right, Sam," agreed Tig, who was beginning to nod by this time.

Sam boosted him up into his bunk and tucked him in. Tig was soon off to Dreamland wondering if the hump was on a camel or a dromedary. It seemed hardly any time at all to Tig before he felt some one tugging at his blanket and heard a voice saying: "Your breakfast is ready Marse Tig, and so is the hump. Your Pa has gone uptown on

business, and he told me to look after you."

It didn't take Tig long to get dressed, you may be sure, and while he was eating his oatmeal and milk, he could see from the car window that his Pullman lay on a side-track above a great freight yard where there were lots and lots of freight cars but very few engines. There was a brass railing around the back platform of his car, making a balcony from which the whole yard could be seen, and there went Tig and faithful old Sam to see about that hump.





"Now, Marse Tig," began Sam, "this is the junction of a whole lot of railroads that come in from all directions, and here the trains are made up to go all over the country. Do you see that place over there where the switch-engines are bringing the cars? *That place* is a little higher than any other part of the yard, and that's what we call the HUMP."

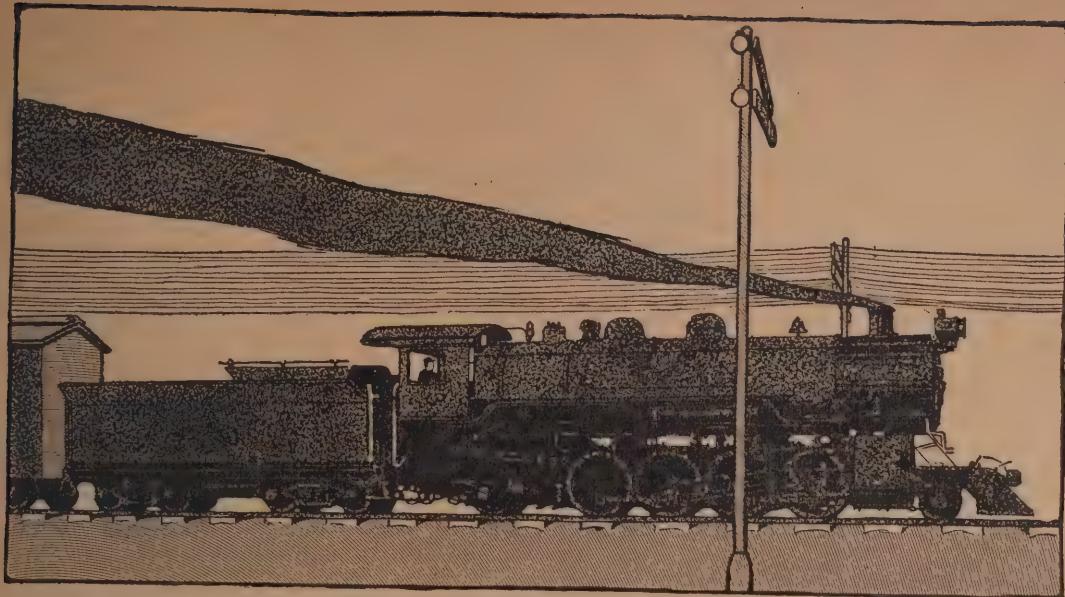
"What's it for?" asked Tig, all attention.

"You watch that bunch of cars the switch-engine is bringing up to the hump, Marse Tig, look sharp!"

And this is what Tig saw: Every car had a brakeman riding it, and as the switch-engine pushed the string of cars to the top of the hump, suddenly it would stop and the end car would shoot down-hill to be attached to a train going south; then the switch-engine would back up and come forward again, sending another car whizzing down the yard, this time for a train going north.

Again, after backing up past the switch, it would come forward and shoot a car off to the side for a Canadian line, another for an eastern train, and so on until all the cars it had brought up were rolled away where they belonged. It seemed as though every car chose its own track, but Tig soon found out it wasn't so.

In a tower beside the tracks was a switchman who, catching a signal from the brakeman as the car came to the top of the hump, pushed down a lever, and away sped the car on its proper pair of rails with never a mistake.



"Now you see," said Sam, "if it were not for the hump, the switch-engines would have to run each car to the train it belonged to, and that would take a lot of time and dozens of switch-engines. Things have to move fast in the railroad business, or there is trouble."

"I see," said Tig, "it saves time just like letting every fellow coast to his own home after school, instead of having a motor to take one at a time."

"Right," said Sam, "you are a born railroader, Marse Tig."

Then Sam managed to find a yard foreman who had hurt his hand and was on leave; he was glad to show sharp-eyed little Tig a lot more than Sam could tell him. And so, it came about that Tig saw cars from Pittsburgh loaded with rails; others with iron to build bridges. There were cars from Schenectady with dynamos to make electric light and for driving trolleys; cars from Florida packed full of oranges; cars from Kalamazoo loaded with celery; from Chicago with tons of beefsteaks and roasts; from Minneapolis with barrels of flour; from Trenton, piled to the roof with hogsheads of dishes; cars from California with silk from Japan; from Oregon with canned salmon; from Milwaukee with lumber; from Boston with shoes; from Philadelphia with hats, and from Detroit with motor cars. Then there were double-deckers crowded with pigs, and more double deckers, from Montana, full of sheep, and so on, and on, and on.

Then the foreman told him of the funny names that the yard men call the different railroads whose cars they have to handle. For instance,

there is the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company—a yard man hasn't time to say all that long name so he just calls it, *Calamity*. Then there's the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad—do you suppose he strings out that collection of words? Not a bit of it; that road is just *Vander*, and everybody understands just as well.

Here is another, the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, which the yard people shorten to *Nip an' O.* Just try to say, *Pittsburgh, McKeesport and Youghengheny Railroad Company*, there's a twister for you. The Yard folk don't even try—and what do you think they shorten that to—just *P-Mickey!* The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad is *The Ripper*, and the Missouri Pacific Railroad is just *Peanuts*.

That night Tig got Sam to make up his berth very early, and, as he slipped off to the Land of Nod, he dreamed that he had ridden on a big white dromedary across the desert to a great pyramid in Egypt, and that almost everybody he knew was tobogganing down its sides. There was Grandfather Burnham riding with George Washington; Napoleon Bonaparte was coaxing the Sphinx to go coasting with him; and King Arthur was having the time of his life spinning along with Uncle Peter.

Sam's eyes nearly popped out of his head the next morning when he came to call Tig, for that young gentleman, not half awake, said, "Sam, please save some oatmeal for my dromedary, he's forward in the baggage car."

CHARLES SCHERMERHORN PEASE.



# I WISH I WERE A WEATHER-VANE



JO McMAHON.

TO SIT UP IN THE AIR  
AND LET THE SUN  
SHINE ON MY BACK  
AND THE WIND BLOW  
THROUGH MY HAIR.

BUT I DON'T THINK I'D LIKE IT  
IN THE WINTER!

# Gardening in Animal Land



**S**PRING had come; all the trees were getting new dresses,—the ground was covering itself with soft green and the violets were shyly opening their blue eyes. The King said to the people of Animal Land: "We must make a garden. Who will plough the ground?"

"I will," said the little pig. So he rooted about all day and found many sweet roots for his dinner. At night he had the ground all ploughed.

"Now, who will harrow the field?" asked the King.

"I will be the harrow," said the porcupine, "if somebody will pull me on my back." Then one monkey took hold of his front feet and another took hold of his back feet and they dragged the porcupine all over the field until the ground was all smooth and level.

"Somebody must make us furrows now," said the King.

"We can do that," said the blind little moles. They dug through the soft earth and at night the field was all laid out in furrows, ready for seed.

"What seeds shall we plant?"

"Lettuce," said Bunny.

"Corn," said the squirrel and the old crow.

"Grass," said the horse.

"Wheat," said the hen.

"Roots," said the pig.

"Cocoanuts," said the monkeys. All the animals laughed at this, for they knew that it would take a long, long time for cocoanuts to grow. But the King said that they would plant all the other seeds.

"Who will carry the seeds?"

"I will," said the kangaroo, "in my funny pouch."

"And we will scatter it," said the birds.

Soon the seeds were all planted and the animal people began to watch the ground to see the little plants come up. By and by they could see them and everybody wanted to help hoe and weed the garden. The little moles and mice and gophers dug under the ground to get all the weed seeds that were sprouting. The chickens scratched up all the weeds that were growing. The pig rooted and the horse thought he would help by stamping the ground, so he ran about the field all day. The beavers cut off all the plants they found with their sharp teeth, and the toads hopped around, looking for flies and bugs. They worked until so late that the King had to bring out his firefly lantern to look at the work. What do you think he found? They had all worked so hard, they had dug and cut and stamped every living thing in the garden—there was nothing left. Next day the King sent for the little boy and girl living across the meadow to bring their hoe and rake and shovel and make the garden again. And all the animal people sat and watched so they would know how to do it next spring.

ORA CRANDALL CLEMENT.



All the Animal People sat and watched them



# MOTHER NATURE'S WONDERS

## The Bottle IMP



**B**UT I don't want to go!" protested Betty. "He tickles so!" "Tickle, nothing! Dentists fill your mouth full of things and stretch it and then ask you if it hurts! I don't want to go, either!" Bob shook his head in vigorous protest.

"If you don't go, how can I make you a Bottle Imp?" asked Uncle Jack, unexpectedly.

"A what?"

"What's the dentist got to do with it?"

Both children turned expectant faces on Uncle Jack. Uncle Jack could think of the oddest things to do.

"Bottle Imp," began Uncle Jack, folding his paper, "is a magic diver, a wizardous swimming fairy, who does exactly what you tell him. I can't make him unless you go to the dentist!"

"Er—if we go, will you? All right!" Bob gave in. "We'll go. When will you make it, him—Bottle Imp?"

"Get the dentist to give you a piece of rubber sheet, such as he uses in his work, about four inches square. I will buy the rest and make him this evening!"

That was why Bob and Betty made no objection to going to the den-



tist. Bob said afterwards the dentist didn't really put more than seven things in his mouth at once, and Betty confessed she was so busy thinking about Bottle Imp she forgot to be tickled. Of course, both remembered the thin piece of rubber which Uncle Jack wanted.

"Now, Uncle Jack!" cried Bob, hastily finishing his dessert and pushing back his chair. "Did you buy Imp?"

"Here he is," Uncle Jack reached in his pocket and brought out—a fountain pen filler and—

"Oh!" there was disappointment in two voices. "I thought——"

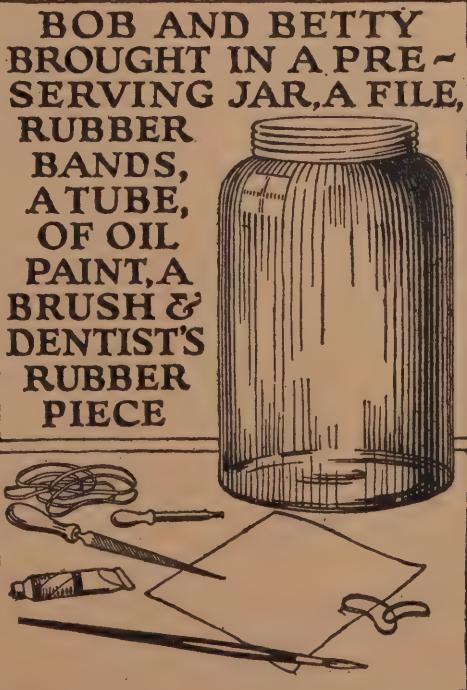
"——at least this is part of him. Now Bob, I want a small file, some rubber bands, one of mother's canning jars, and a small tube of sister's oil paint, and a brush. I don't have to have these—they are just to paint a face on Bottle Imp. He will work without a face but he looks nicer with one."

Puzzled and interested, Jack fetched the file and some rubber bands, while Betty, with Mother's help, brought in a quart preserving jar.

"Now we will put Imp together." Uncle Jack first made a little nick on the glass tube of the pen filler, half an inch from the rubber bulb. Next he took the tube in his hands and broke it—and to Betty's wonder it broke clean, at the nick. This gave him a rubber cap with a short length of glass tube in it. Laying half a dozen rubber bands around the bulb he secured them with another, wound 'round and 'round. He cut the ends off, and then the Bottle Imp had straggling feelers or feet, reaching down in a very cuttlefishy way, indeed. Then Uncle Jack painted a face and both children laughed at the expression.

"You needn't laugh!" protested Uncle Jack. "I think he looks very Bottle Impish, indeed!"

"He does, he does!" chuckled Bob. "But what does he do? And what's the dentist rubber piece for?"



"He does Bottle Impishly!" teased Uncle Jack. "Betty, fill that preserving jar almost full of water."

Betty did so. Uncle Jack squeezed the rubber bulb part of Bottle Imp and dipped the glass end of him into the water, allowing the rubber bulb to suck water up inside. Then he put Bottle Imp in the jar. It started to sink, and he caught it and squeezed out a drop or two, then put it back. When it barely floated, and no more, Uncle Jack said: "Now he's ready to mind when I talk to him!"

Eager with curiosity, Bob and Betty could hardly wait while Uncle Jack took the rubber piece of sheeting they had brought from the dentist, and, stretching it across the top of the jar, secured it by rubber bands slipped over the neck.

"There! Behold the Bottle Imp in his home, ready to do exactly as I tell him." Uncle Jack laid his hand caressingly on top of the rubber capped jar.

"What can he do? I don't see him do anything!" demanded Betty, incredulously.

"Well, he answers questions, for one thing. Don't you, Bottle Imp?"

To shrieks of delight from the children Bottle Imp bobbed up and down in the bottle in a most convincing way!

"He will also mind!" continued Uncle Jack. "Bottle Imp, kindly descend to the bottom."

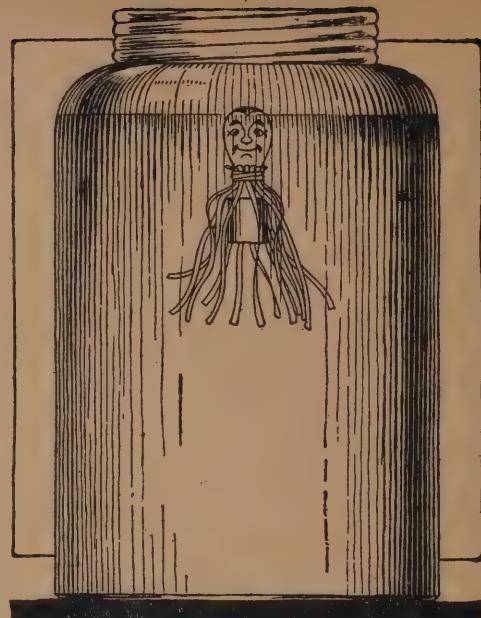
Bottle Imp immediately dove down to the bottom.

"Now come up again—hurry—Oh, you're so slow!" cried Uncle Jack. Bottle Imp bobbed a little in the water, then sprang to the surface.

"Make him go down again—please, Bottle Imp, go down?" begged Betty. Bob watched, eyes and mouth wide open.

Bottle Imp went down.

"Tell him to lie down," suggested Uncle Jack, smiling.



#### THEN HE PUT BOTTLE IMP IN THE JAR

**THIS IS THE WAY YOU**

**WORK HIM EXPLAINED  
UNCLE JACK**



Betty did so, and Bottle Imp lay down on the bottom, as if exhausted.

"Now," exclaimed Uncle Jack, "he will bob down once for *No*, and twice for *Yes*. Ask him a question."

"Am I going to school to-morrow?" Bob wanted to know.

Bottle Imp bobbed twice.

"May I sit up later than bedtime and play with you, Bottle Imp?"

Bottle Imp shamelessly bobbed twice, and Betty wondered why Mother laughed.

"May I have some candy?"

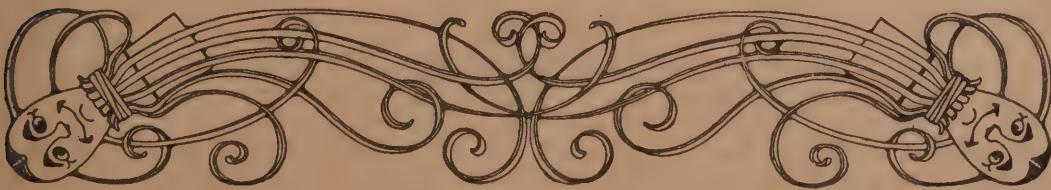
Bottle Imp bobbed an emphatic once and Mother nodded approval at Uncle Jack.

"Well—now he's yours. This is the way you work him," explained Uncle Jack. "There is just water enough in Bottle Imp so he will barely float. When I press on the rubber across the mouth of the jar, the pressure forces a little more water up inside Bottle Imp, he gets heavier and sinks. When I stop pressing, out comes the extra water from Bottle Imp's glass mouth and—up he comes!"

It was all very simple but very fascinating.

"Say," announced Bob to Betty, when they were finally persuaded to leave Bottle Imp and go to bed. "Let's see if we can't go to the dentist again, real soon. Maybe Uncle Jack knows some more things like that!"

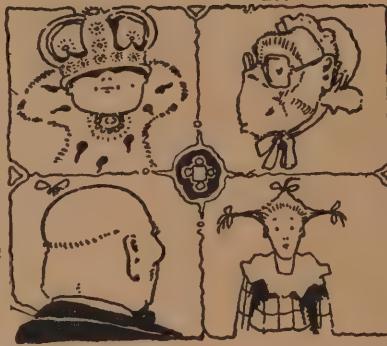
C. H. CLAUDY.



## HAIRS AND HEIRS

*Ques.* What is the difference between a king's son, a monkey's mother, a bald head, and an orphan?

*Ans.* A king's son is the heir-apparent, a monkey's mother is a hairy parent, a bald head has no hair apparent, and an orphan has nary a parent.



## DANGER!!

*Ques.* Why is it more dangerous to go out in the spring than any other time of the year?

*Ans.* Because in the spring the grass has blades, the flowers have pistils, the leaves shoot, and we find the bullrushes out.



## SOME SUM

*Ques.* A man had twenty-six (twenty sick) sheep and one died, how many remained?

*Ans.* Nineteen.



-SHW-

# THE POPPY



**P**OU will rest securely, Dear,  
Dreaming still and purely, Dear.  
God will guard and God will keep  
'Mid the shadows, dark and deep.  
Poppy soft and poppy red  
Nods its sleepy, silken head.  
*Poppies are for sleep.*

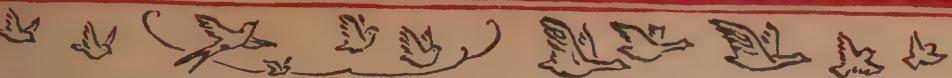


# GOD'S GLORY

PSALM 8

**L**ORD, our Lord,  
How excellent is  
Thy name in all the earth!  
Who hast set Thy glory  
upon the heavens.  
Out of the mouth of babes  
and sucklings hast Thou  
established strength.  
When I consider Thy heav-  
ens, the work of Thy fingers,  
The moon and the stars,  
which Thou hast ordained;  
What is man, that Thou  
art mindful of him?  
And the son of man,  
that Thou visitest him?  
For Thou hast made him





but little lower than God,  
And crownest him with  
glory and honor.  
Thou madest him to  
have dominion over the  
works of Thy hands;  
Thou hast put all things  
under his feet:  
All sheep and oxen,  
Yea, and the beasts of  
the field;  
The fowl of the air, and  
the fish of the sea,  
Whatsoever passeth through  
the paths of the seas.  
O Lord, our Lord,  
How excellent is Thy  
name in all the earth!





C.F. ARCIER

## LITTLE JULIUS

TOWNS may tumble all to bits;  
Cats may turn a dozen fits;  
Silly folks may fuss and worry;  
Other ones may fret and hurry;  
Little Julius doesn't mind,  
All such folks he leaves behind.  
Wish an earnest, honest face  
*Julius* wins the Chariot Race.

# EASTER EGG FUN

THE Easter Egg custom is a very old one. In Egypt eggs were sacred because the people thought they represented the renewal of life after the Deluge. The early Christians said the egg was the symbol of the Resurrection. All over the world, in Italy, Spain, Germany, Bohemia, and Russia there are special Easter egg customs, but little American children enjoy their fun as well as their little neighbors across the sea.

Either boil your eggs very hard, or blow them. Perhaps Mother will let you blow all the eggs she needs for cooking until Easter comes. A tiny hole in each end of the egg and a good blow will empty the egg of its contents.

At a drug store you can buy lovely dyes for a few cents. Little children who have no drug store to go to can make just as beautiful colors in this way:

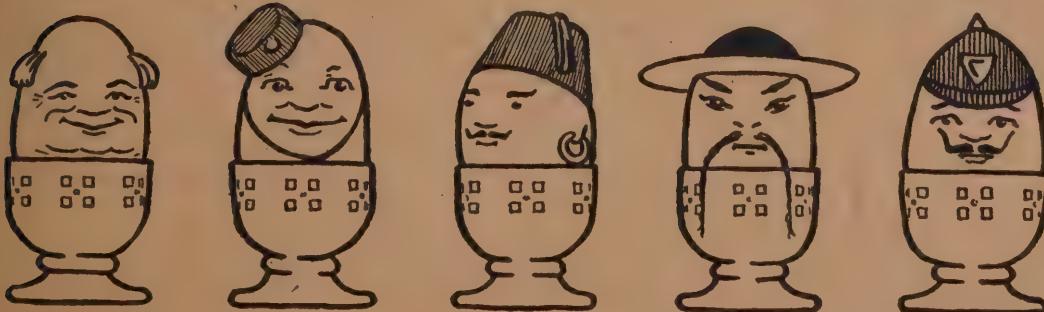
Eggs boiled in spinach water will become green. Onion skins will make beautiful yellow and brown eggs. Mauve comes from violet blossoms or purple ink; blue from washing blue, and red from fruit basket tarlatan. Eggs boiled with figured calico sewed on them come out with gay-colored decorations.

If you want a picture, or some initials, or even a motto on the egg, trace your design with melted tallow or paraffin before boiling in dye. The dye will not color on the greased places. So, when the paraffin is scraped off, your design remains white. Or, you may draw designs on the eggs with melted wax or varnish, and dip the eggs in strong vinegar. The vinegar will eat away the shell and leave a raised design under the varnish, which can be removed by alcohol. Wax may be scraped off. It would be better to do your engraving before blowing (if you intended to blow the eggs) so you will not crush the shells.

Very funny surprise Easter eggs may be made for the breakfast table with a pen or paint brush, and bits of cloth or tissue paper. It would be great fun to prepare a different character for each member of the family. The little row of pictures at the bottom of the page will suggest a few that are easy to make. You will think of others.

On Easter Monday the annual Egg-rolling takes place on the White House Grounds in Washington. Children from all over the city come with baskets of hard boiled Easter eggs to play games with them. Two children roll their eggs together and he whose egg is not broken, takes the other egg. Several thousand children often attend this White House Egg-rolling.

JANE ODLAW.





David took one of the stones, put it in his sling, and aimed at Goliath's forehead.

# DAVID AND GOLIATH

דוד אונד גלוזת

THESE CHARACTERS UNDER THE TITLE SPELL "DAVID AND GOLIATH" IN HEBREW, BUT THEY SHOULD STAND THIS WAY **גָלוֹת אָוְנֵד דָׂוד** BECAUSE HEBREW WRITING IS READ FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.

HUNDREDS of years ago, there lived at Bethlehem an old man by the name of Jesse. (People had only one name in those days, and not even Mr. or Mrs. went before that.) Jesse had eight sons. The three older were in the army of King Saul, helping him to fight against the Philistines.

The youngest son, David, stayed at home and cared for his father's sheep. Of course a shepherd's life was not as exciting as a soldier's; but David was much too young to be in the army. Besides, he was a very good shepherd, and we always like the work we know how to do well.

One day, Jesse said he would like David to pay a visit to his brothers. He wanted to know how they were and to send them some nice things to eat. You may imagine that David was not sorry to be sent on such an errand. Like other boys, he would rather be on the battle-ground than anywhere else.

So David found another shepherd to tend his flock while he was away, and started out early in the morning with a great many packages! There were ten bushels of parched corn and ten loaves of bread for the brothers, as well as a present of ten cheeses for the Soldier-Captain of their company.

David trudged happily along through the woods until he came to the mountain where King Saul's army was in camp. Everything there was bustle and excitement, for on the opposite mountain the enemy was encamped. In the valley between, a great giant was advancing alone, except for his shield-bearer who marched before him.

While David was talking to his brothers, the giant Goliath came



DAVID TENDED HIS FATHER'S SHEEP.

nearer and nearer, and David could see what a huge fellow he was. On his head he wore a brass helmet which would have crushed any other man. He had a coat of mail that jangled as he walked and made a noise as if a thunder-bolt were in every link. A thick brass plate was between his shoulders. His leggings were also made of brass. The men of Israel (King Saul's men) were as much frightened as if he had been a walking mountain of fire, or a terrible chariot moving slowly forward to crush them.

For forty days, they told David, Goliath had been coming across the valley, morning and evening—offering to fight any man in King Saul's army. But no one had the courage to accept his challenge. When the men of Israel looked at his spear with its great, thick staff and heavy iron head, even the bravest soldiers were afraid. Still Goliath kept coming in the hope of a fight. He promised that his whole army would become the servants of King Saul if any Israelite should win in a fight with him. No man dared to try, though the king promised great rewards to anyone who would kill the giant.

When David heard Goliath shouting his challenge, he did not run away with the others. He stayed to hear it all. He grew angrier and angrier when he thought that in his country's army there was no man brave enough to fight the giant.

"Who is this man that he dares to defy us?" David cried out.

These words were repeated to the king, who sent for David.

At first, King Saul was not willing to let David match his strength against a giant's. David was only a boy. Goliath had been a man of war for years and years. David knew nothing of battles, he was a shepherd boy! But David explained that while he had never battled against men, he had often fought lions and bears when they tried to steal lambs from his flock. Finally, the king was won over. He ordered a helmet, a coat of mail and a sword to be brought for David, but when they were fastened upon the lad he was very uncomfortable! He could not move about freely for he was not used to soldier's clothes. So he took off the helmet and the coat of mail and laid aside the sword. Then he picked up the shepherd's staff which he always carried. He chose five smooth stones from a brook, and took his little sling in his hand. With this simple armor he marched out to meet the giant—the men of Israel looking on from their mountain, the Philistines from theirs.

When the giant saw that he was to fight a *boy* HE WAS FURIOUS!

"Am I a dog that you come after me with a stick?" he cried.

For answer, David coolly took a stone from his bag, aimed it at the giant's head and—*wh-i-r-r!* went the stone through the air, straight into the enemy's great forehead. Goliath fell forward on his face. Then David ran to the spot where the huge form lay. The boy drew an enormous sword from its sheath at the giant's side and cut off Goliath's head with it.

The Philistines fled when they saw what had happened to their champion. The men of Israel followed close on their heels! David never returned to tend his father's sheep, because the king made him General of his army. A long time afterward, David himself became king.

SELMA ROSENTHAL.

## LITTLE, LITTLE.

VERY little I may be,  
Also very young,  
But I'm big and strong enough  
To hold my little tongue.

Young and little I may be,  
Young in months and years;  
But I'm big and strong enough  
To swallow foolish tears.

Little, little I may be,  
Very small and light,  
But I'm big enough to stand  
For what is brave and right.

Very little I may be,  
But I'll work and play  
Keeping *big* inside my Heart,  
Then *I'll* grow big some day.

JANE MORGAN.



# THE TWO BEARS



## ONE DAY

NE day I met two pleasant bears,  
And I was glad to see  
They were inclined to be polite  
And make a friend of me.

I had a heavy heart that day;  
A very awkward pack  
Of cares, and aches, and worries, too,  
That nearly broke my back.

"O let me help you," One Bear  
said.

"I am a stalwart bear,  
No aches nor worries burden me;  
I make light work of care."

So that One Bear relieved me of  
My very trying load,  
And off he trotted chucklingly  
Along the dusty road.





## ANOTHER DAY

ANOTHER day I met those bears,  
And I was glad to see  
They recognized their roadside  
friend,  
And grunted cheerily.

I had a heavy heart that day,  
For anger's poisoned sting  
Had entered deeply into it  
And shadowed everything.

Then said the Other Bear to me,—  
“I'd like to see you smile,  
And hear a gentle word or so  
As we two walk a mile.”

So down the dusty road we went.  
Ere long I could not find  
A sign of that old angry heart;  
'Twas miles and miles behind.

## AND THEN

ONE day I met those bears again,  
I had been traveling far.  
But there they were, so up I spoke  
“Pray tell me who you are?”

One said, “My name is simply  
Bear,  
I never had another.  
The Other Bear, I'm proud to say,  
Is my beloved Brother.”

“And your name, sir, I'd like to know,  
For you have served me, too.  
I've never met such worthy bears,  
And I'm obliged to you.”

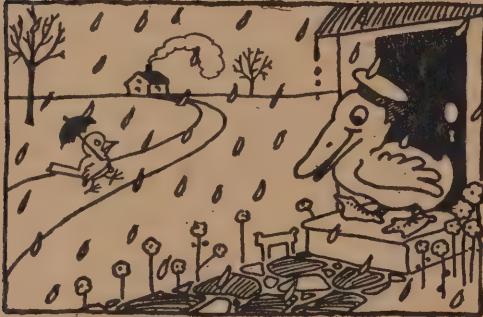
Then said the Other Bear to me,  
“I'm called For-Bear by others,”  
So now you see Bear and For-Bear  
Are simply loving brothers.

JOHN MARTIN.





The ADVENTURES  
of  
**WEE DUCKIE**  
by  
Rebecca McCann & John Martin  
**Duckie Goes Forth**



Once on a time a little duck  
Went out of doors to play,



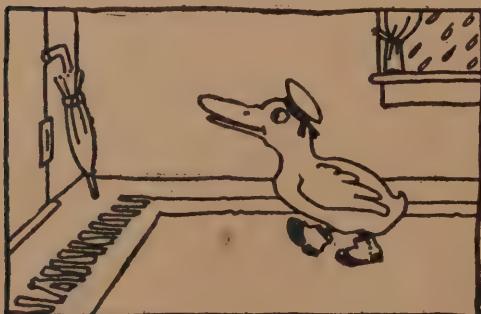
And he was gratified to find  
It was a rainy day.



So he went in his house and got  
His spats and rubbers neat,



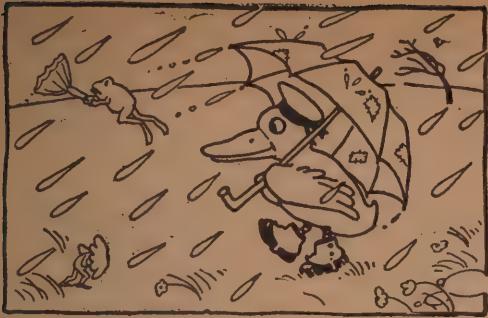
And slipped them very carefully  
Upon his precious feet.



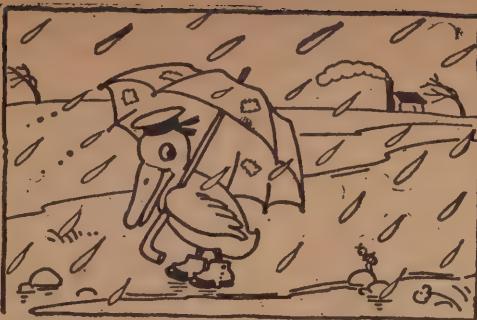
Then, his umbrella in the hall  
That thoughtful Duckie spied,



And forth into the sousing rain  
That daring Duckie hied.



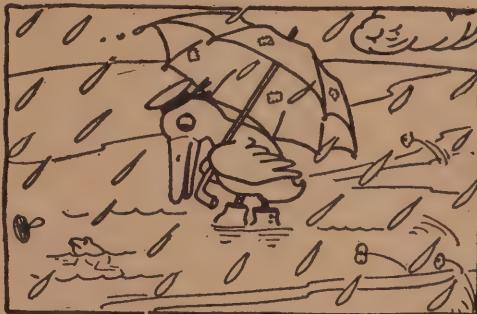
The wind blew most terrific blows,  
The rain poured from the sky.



But still that well-protected duck  
Remained completely dry.



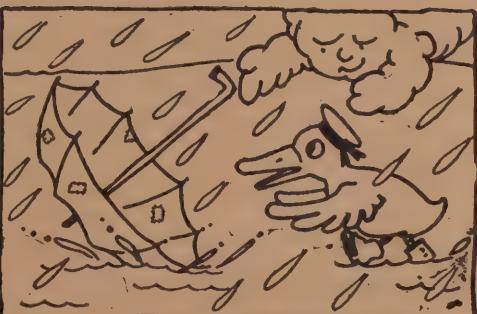
Then came a hasty hurricane  
Which gave Wee Duckie shivers



And turned the bucketfuls of rain  
Into a hundred rivers.



That horrid hurricane was cross:  
The elements did frown,



They pounced on Duckie's um-brel-la.  
And turned it upside down.



But Duckie worried, not a bit,  
Ha-ha, just see it float!



So Duckie got right into it,  
Because it was a boat.



Then, quite regardless of the storm,  
Wee Duckie brushed his spats,



For, with a sousing suddenness,  
It rained down dogs and cats!



This touched Wee Duckie's tender heart,  
Sighed he,—“Oh, what a pity!”



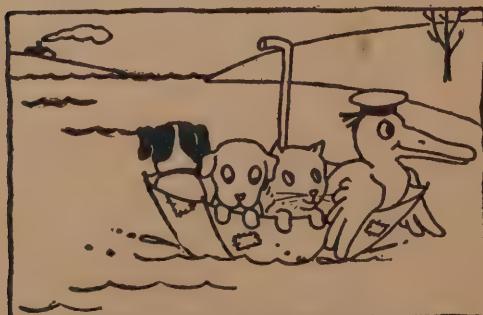
He therefore rescued two small pups  
And one forlornsome kitty.



They sailed and sailed with bravery  
For fully half a year,



Then Kitty whispered timidly,—  
“We're awfully hungry, dear!”



So Duckie steered his ship for home  
With energy and zeal.



They all arrived in safety and  
Consumed a monstrous meal.



# FLYING SPIDERS

**S**WARMS of baby spiders were climbing over each other, running around and around, up and down grass blades, and over and under sticks and stones. Now and then they would approach their mother who sat, half asleep, in the middle of her newly woven web.

But, "Away with you! Away with you! you silly spiderlets. Go and find houses for yourselves," was all the spider mother would say. Indeed this mother didn't even know that these spiderlets were her own children; for, you see, most spiders lay their eggs, cover them over carefully to protect them, then go away, forgetting all about them.

Poor little spiderlets! A hard time they would have if it were not for Mother Nature who broods over the whole world and takes care of all the babies that ever were—from spiderlets to boys and girls.

"Listen to me!" said Mother Nature again in her still, small voice. "Listen to me! You have come out from your cocoons, you have learned to run about; it is time, now, for you to think about homes for yourselves."

"Yes, yes," said the spiderlets, beginning to run hither and thither. "Where shall we make them?"

"Not here," answered Mother Nature, "not here. Too many spiders in this garden already. Find homes for yourselves in distant fields."

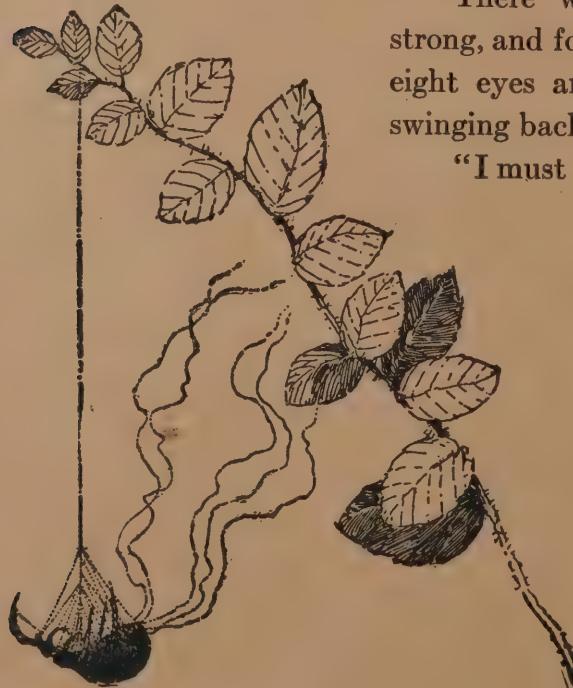
"Oh! but our legs are so short; must we travel very far?" asked one very tiny spiderlet.

"But you need not travel on foot," whispered Mother Nature. "You must learn to float in the air. For one day only you shall be 'flying spiders' in order to find new homes."

"Shall we fly like the birds and bees?" asked the orphan babies.

"Somewhat like the birds and bees," answered Mother Nature; and she whispered to them a wonderful spider secret—so wonderful that every spiderlet stood breathless, listening.

Then the spiderlets began, one and all, to climb up the garden fence or up the stalks of tall plants. All at once the strangest thing happened: every spider seemed to try to stand on her head. Her eight feet she planted firmly; then she lifted up her body, as if to make a hand spring, but instead, her spinnerets began to work. From the first threads each spider built a basket for herself and out floated one silken thread, then another—far, far out behind. The spiderlet that had dreaded to travel on foot was the first to let down a drag-line from a branch.



There was a delightful breeze, not too strong, and for a time the spiderlet closed up her eight eyes and gave herself up to the joy of swinging back and forth on her silken thread.

"I must spin out my sails," said the spiderlet. "It is long past noon; in a few hours the sun will be going down; it will be chilly, and dark, too, and it is better for spiderlets to fly in the warm sunshine."

"The air, too, has a way of standing still when we least expect it," said a nearby spider, "and we cannot fly when there is no wind."

"Let us, then, make sails while the sun shines!" said a third spiderlet.



So every spider, the sleepy one and all, set to work in good earnest to spin silken threads. Each spiderlet had spools of silk hidden away in her spinning room inside her fat little body, and it was not long before the air was filled with silken banners.

One foolish little spider threw out only a few trial lines; and when the breezes lifted her a little way from the branch from which she swung, ready, as she hoped, to fly, over she went, down, down toward the ground. Indeed, had she been anything but a spider she would have fallen; but spiders never fall; and so spiderlike, quick as a flash, she threw out a thread which caught upon a neighboring bough and held herself in midair.

Several spiders had climbed upon a fence instead of upon a branch, for they knew, every one of these wise little spiderlets, that it would be much easier to float away from a high and open place than from the grasses among which until now they had run about.

The spiderlets on the fence tried, too, to stand upon their heads; at least, so it seemed, but soon from their spinnerets the silken banners began to float and these the spiders unfurled by kicking at them with their hindermost legs.

The autumn breezes were on the watch for Mother Nature had sent them to help the spiderlets; and every time a thread floated out from a spinner, the breezes lifted the banner a tiny bit—testing it, as it were, to be sure it would bear the spider's weight.

"One more thread, busy little spinners," said the breezes. "One more—just one more." And the spinners spun another thread.

"Now let go!" whispered the breezes. "Let go, now, now, now." And away floated the spiderlets, up, up into the warm sunshine, and off across the fields.

One little spiderlet had the misfortune to catch her threads upon a burr and had to stop and spin her sails all over again.

Another flew across the face of a child who was riding along a woody road. "What was that?" asked the child, "it felt like a spider web." But the horse trotted straight



along and the child never knew that a frightened little spider scurried down the side of the carriage, climbed a fence and spun a set of new sails for herself.

By and by the breezes began to die down; and the first thing the spiders knew they were dropping, dropping and a great sheet of water lay directly below. The spiders threw up their legs as if to spring; but there was nothing to spring upon. Their next impulse was to throw out a drag line; but there was nothing to which they could fasten a drag line.

Then the kindly breezes whispered: "Don't be frightened, little spiderlets; we'll carry you safely down; there is nothing to fear. All you have to do is to draw in your threads—reef your sails—and drop lightly."

The spiders obeyed, and, what do you think! When they reached the waters they were welcomed by hundreds of little spiderlets who had already dropped upon the waters and were sailing along, their silken banners now serving as sails.

"Such fun to sail over the waters!" they cried. "Come, sail us across the waters to the opposite bank. There are broad fields to run about in, broad flat stones to hide beneath, stalks to climb, and best of all, swarms of mosquitoes to feed upon."

So the spiders settled down upon the waters, their sails flying, and away they floated, guided still by the kindly breezes.

In the air above fliers were still floating, guided by the same breezes toward the opposite bank of the pond; and just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, sailors, fliers, and all reached the bank, their new home, their Promised Land!

The sailors kicked off their sails, crawled up the bank, scurried across the fields and were soon busy feeding upon the mosquitoes which they loved so well.





In the air above, fliers were still moving toward the bank.

"Time to get back to earth!" said the kindly breezes.

"Yes," answered the fliers, "we have had a glorious afternoon, but we are a little tired and very hungry and shall be glad to drop down to earth again."

So they, too, began to reef their sails. Stretching out one leg after another they seized the threads—carefully, slowly, lest they lighten ballast too rapidly. At last, every thread reefed, the fliers dropped to earth, looking for all the world like little balls of snarled up silken threads.

You may be sure it took these spiders only a moment to kick away their now useless sails, to straighten out their legs and scurry away to the swampy place where mosquitoes swarmed and sang, inviting them, all unknowingly, to supper.

So the spiders ate and ate; then they built webs for themselves; and, as time went on the newcomers made the acquaintance of many other spiders who had come to this field to live. There were house spiders from the old shack near the bank; there were handsome little autumn spiders who knew how to build staircases; there were water spiders who lived for most part beneath the waters of the pond; there were jumping spiders who built no homes at all for themselves but lived by their wits; and many, many other kinds of spiders, for believe me, little readers, the spiders are very wonderful people, and they have wonderful stories to tell to any boy or girl who will take the pains to watch them and to listen to them.

ELEANOR REJOICE MOREY.



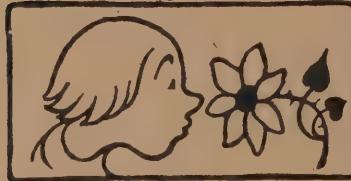
# SOUNDS!



A·MOO·AND·A·MEOW



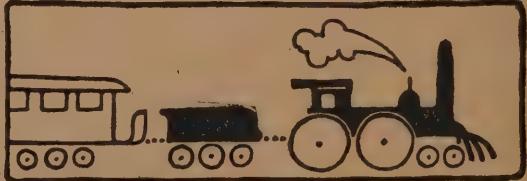
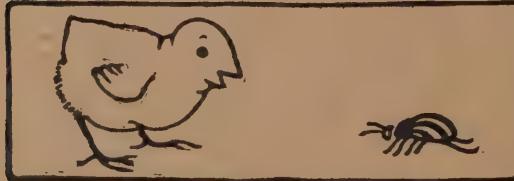
A·QUACK·AND·BOW·WOW



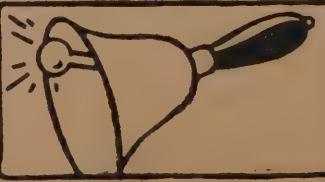
A·SNIFF·AND·A·SQUEAK·AND·A·SPLASH



A·TICK·AND·A·HOOT



A·PEEP·AND·A·TOOT



AUGUS DA FIN M'COOL

A·THUMP·AND·A·DING·AND·A·CRASH!



FROM A STENCIL DRAWING BY CARTON MOOREPARK

## ◆ THE BLACK ROOSTER ◆

**R**OOSTER, Rooster, glossy black;  
Just as proud as proud can be.  
Rooster, Rooster, will you please  
Sing a little song for me?  
“All right, youngster,” Rooster said,  
“I will sing my best for you,  
But my song begins and ends,—  
Cock-a-doodle--doodle-doo!”

# THE WIND AND THE SUN



HE Wind is a great blusterer, and the Sun is very silent, as you know. The Wind and the Sun made a wager, to see who could get the wayfarer's cloak from his shoulders first.

"Whew—oo—oo!" blustered the Wind, but the more he blew the closer clung the cloak to the wayfarer.

The Sun beamed and burned until the wayfarer was so warm that he cast off his cloak, and the Sun won the wager.

*MORAL: True strength is not in bluster and brag, but in quiet perseverance.*



# COUNTING the STAR

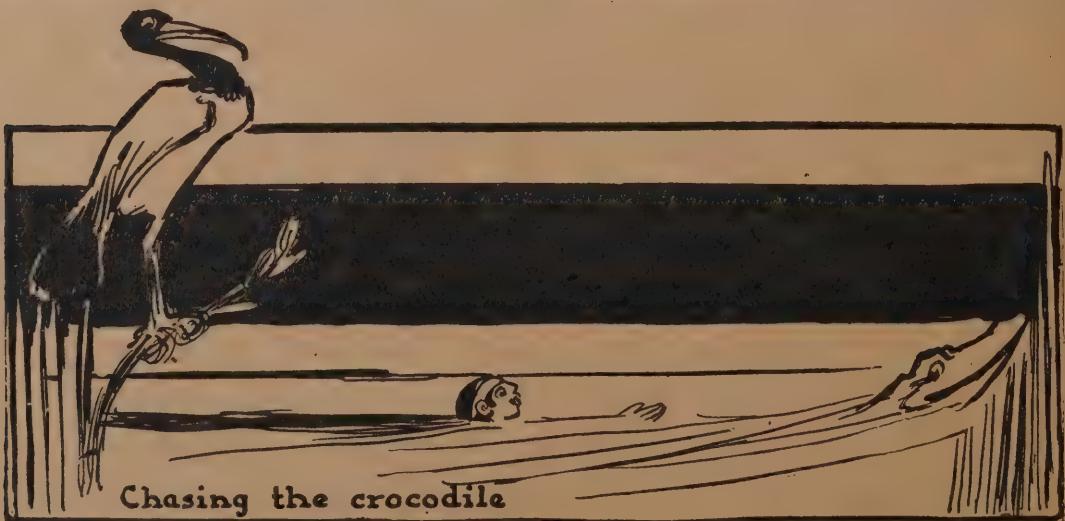
THE pretty Moon-mother peeps over the hills,  
To light us to bed with her beams;  
She is calling her little star-children to play,  
In the beautiful garden of dreams.

And winking and blinking, they open their eyes,  
And out of their cradles they creep;  
For they sleep all the day, and they wake up to play,  
When we are just going to sleep.

The pretty Moon-mother just leads them along,  
And counts them all over at night.  
So Doris and I always help her to count,  
When nurse goes away with the light.  
But the little star-children come running so fast,  
And dancing about in their play,  
We shut our eyes so we may rest them, you know—  
And then in a minute, it's day.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.





THE  
TALE OF  
AN  
IDLE  
EGYPTIAN

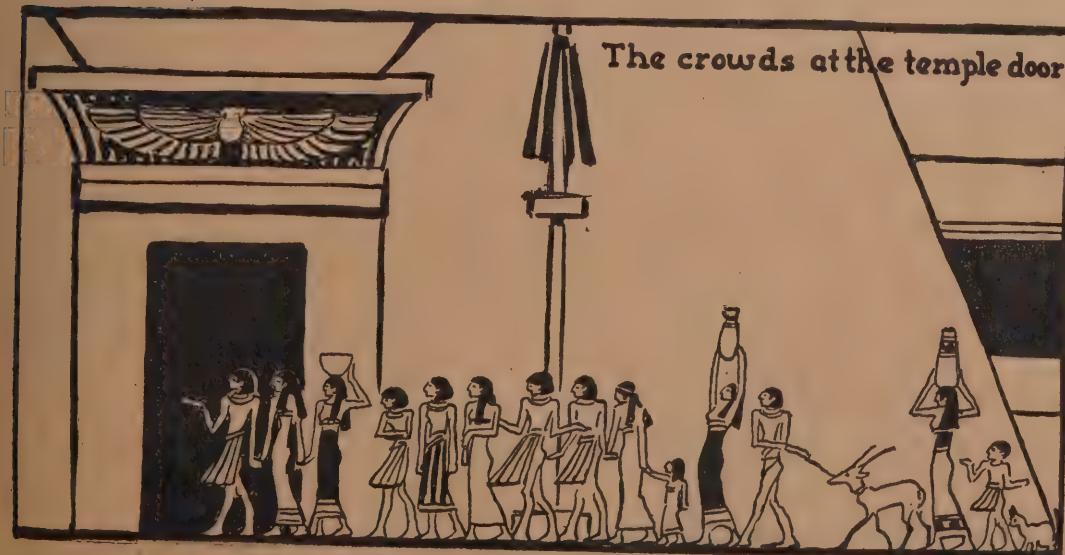


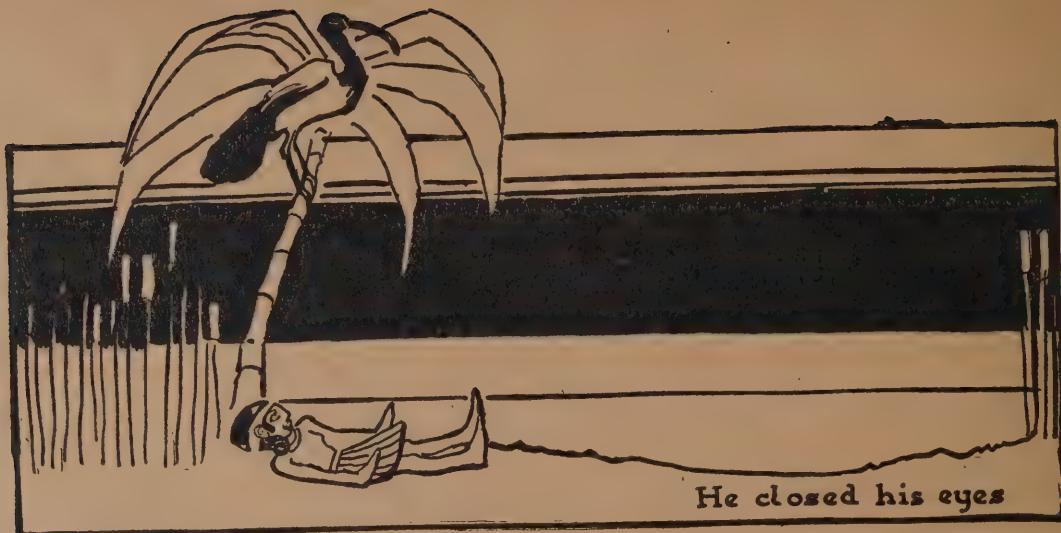
**A**N ancient Egyptian was Seneb Ptah,  
And he lived long years ago;  
He lived in the days when Amon Ra  
Was worshipped by his ma and pa,  
And he wished it wasn't so.

For, to Seneb Ptah, 'twas a grievous trial,  
To go with his pa to church;  
He preferred to be swimming in the Nile,  
Or chasing the playful crocodile,  
Or the ibis from its perch.

At last one day—'twas the feast of Mut—  
With desperate resolution,  
Our hero determined that he would cut  
Down to the river, and straightway put  
His plan into execution.

The crowds went on to the temple door,  
And, amidst the pious throng,  
His parents walked with devotion, nor  
Suspected he hadn't gone before,  
Too restless to wait so long.

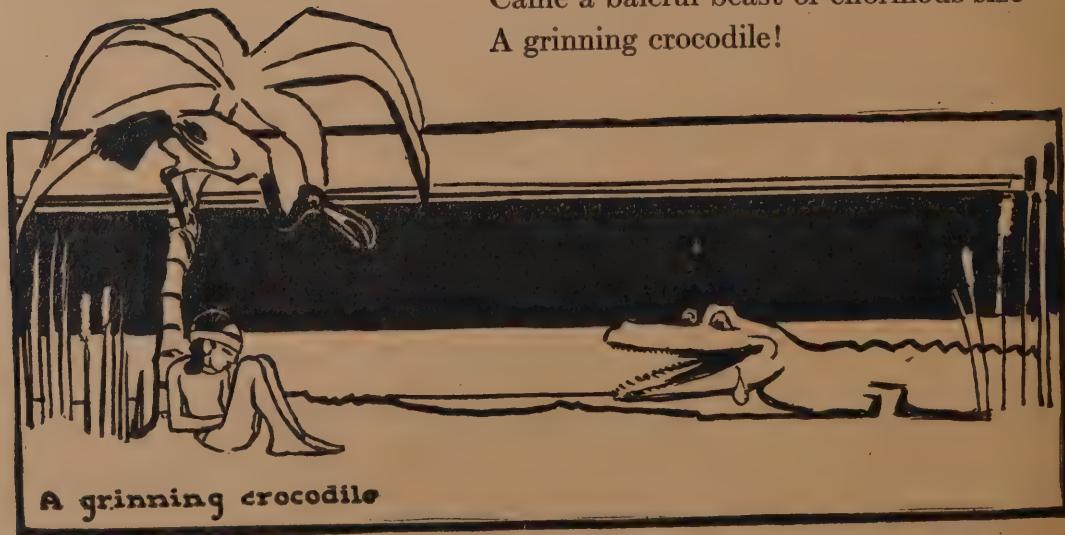




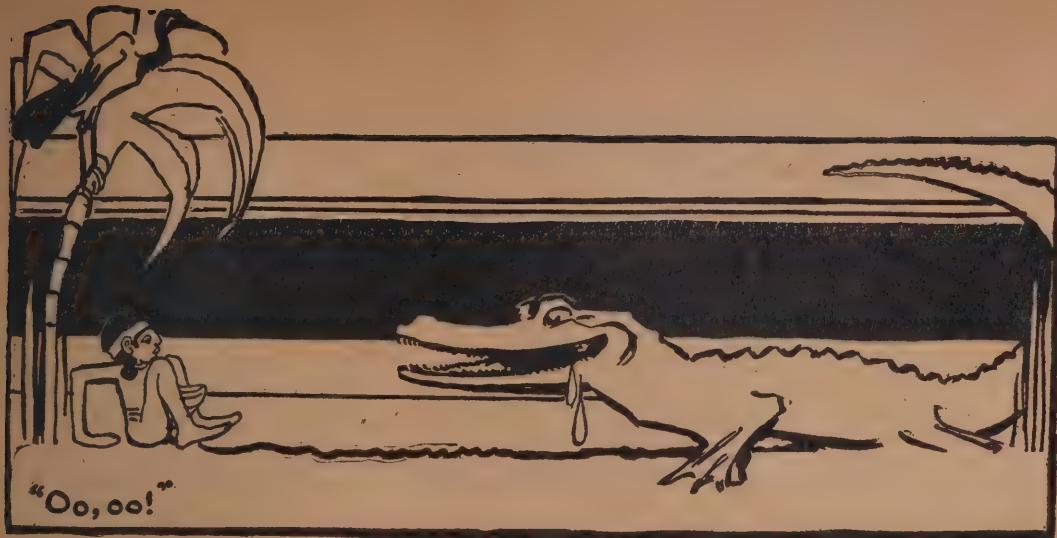
*He closed his eyes*

Meanwhile the lazy little boy  
Had found a nice soft spot  
On the river bank, and he laughed for joy!  
He cried: "This is bliss without alloy!"  
As for Mut, she was quite forgot.

The day was warm, and he closed his eyes.  
Then, cautiously, out of the Nile,  
With jaws agape at sight of his prize,  
Came a baleful beast of enormous size—  
A grinning crocodile!

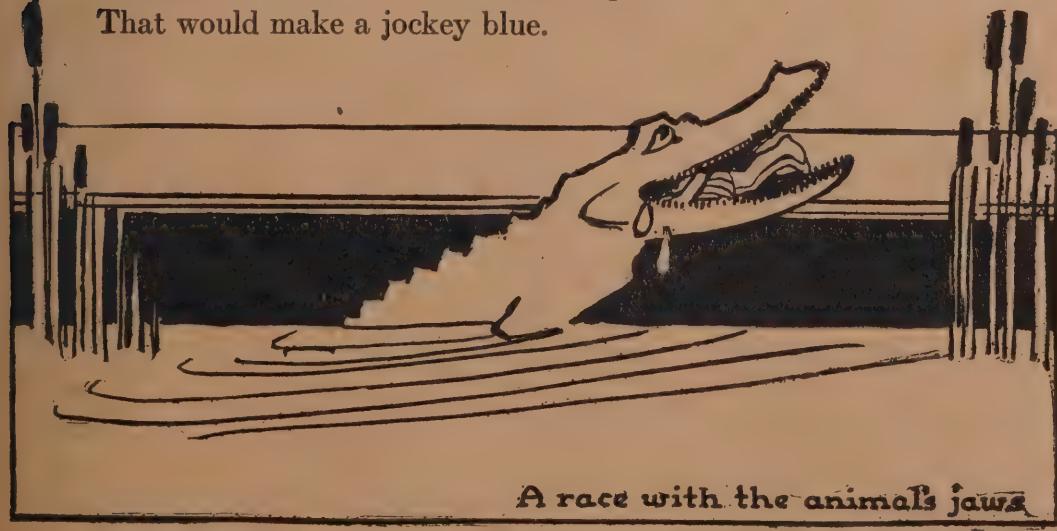


*A grinning crocodile*



Poor Seneb Ptah to the spot was glued;  
“Oo, oo,” he thought with a shiver,  
“If only he wouldn’t be quite so rude  
As to think that I’m meant for his mid-day  
food!  
A crunch, and a splash in the river.”

A crocodile’s throat is a narrow place  
To pass in comfort through,  
But Seneb decided to run a race  
With the animal’s jaws, and he set a pace  
That would make a jockey blue.



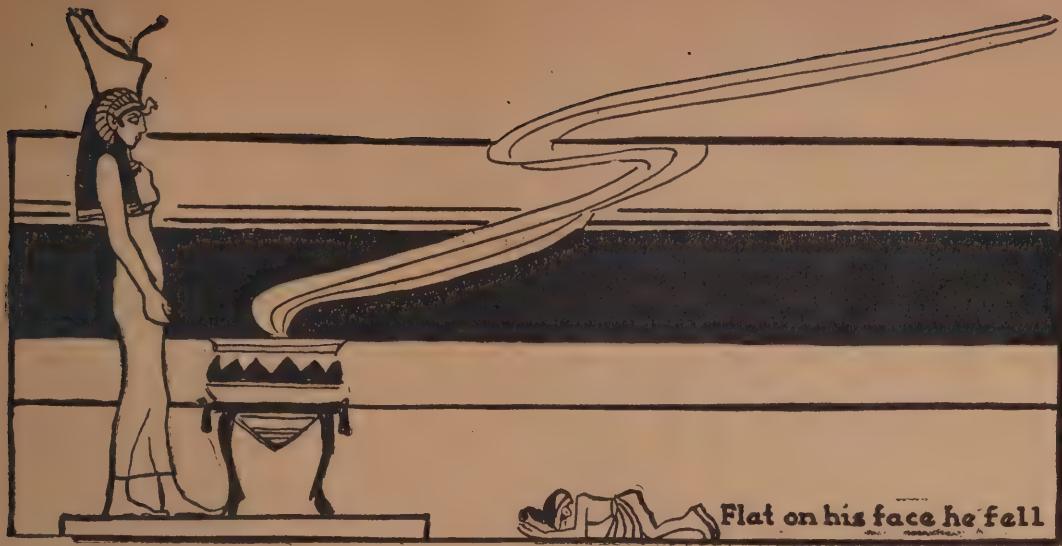
A race with the animal’s jaws



For he thought he'd rather be buried whole  
In the depths of that crocodile,  
Than be dismembered from crown to sole,  
And of dainty morsel play the rôle  
To his enemy, the while.

He laughed aloud when he found he'd passed  
Through the danger with all his toes;  
But he looked about—and his smile waned  
fast;  
The beast's inside was a temple vast,  
With aisles and column rows!





Flat on his face he fell

And, right in the midst of the spacious hall,  
It made him shake to see  
A statue of Mut, so grim and tall!  
Then flat on his face did our hero fall  
And waited tremblingly.

The goddess extended an arm of stone,  
And her grip was strong as fate;  
She lifted him high above her throne,  
Then shook him, and spoke in menacing tone,  
“For the service, why so late?”



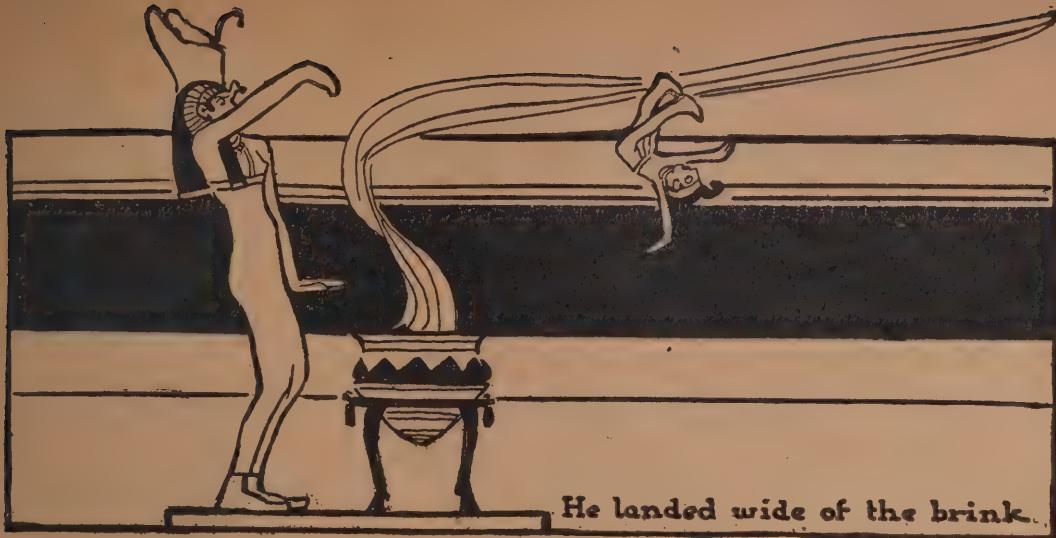
Her grip was strong as fate.

But Seneb Ptah was as one struck dumb,  
And his lock stood straight on end;  
His eyes were glassy, his limbs were numb,  
And try as he might, no words would come  
His conduct to defend.

"O Seneb Ptah," said that goddess stern,  
"Since you'd rather loaf than pray,  
I'll drop you into the incense urn,  
Where, quite without effort, you will learn  
Your debt to me to pay!"

Who knows if an eye of stone can wink,  
Or falter, a goddess' wrath?  
But Seneb landed wide of the brink  
Of the sizzling brazier, nor stopped to think  
Of the pitfalls in his path:





He landed wide of the brink.

"The door that brought me can let me go!"  
Was his lightning quick conclusion;  
He aimed a most unmerciful blow  
At the crocodile's throat, who said: "Oh, oh!"  
And coughed in some confusion.

Oh, one man's grief is another's bliss,  
Runs the adage, for like a flash,  
Out shot Seneb, with naught amiss,  
Into the river, exclaiming: "This  
Will be something of a splash!"



"Something of a splash!"



To the temple with speed

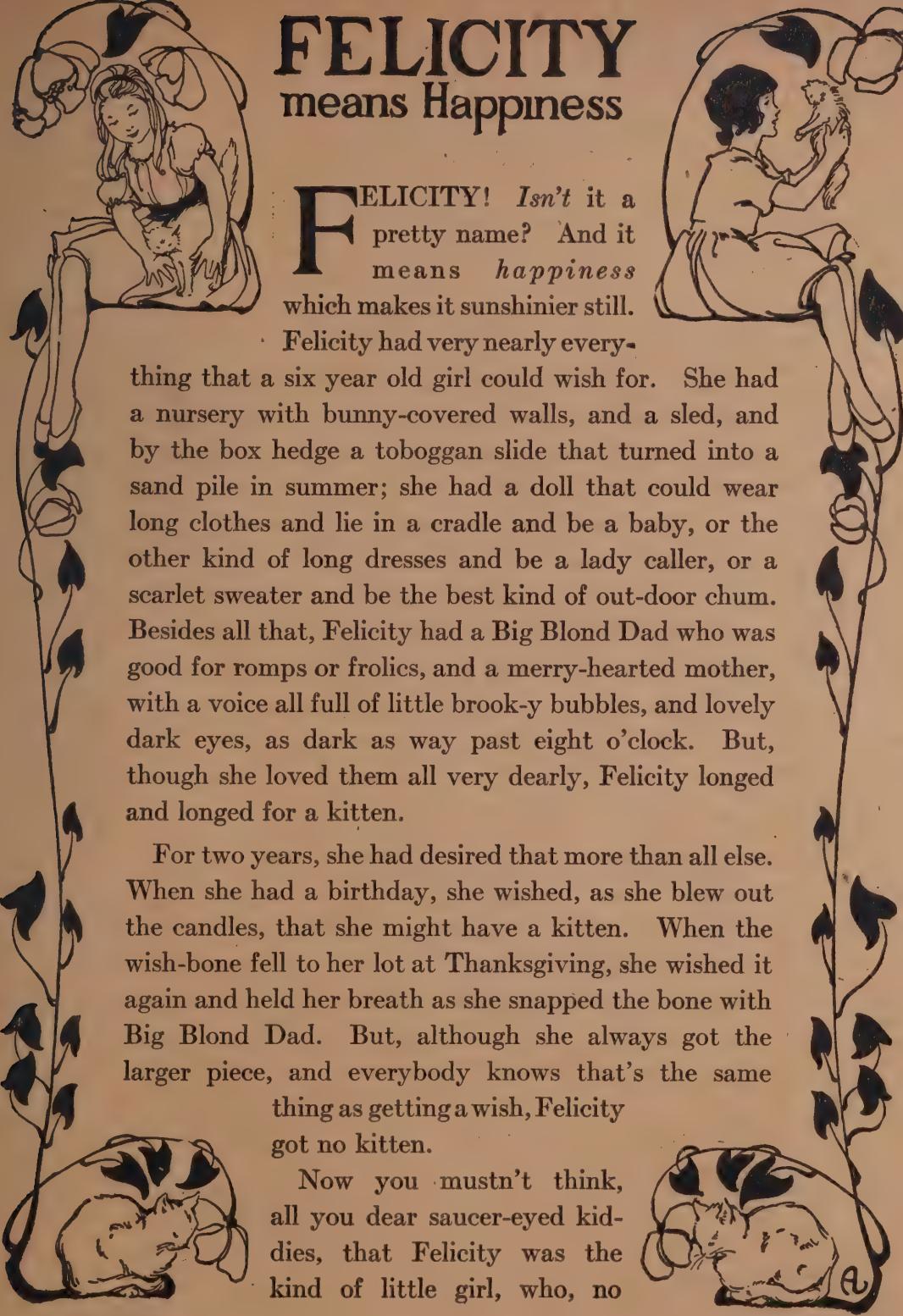
What happened next he could never say,  
For, as soon as he struck the stream,  
He found, in a most amazing way,  
That he once again on the Nile bank lay,  
Basking in ease supreme!

Then one idea mastered all the rest  
In our Seneb's puzzled brain:  
He must with speed to Mut's temple blessed,  
And pray on his knees for pardon lest  
She come for him again!

And the last we see of young Seneb Ptah,  
When his heels have duty done,  
Is a scared little boy, kneeling by his ma;  
“Oh, where have you been?” says his angry pa,  
“See, the service has begun!”

FANNIE MORTON PECK.





# FELICITY

## means Happiness

**F**ELICITY! *Isn't it a pretty name? And it means happiness which makes it sunshinier still.*

**Felicity had very nearly every-**

**thing that a six year old girl could wish for.** She had a nursery with bunny-covered walls, and a sled, and by the box hedge a toboggan slide that turned into a sand pile in summer; she had a doll that could wear long clothes and lie in a cradle and be a baby, or the other kind of long dresses and be a lady caller, or a scarlet sweater and be the best kind of out-door chum. Besides all that, Felicity had a Big Blond Dad who was good for romps or frolics, and a merry-hearted mother, with a voice all full of little brook-y bubbles, and lovely dark eyes, as dark as way past eight o'clock. But, though she loved them all very dearly, Felicity longed and longed for a kitten.

For two years, she had desired that more than all else. When she had a birthday, she wished, as she blew out the candles, that she might have a kitten. When the wish-bone fell to her lot at Thanksgiving, she wished it again and held her breath as she snapped the bone with Big Blond Dad. But, although she always got the larger piece, and everybody knows that's the same thing as getting a wish, Felicity got no kitten.

Now you mustn't think, all you dear saucer-eyed kiddies, that Felicity was the kind of little girl, who, no

matter how many beautiful things she had to make her happy, was always wishing for just one more. There are little girls like that, and they are very uncomfortable, too, for their friends, who can never make them entirely happy, however hard they may try. But Felicity was not this kind of child at all. She was as smiling and merry a little maid as you would wish to see.

You will say, if Felicity had such an altogether nice father and mother, why couldn't she have a kitten and be perfectly happy? I knew you would be asking that question very soon and, if you will put *your* pussy out in the kitchen a moment and shut the door and come very close to me, I'll tell you. *Big Blond Dad didn't like cats!* I don't wonder you look surprised. Felicity couldn't understand it either. But he didn't. Not a bit. He said they were always under foot and either wanting to go out or

come in. And he told Felicity she would have to do without one as long as they lived on the top floor of an apartment house, which is exactly like a great stone layer cake with, oh, ever and ever so many layers, and a family living on every layer except the frosting—I mean the roof.

Every night Felicity used to pray for a kitten. At first, it troubled her to ask Father-in-Heaven for something that

Daddy-in-an-Apartment house didn't want, but Big Blond Dad didn't seem to mind, so Felicity kept on.

Then, one afternoon, something happened. Felicity was out in the little pocket handkerchief of a yard playing with Mary, the doll that could be a lady, when the janitor's grandchild came out to play too. Her little "malty" kitten followed her and began racing up and down and jumping after butterflies in the sun. Presently they sat down on the steps, and the janitor's grandchild let Felicity hold the kitten. Now although she





AGNES LEE

at Felicity's window, raced chuckling back to the Man in the Moon and cried: "You know that poor little Farnham girl that's been wanting a kitten? Well, it looks to us as if she had made up her mind to have one." And she had.

At bedtime when Big Blond Dad went in, as usual, to kiss Felicity good night, she was nowhere in sight. He looked first behind the toy piano. Then he looked behind the blackboard, and in the closet, and in the pocket of her school frock; he looked under Mary's bed and back of the Teddy twins. And everywhere he didn't find her he gave a grunt as if he were terribly surprised. It was part of the game. Then he opened Felicity's bed.

Now always, whenever Big Blond Dad opened Felicity's bed, he would hear a soft squeal, and Felicity's arms would go round his neck, and he would exclaim, "Oh, here you are," and Felicity would chuckle, "Yes, here I am." It was part of the game.

But this night the little snowy bed was just as Hulda had left it. Dad laughed and said, "The little tyke," and began to hunt in right good earnest. You see he thought Felicity must be somewhere in the room. The moonbeams could have told him better. They knew that Felicity had made up her mind, but Dad never thought to ask them. Before long, Mother and Hulda were hunting too. They started in the kitchen and hunted straight through the house. And they looked at each other, and Dad grew very white and started toward the door that led up to the roof—the

had never owned one, Felicity knew exactly how to treat a cat, and she stroked it in the nice, firm, from-the-head-down way that kittens like. The kitten sang and sang so joyfully that the purrs almost tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get out.

That night some moonbeams, peeping in

*roof*, with its awful open spaces, where Felicity must never, never go! And just at that moment the door opened, and in walked Felicity herself.

When she saw Big Blond Dad, she gave a little gasp and flew straight into his arms. "Oh, Daddy," she cried softly, "I'm sorry you don't like kittens in apartment houses, and I've waited a long, long time for us to move. But I'm growing older and older, and we don't. And to-day when I was playing with the janitor's grandchild's little kitten, all at once something just said to me, 'Why, Felicity Farnham! Here you are six years old. And if you don't move pretty soon, you'll be a big girl, much too big to play with a little white kitten before you ever get one.' And I just made up my mind. You see, I've been praying for a kitten for ever so long, so it isn't *my* fault. And Father-in-Heaven has plenty of kittens, so it isn't *His*."

Felicity looked at Big Blond Dad and went on bravely: "And I got to thinking perhaps you were stopping my prayers on the way up and taking out the kitten part, same as mother crosses out the bad spelled words in my letters. So I went up on the roof and I sent my prayer straight from there. And oh, Daddy dear, I hope you'll try to like my kitten."

Sure enough, in the morning when Felicity opened her eyes, there, on the foot of her bed, was a basket with a cover and a big pink bow on the handle. She gave a little scream and threw back the cover. Out jumped the fluffiest, whitest, ruffliest, highsteppingest kitten you ever saw in all your born days. And on her little white leather collar was a tag, and it said, "My name is Roof-us."

But the funniest, nicest part of it all is this: Big Blond Dad likes Roof-us now almost as well as Felicity does.

ISABEL GATHERCOLE.



# TED'S BATH-TUB SWIMMING LESSON

TED'S father had said that they were to spend the summer at the lake, and though it was still early, little Ted was impatiently counting the days until he could begin to learn to swim.

"Come on, Bub," said brother Jack, one afternoon; "if you are really going to swim, you might as well begin now."

"How are we going to do it?" asked Ted.

"I'll show you, if you'll promise to do as I say."

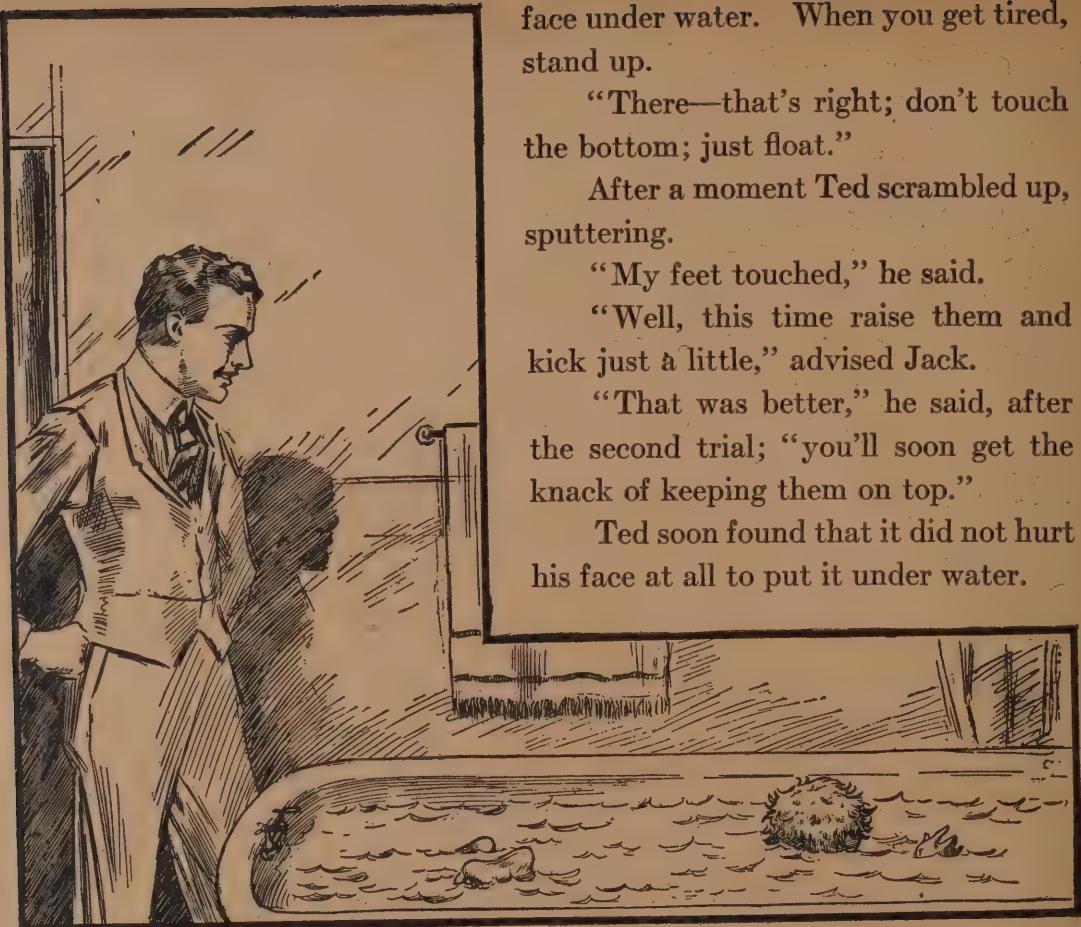
"I will—if I can," replied Ted, bravely.

"We won't let anything hurt you," Jack assured him, with a smile.

He tossed the little fellow lightly to his shoulder and marched off to the bath-room.

"Now get in," said he, when the tub was well filled with water and Ted stood stripped beside it. "Draw a full breath, and lie down flat with your





face under water. When you get tired, stand up.

"There—that's right; don't touch the bottom; just float."

After a moment Ted scrambled up, sputtering.

"My feet touched," he said.

"Well, this time raise them and kick just a little," advised Jack.

"That was better," he said, after the second trial; "you'll soon get the knack of keeping them on top."

Ted soon found that it did not hurt his face at all to put it under water.

"But why do you keep pushing on the top of my head?" he asked, after several more trials.

"That is so you won't bump into the end of the tub," answered Jack.

"Was I really swimming?" cried Ted.

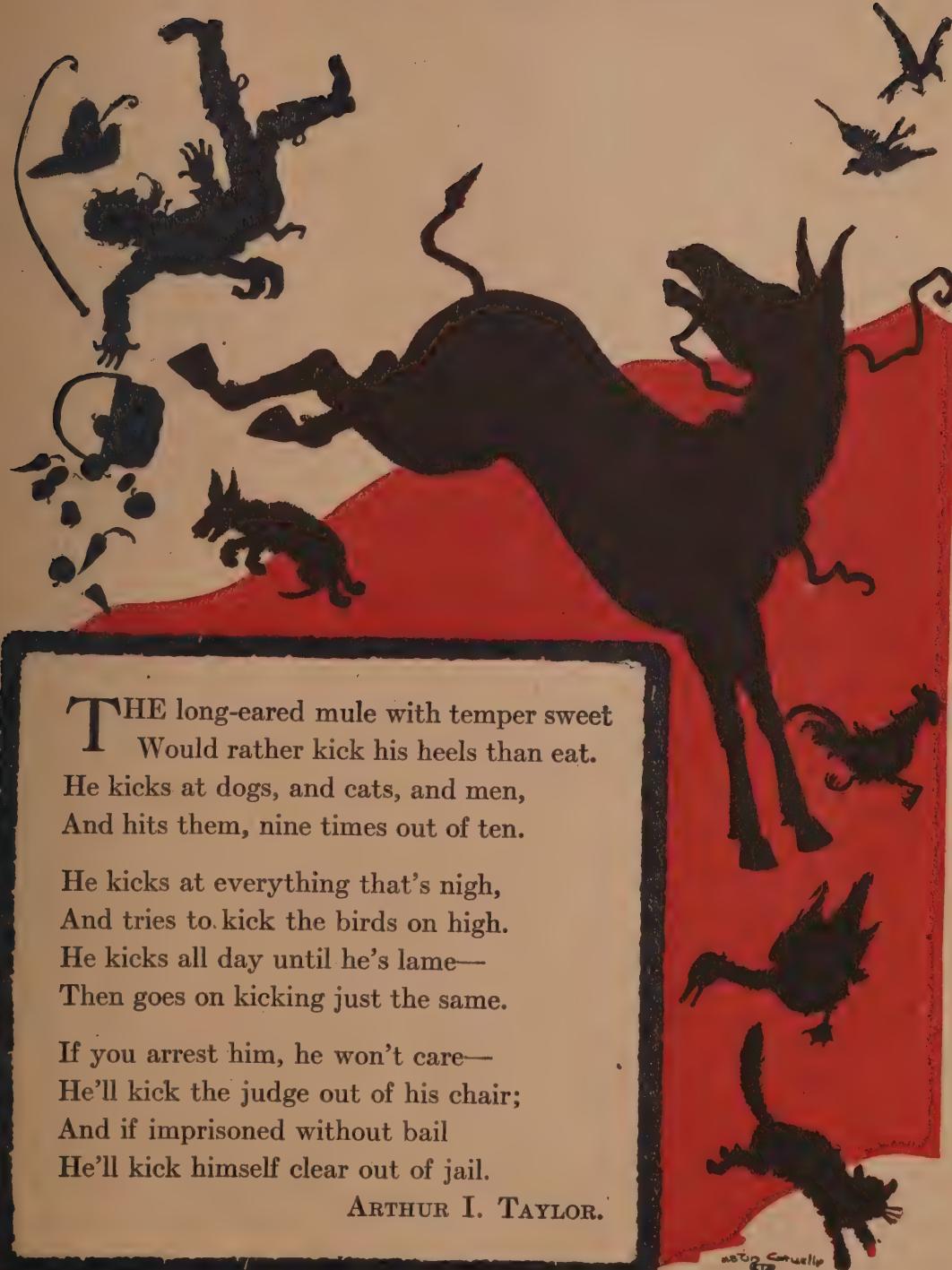
"That's what they call it," replied Jack. "All you need is a little practice in the stroke and you will be able to swim with your face out of water."

It seemed so easy, Ted could hardly believe it was true; but he practised his bath-tub lesson faithfully and, when the time came to go into the lake, he was able to make progress through the water at the very first trial.

Within a week he was swimming and diving with perfect confidence, which, he wrote brother Jack, was much pleasanter than having to spend the whole summer just in learning.

W. H. HULL.

# THE MULE



THE long-eared mule with temper sweet  
Would rather kick his heels than eat.  
He kicks at dogs, and cats, and men,  
And hits them, nine times out of ten.

He kicks at everything that's nigh,  
And tries to kick the birds on high.  
He kicks all day until he's lame—  
Then goes on kicking just the same.

If you arrest him, he won't care—  
He'll kick the judge out of his chair;  
And if imprisoned without bail  
He'll kick himself clear out of jail.

ARTHUR I. TAYLOR.



C.F. ARCIER

## P O L L Y

POLLY danced with a gay Bow-wow;

Old Moon just grinned and wrinkled his brow.

They danced in a manner wild and furious—

How curious—how curious!



# MOTHER NATURE'S WONDERS

## Home-Made MAGIC



BETTY and Bob had just seen a wonderful magician at the matinee. He took rabbits from hats, turned handkerchiefs into an omelette, and made things disappear in marvelous fashion.

"Wouldn't it be great to be able to do things like that?" sighed Betty to Uncle Jack at the supper table. "I wish I were a magician!"

"Magicianess, you'd have to be!" laughed Bob. "But it would be nice—"

"Nothing easier!" Uncle Jack smiled his quizzical smile. "If you ask Mother Nature to help, you can do magic right here!"

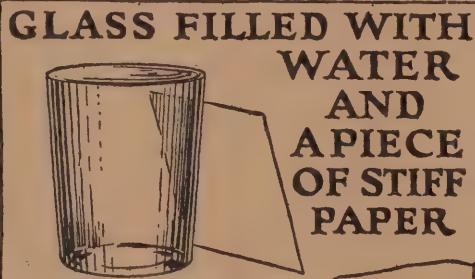
"WHAT!" cried both children together.

"Certainly! You might cause a piano note to sound without striking the key, turn a glass of water upside down without spilling the water, see around a corner, stick your finger in water without wetting it, balance a lead pencil by its point on a knife blade, or make water run uphill—"

"You can't do it!" challenged Bob, excitedly, and "Show us, do?" demanded Betty.

So Uncle Jack showed them.

"Fill a glass quite full of water," Bob reached for a glass, Betty ran for the water pitcher. The glass (on a plate in case little fingers fumbled and spilled any) was filled to the brim.



HE TURNED  
THE GLASS  
UP SIDE  
DOWN.  
THE WATER  
DID NOT  
RUN OUT,  
THE CARD  
STAYED ON THE EDGE

"Now I want a piece of stiff paper—Mother's best correspondence cards will do nicely."

Having received a nod from Mother in response to her inquiring glance, Betty ran to the desk and brought the card. Uncle Jack laid it delicately on top of the water. Putting a firm hand on it he turned the glass upside down, took his hand away and—marvel of marvels! The water didn't run out, the card stayed on the edge and—

"How in the world——!" Bob was completely mystified. Betty's eyes were like saucers.

"Perfectly simple!" laughed Uncle Jack. "Air pressure. The air presses on the card and holds the water in. Don't you try it unless over the sink, or you may have an accident."

Uncle Jack righted the glass, and walked to the piano. "Which key shall I sound without striking it?"

Betty, who takes piano lessons, pointed to A above middle C. Uncle Jack pressed on the key gently so it did not strike. Still pressing the key, he struck the A below several times, strongly.

"Now listen——"

Sure enough, the key he had pressed without striking sounded softly, but clearly, in the still room.

"Holding it down raises the little damper from the string," explained Uncle Jack, "and it sounds in sympathy with its big brother. What magic shall I work next?"

"Stick your finger in water without wetting it!" commanded Bob.

"Betty, fetch your powder puff!" was Uncle Jack's peculiar request. When Betty brought it, Uncle Jack tapped the fluffy little bunch of feathers over a glass of water. A fine white mist of powder settled on the surface. Then, slowly, Uncle Jack pushed one

### WHICH KEY WILL I SOUND WITHOUT STRIKING IT ?



finger into the water. It came out as dry as it went in!

"The powder forms a little blanket on the water. It folds up about my finger as I push it down and unfolds as I pull it back. If it weren't so messy you could do it by greasing your finger with butter. Next?"

"Balance a pencil on its point on the edge of a knife," ventured Bob, now not at all sure Uncle Jack couldn't, for it all sounded so impossible.

Uncle Jack opened one blade of his penknife half way. He stuck the point into a pencil near the lead point. Picking up a table knife, he laid the pencil point on the edge and—sure enough, the pencil and hanging penknife swayed back and forth but clung to the knife edge as if glued.

"All you have to do is have the heavy part hang lower than the support," explained Uncle Jack.

"How can we see around a corner?" demanded Betty. "This is better than the matinee!"

"I want a wash-bowl, a pitcher of water, a chair, a coin and strict attention!" demanded Uncle Jack.

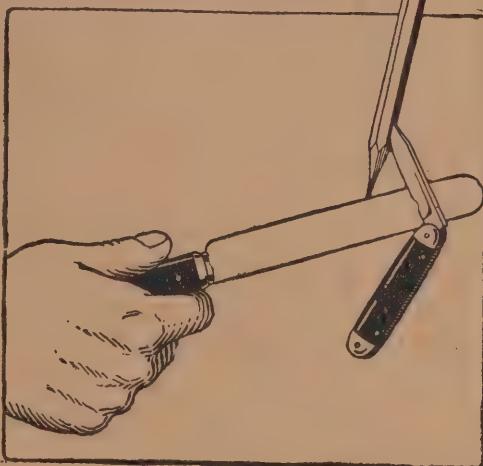
Betty brought the bowl, Bob the water, Mother furnished a coin, and Uncle Jack set a chair in the middle of the room. He put Betty in the chair and laid the coin in the bowl on the floor in front of her. Then he moved it slowly away until she could no longer see the coin because the edge of the bowl was in the way.

"Now, pour the bowl full of water, gently, so as not to move the coin."

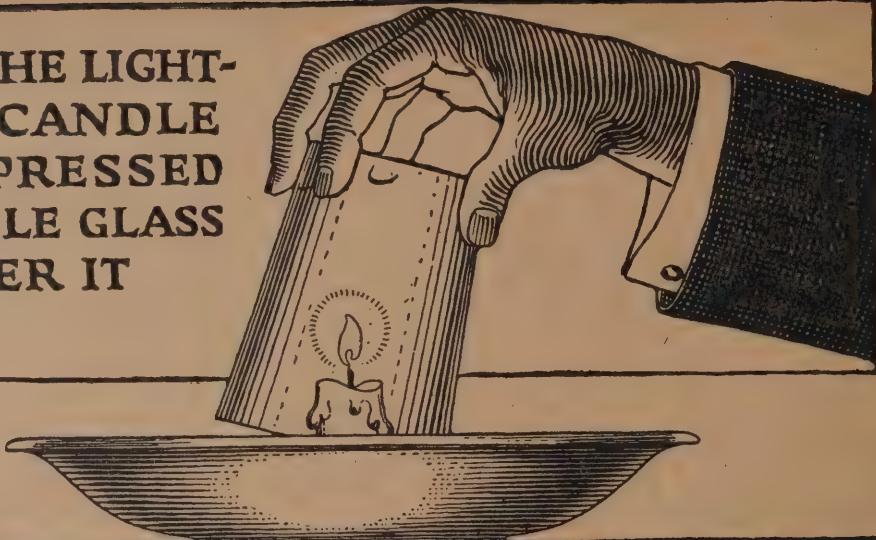
Before Bob had poured more than an inch Betty cried, "I see it—I see it—it came right up in the air!"

"Oh, no, it didn't. But it seemed to. You wouldn't understand even if I explained that the water bent the light by which you see the coin. But—fool your friends with it. It's a good little trick!"

THE PENCIL AND  
PENKNIFE SWAYED BACK AND  
FORTH BUT CLUNG  
TO THE KNIFE EDGE AS IF GLUED



NEXT HE LIGHTED A CANDLE AND PRESSED A TABLE GLASS OVER IT



"There was one more," clamored Bob. "You said you could make water run uphill."

"May I have a candle?" Uncle Jack asked. Mother brought one from the pantry. Uncle Jack cut it to three inches long, and set it in the bowl in two inches of water. Next he lighted the candle and pressed a table glass down over it. The candle smoked, flickered, and went out. And then, to the children's amazement, the water in the bowl began to rise in the glass until it stood higher than that outside.

"The flame burned up part of the air—the water creeps in to take its place," Uncle Jack told them. "After all, Mother Nature is a much more wonderful magician than any matinee performer, isn't she?"

Both children agreed that she was.

C. H. CLAUDY.



## AN AWKWARD AUTUMN SCENE \*

[FOR LITTLE PEOPLE TO PAINT]

HERE'S a pleasant Autumn scene—  
Season sweet and mellow.  
Hillsides painted rusty-GREEN;  
Pumpkins painted YELLOW.  
Bright RED cart, and oxen BROWN,  
Gaily painted people,  
Pretty colors for the town,  
Pure WHITE for the steeple.



N

## THE LITTLE BEAR



## CASSIOPEIA



## PERSEUS



## THE GREAT BEAR



## THE WAGGONER



## THE TWINS



## THE LITTLE DOG



## THE DOG

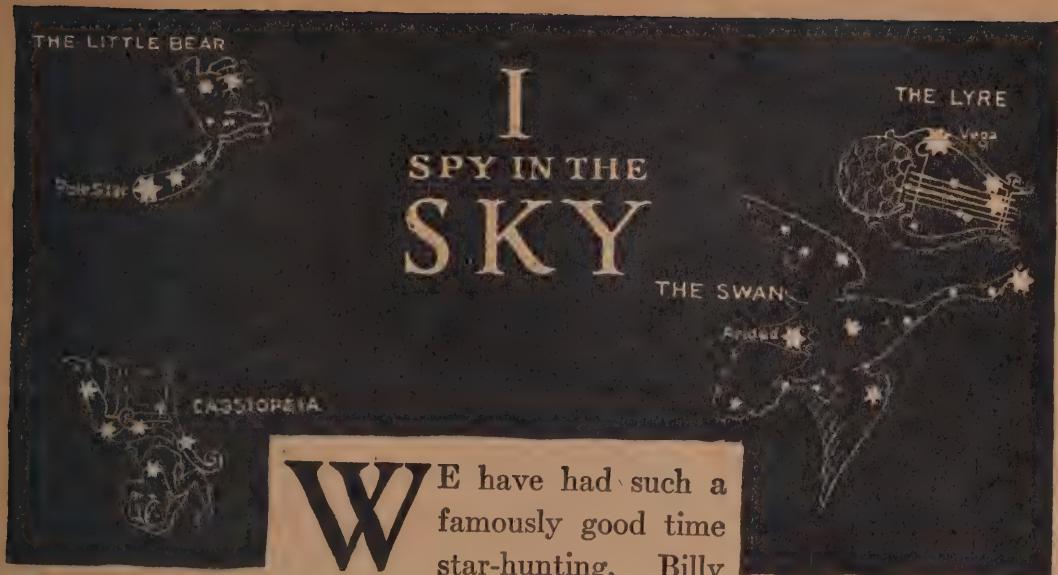


## ORION



## THE HARE

S



**W**E have had such a famously good time star-hunting, Billy

and I, that I want to tell the boys and girls about it, since this is the very best time of all the year to see the stars well. By this I mean that Orion and his dogs Sirius and Procyon, and Taurus, and the little Pleiades, and Capella and oh! a lot of other beauties will soon be coming into view very early in the evening. For, you see, in the winter, it gets dark before bedtime.

I shall never forget the night last summer that Billy and I went away up on a third-story roof to see the lovely blue-white star Vega. It wasn't really necessary to do that for it was directly overhead then and could be seen from anywhere. But Billy found the Northern Cross, too, that night, and we were so interested we forgot all about bedtime. Billy isn't seven yet but he knows about a dozen of the brightest stars and several constellations (constellation means stars together). He had some help finding these, of course, and so will you, for the great fun comes when there are two or three looking for the same star. It is then a game as well as a test of sharp eyes. It is very exciting when some one calls out delightedly: "I have found it!" "There it is!" "There it is!" And sure enough—it is—big as life. But, you will find, it is not so easy to show it to the others, unless you have learned the very special way of pointing out an object several hundreds of millions of miles away.

To show you how to do this, I shall have to tell you first about a wonderful group of stars that many of the boys and girls have seen. It is the Big Dipper. Astronomy books call it Ursa Major or the Great Bear. Some-



times part of it is called the Plow. It certainly doesn't look like a bear, but it *is* a perfect dipper. This dipper has in it seven stars, really eight if we count the little companion very close to the

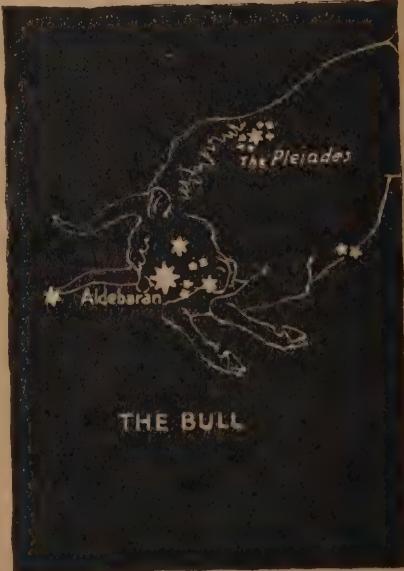


star next to the one ending the handle. The tiny one's name is Al-cor and it is so close to the big one that it always reminds me of a lone baby chicken trying to get under its mother's wing. Some people see Al-cor with the naked eye. I cannot except when the night is very dark, that is, when the moon isn't shining. Just try some evening—and see if your eyes are sharp enough to see it without opera or field glasses.

Now, I want to tell you about the measuring stick for the heavens. Do you know the Pointers? Perhaps we ought to explain a little for those who do not. They are the two stars forming the side of the dipper opposite the handle and pointing to the North Star. The thing to remember is that these Pointers are **FIVE DEGREES** apart. If you had a pop-gun and should aim it to shoot straight through the Pointers and twenty-five degrees farther, the cork would hit the North Star. This star is perhaps the most important one there is, for it does not change its position and the others all revolve around it. Polaris, another name for the North or Pole Star, is not so bright



as some of the others, but it is one of the best stars to learn, because when you know it and the Dipper you can easily find many of the others. Polaris is yellow, and you cannot miss it if you remember the cork must go five



times the distance between the Pointers. Polaris helps me to find the Little Dipper for it is the star at the end of its handle. It doesn't take very much trouble to find Ursa Major for it looks so much *like* a tremendous big dipper, but if you succeed in tracing out Ursa Minor, the Little Bear, which is the other name for the Little Dipper—if you see this the very first evening you look, you may be sure you are a good finder and will have only fun getting the other interesting constellations. Let me whisper to you something that will help you very much in finding the Little Dipper—it is about the handle. The handle of the Big Dipper bends *out*; that of the Little Dipper bends *in*.

By Thanksgiving we shall be able to see many lovely stars and star-groups. I'll tell you what one may see at six o'clock, on any clear evening toward the close of November. Besides the Dippers, there is Cass-i-o-pe-ia or the Queen's Chair. This is on the opposite side of the North Star from the Big Dipper, and is easy to find for it looks so much like a big W. Then, there is the Northern Cross, another name for the Swan, which is almost overhead. The dainty Ple-ia-des, that sparkling little cluster of stars, are just rising in the eastern sky. All the children who play this game of star-hunting love the Pleiades and hail them with joy the minute they appear. Ca-pel-la, you will find for it is the only *very* bright star between the Pleiades and the Big Dipper.

You must not hear about all the wonders now because you would not remember them. But just wait until Christmas when you will be able to see the giant O-ri-on with the three bright stars in his belt and his sword hanging by his side and his two dogs, and the Bull Tau-rus which is trying to get after Orion! The Pleiades are in the Bull's shoulder; by that time you will have found them, and will be ready to look for the Bull's fiery eye, a red star called Al-de-ba-ran, and the V of stars which form his face. Downward to the left of Orion, you will find Si-ri-us, the brightest star in the whole sky; it is on the nose of Orion's big dog. Pro-cy-on, another bright star, is on his little dog's thigh. Half way between Orion and the Big Dipper are two bright stars close together. They are Cas-tor and Pol-lux, in the heads of the twins, or Gemini. Orion rises in the east the first of December just about the time the sun is setting.

Who can find the Dippers, the Pole Star, and little Alcor?

IDA S. MILLER.

# BILLY BOBBY CHIPMUNK

O H! Billy Bobby Chipmunk had  
A most inquiring mind.  
Said he, "I certainly will go  
For miles and miles to find  
Why all the furry, fuzzy chips  
And chipmunks that abound  
*Hare stripes that run fore to aft,*  
*But never 'round and 'round."*"



But Mister Owl just blinked his eyes,  
And yawned a yawny yawn,  
"Oh, Billy Bobby Chipmunk, you'd  
Do well to travel on.  
I wish to sleep, and any way,  
I'm sure I've never found  
*Why chipmunks' stripes run fore and aft,*  
*But never 'round and 'round."*"

He started off in haste to find  
An animal or fowl  
To tell him what he wanted, and  
He came to Mister Owl,  
"Oh, Mister Owl," quoth he, "in search  
Of knowledge I am bound,  
*Why do my stripes run fore and aft,*  
*Instead of 'round and 'round?"*



Now, Billy Bobby Chipmunk thought  
That answer rather funny,  
But went a-hopping on his way,  
And met with Peter Bunny.  
“Oh, Peter Bunny, kindly rest  
Beside me on the ground.  
*Why do my stripes run fore and aft,  
Instead of 'round and 'round?*”



But Mister Peter Bunny who  
Was hungry as could be,  
Was rushing home to dinner, so  
He said, “Don’t bother me!”  
The swiftness of his travelling  
Bill Bobby did astound.  
*He never said why chipmunks’ stripes  
Did not run 'round and 'round.*

Along came Grandpa Chipmunk then,  
So dignified and slow,  
And Bobby said unto himself,  
“I’m sure that he will know.”  
He called, “Oh, Grandpa Chipmunk, you  
Have knowledge so profound.  
*Why do our stripes run fore and aft,  
But never 'round and 'round?*”

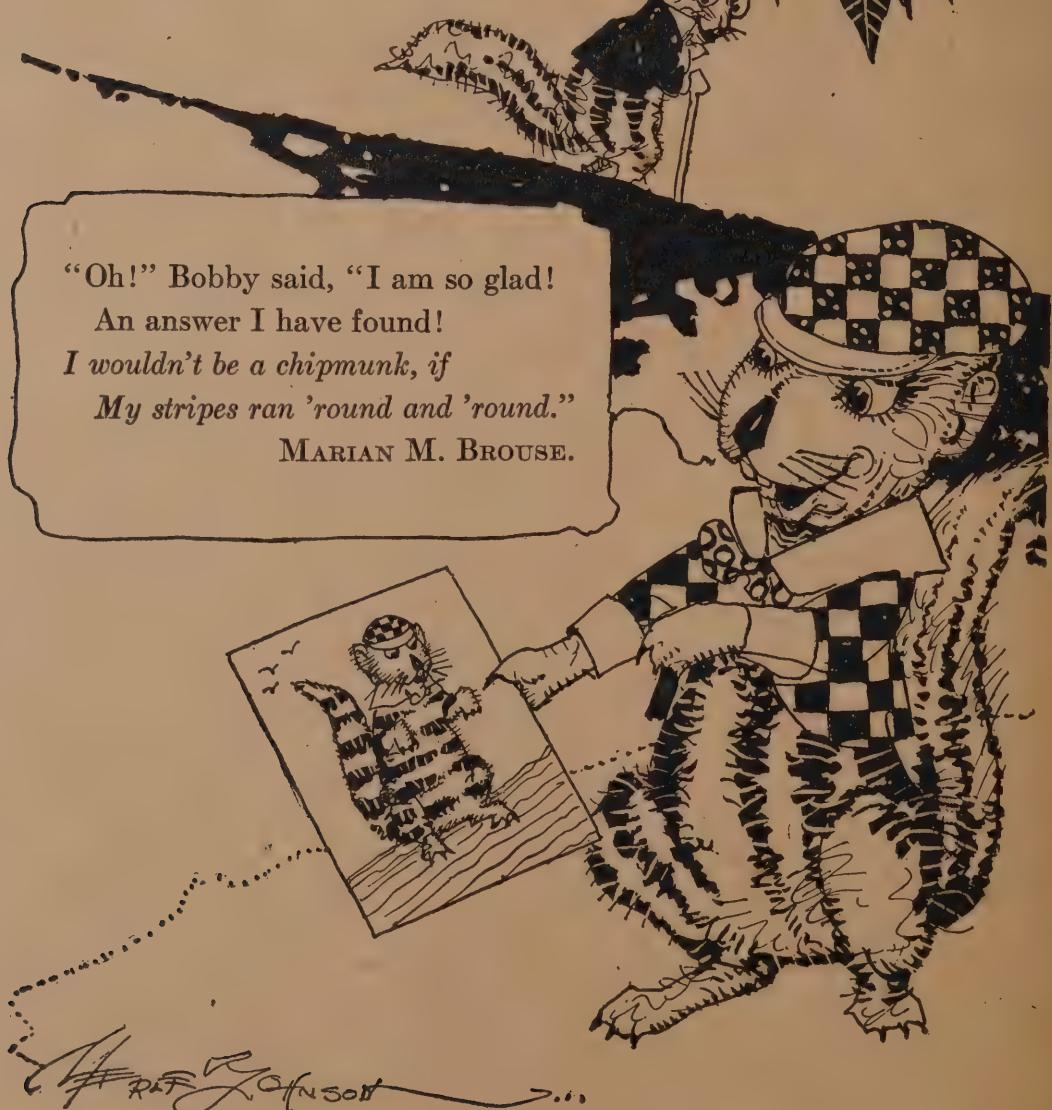


"Why, Billy Bobby Chipmunk, we  
Have always worn them so!  
Our stripes are *always* fore and aft,  
For that's the way they go.  
A Chipmunk striped with zebra stripes  
Is never, never found.  
*We wouldn't be like chipmunks, if*  
*Our stripes went 'round and 'round!"*



"Oh!" Bobby said, "I am so glad!  
An answer I have found!  
*I wouldn't be a chipmunk, if  
My stripes ran 'round and 'round.*"

MARIAN M. BROUSE.





# The GREEN PAGE

## and the CRYSTAL CUP



VERY long ago, a King reigned in Europe who was called Charles the Great or Charlemagne. This great King had gone on a very long journey to Rome, where the Pope was to place a golden crown on his head.

He left his Queen at home in the palace at Aix-la-Chapelle with her ladies. The Queen had five little pages. One was dressed all in pink, from top to toe. Another wore yellow, another crimson, and the fourth was dressed in blue. But the fifth page, who had lots of yellow curls and very bright black eyes, wore a suit of green.

One day the Sour Lady, who stood beside the Queen, sent the Green Page to fetch a crystal cup for her mistress. He ran very fast on this errand, but all the time he was thinking about the King whom he had never seen.

"If only I could see the Great King!" he said to himself.

And just then, something dreadful happened. The crystal cup flew out of his hand. The bits of glass lay on the green grass in the palace garden glittering like the diamonds in the Queen's crown. The Green Page wanted very much to cry. But he was seven years old and a big boy.

"I'll just whistle instead," he said aloud.

And he did. But the pieces of the beautiful cup lay there just the same. Behind him he heard a voice:

"What are you going to do about it, Edgard?" He looked up into the face of the Sweet Lady. She put her arms around him.

"I don't know, Lady Greta."

Then, in spite of the fact that he had been a whole year a page in the Palace of Charlemagne, he did cry just a little.

"Suppose we go and tell the Queen about it," suggested the Lady.

"I'm afraid," Edgard whispered.

But, when Lady Greta took his hand, he was not afraid. They went together to the Queen's room where she sat working on a piece of tapestry.

Lady Greta and the Green Page bowed very low to the Queen. The ladies looked hard at Edgard, and the Sour Lady said: "Have you brought the Queen's cup, Little Green Page?"

The Green Page shook his head sadly.

"Something has happened," the Sweet Lady said.

Edgard hung his head and whispered, "It is broken." The Sour Lady heard him.

"Broken, eh? Your Majesty, the Green Page has broken the cup you liked so well."

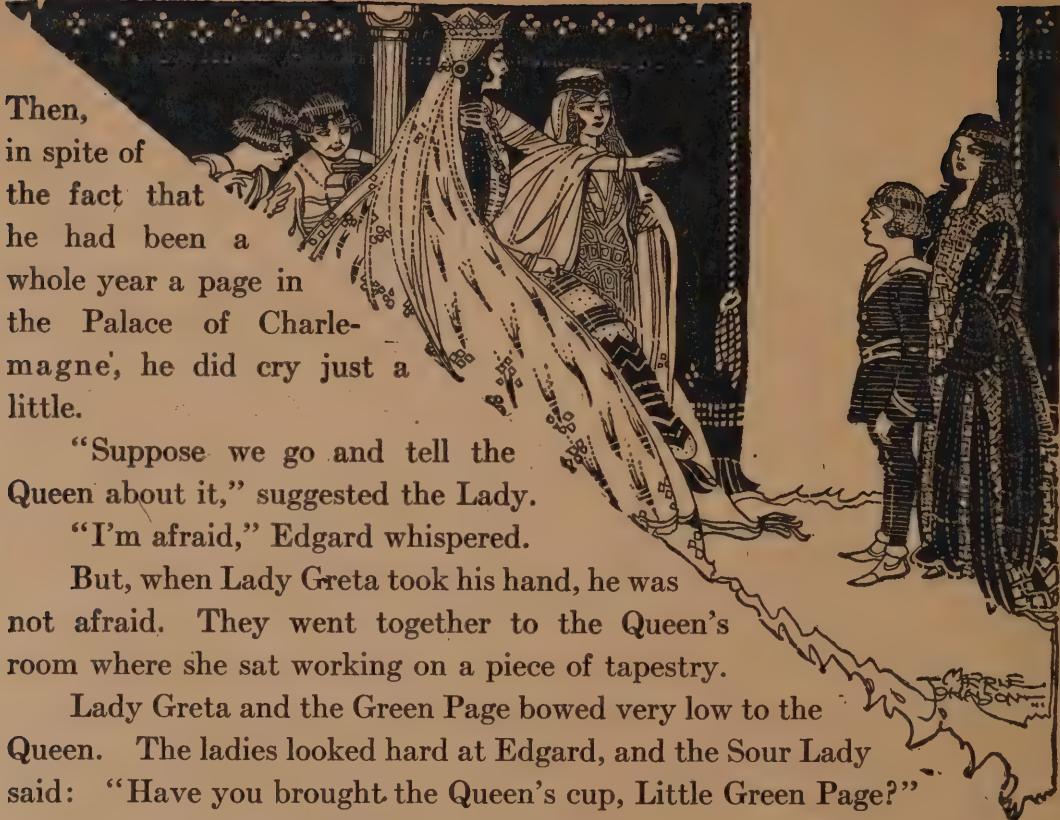
Then all the ladies looked at him again. The Pink and Yellow Pages, who were standing behind the Queen, made faces at Edgard from a corner of the throne. Lady Greta held his hand very close in hers.

"He didn't mean to do it," she said. Edgard felt more courage.

"I truly didn't mean to break it, Your Majesty. It—it just broke itself."

"Things never break themselves," replied the Sour Lady. "It's just like a boy. They're not to be trusted."

It is not proper for a Queen to talk to a page. She talked to the Sour Lady who repeated her words.



"Her Majesty says that you are too little to be a page. To-morrow you will take off your green suit and go home."

Take off the green suit of which he was so proud, and go home! Edgard walked out of the Queen's room feeling very sad. The worst thing was that he would not see the King, who was expected to arrive from Rome any day. That afternoon, Edgard went all alone to watch the silver trout dart around in the clear pool in the forest of tall pines. He thought that this would make him feel better. To-morrow, he must go home. While he was lying on his stomach on the moss, a big man came and sat down by him.

"What's your name, my boy?" he asked.

"Edgard. I'm the Green Page."

The big man leaned against the trunk of a tree and watched the fish too. His eyes were very kind. He had a thick brown beard.

"You don't look very happy," he said, so suddenly that Edgard jumped.

"I'm not. I was the Queen's Green Page, but I broke her crystal cup, and the Sour Lady said that boys could not be trusted. So I must go. If only I might have seen the King! I'm,—I'm very sorry."

Edgard felt a tear on his face. He sat up very straight.

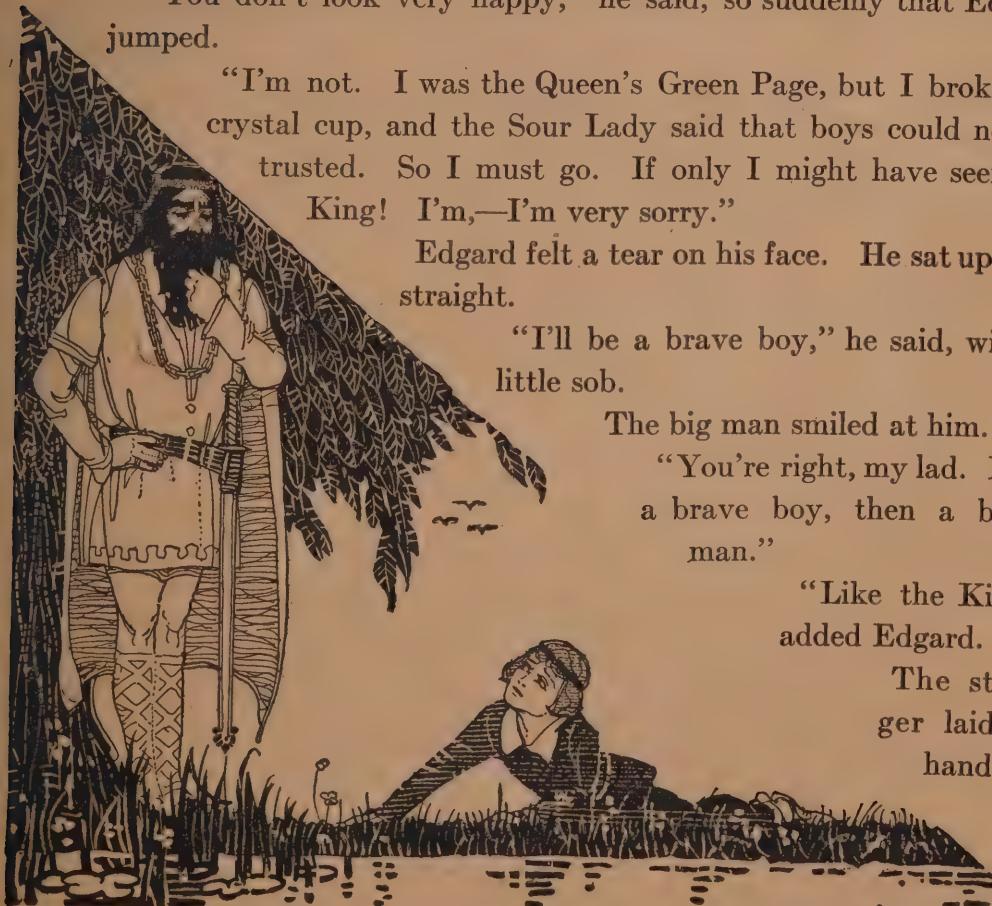
"I'll be a brave boy," he said, with a little sob.

The big man smiled at him.

"You're right, my lad. First a brave boy, then a brave man."

"Like the King," added Edgard.

The stranger laid his hand on



Edgard's shoulder as gently as the Sweet Lady might have done.

"It's brave boys that the King loves," the big man replied. "I believe that you'll see the King yet, Edgard."

In the morning Edgard left the dear green suit lying on a chair and put on his old one. The other pages felt very sorry that he must go away and did not make faces at him any more.

A man in uniform came to call Edgard. Together they entered a great hall. Lady Greta came to him, smiling, and took his hand.

"The King wants to see you, Little Green Page," she said.

"I am not the Green Page any more," Edgard began, but she led him to the steps of the throne.

The Queen was there. She, too, was smiling. And beside her sat the big man with the brown beard. He held out his hand to Edgard.

"Here's the boy who is going to be a brave man," he said. "Bring his green cap and put it on his head. The Queen forgives you for breaking her cup, if you will promise to be more careful."

"I truly will," Edgard replied. His face was shining with happiness. "And I'll be a brave man like you when I grow up."

Then the Green Page wondered why all the men shouted and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The King patted him on the head and laughed into his brown beard when all the courtiers called out: "God bless our brave King Charlemagne, and the Little Green Page!"

FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.





C.F. ARCIER

## B E T S Y

BETSY danced as the moon shone  
bright;  
Betsy danced all the live-long night;  
Betsy danced with a Bobby Bunny—  
How funny—how *funny!*



## THE BALLAD OF LOVE'S SHIELDING

TWAS the Mother of Little-Child Jesus  
Walked by the ass's side;  
'Twas the Mother of Little-Child Jesus  
Holding Him on to ride:

"Now why dost thou walk, my mother,  
And why must I ride?" asked He.

"The way is rough and stony,  
The sharp thorns tear thy knee.

"'Tis thou shouldst ride on the donkey  
For surely it is not meet  
That I sit high in the saddle  
And let thee safeguard my feet."

Then the Mother of Little-Child Jesus  
With a sigh and a smile turned she  
From the length of the weary roadway  
Set her lips 'gainst His rosy knee.

"Hard is the long, hot roadway  
Where the dustmotes swim in the heat,  
But the years hold a harder roadway  
Where I may not safeguard Thy feet;

"And for what do we live, we mothers—  
What to us is other gain  
If through pain of our souls or our bodies  
Our suffering save ye pain?

"Canst Thou not guess how precious  
In the years that come too fleet,  
To a mother's heart is the memory  
Of safeguarding little feet?"

'Twas the Mother of our Lord Jesus  
Stood by the Crucified:  
And across her anguish and her woe  
Came a memory out of the long ago  
When she walked by the ass's side!

EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL.



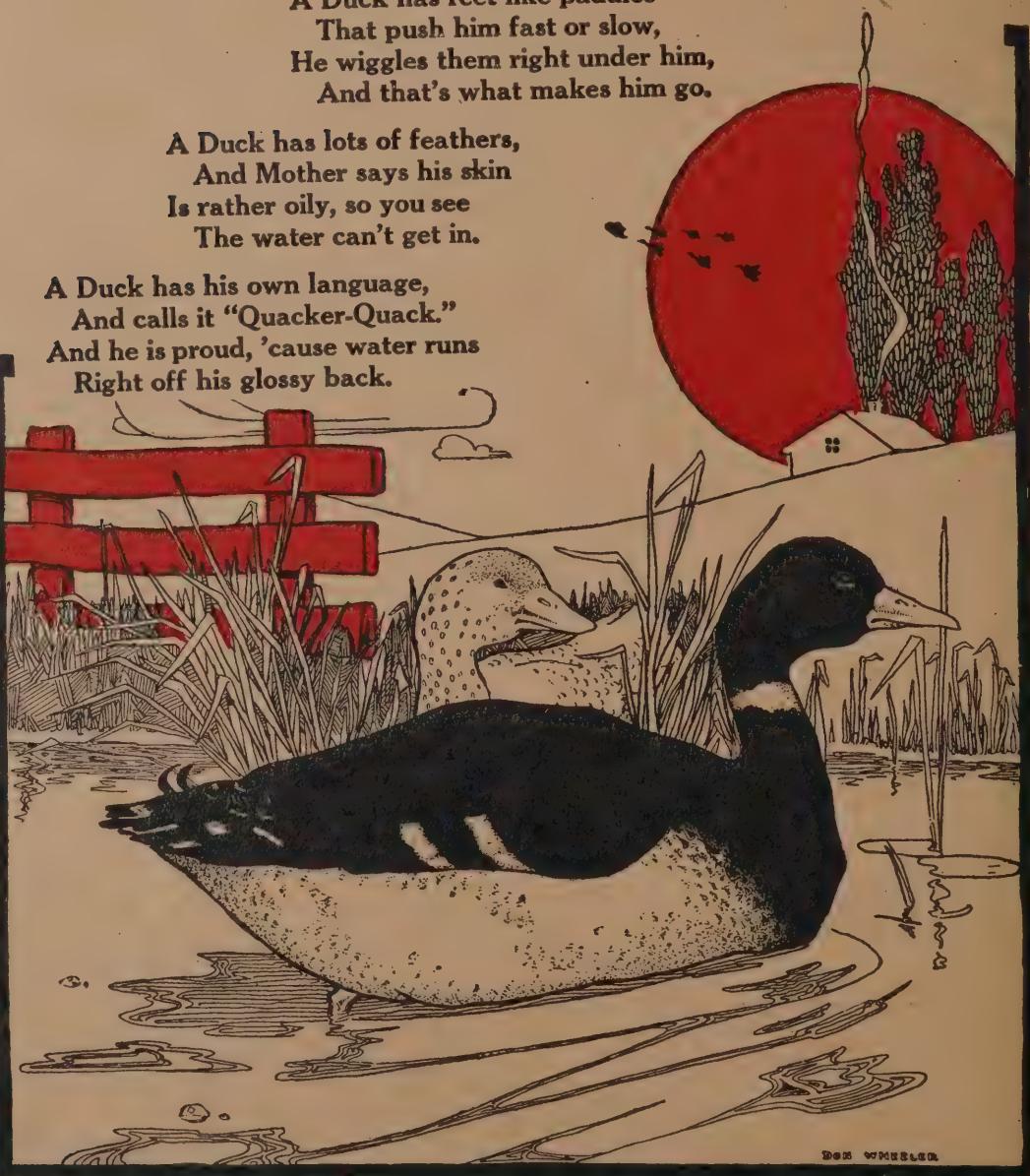
# DAN DUCK

A DUCK sails on the water,  
And he can swim and float  
Just like an Ocean Steamer or  
A great big Ferry Boat.

A Duck has feet like paddles  
That push him fast or slow,  
He wiggles them right under him,  
And that's what makes him go.

A Duck has lots of feathers,  
And Mother says his skin  
Is rather oily, so you see  
The water can't get in.

A Duck has his own language,  
And calls it "Quacker-Quack."  
And he is proud, 'cause water runs  
Right off his glossy back.





London palace. The oldest was about twelve years of age, and the youngest was a baby, just big enough to toddle about by the help of chairs and nurses, and loving hands held out to him. Their father was King Henry the Third, of England, and their mother was the beautiful Queen Eleanor of Provence, a descendant of the gay troubadours.

King Henry and his young Queen were popular sovereigns in their early days. Although the young monarchs loved all sorts of pageantries, and although their court was the gayest one in Christendom, they were great almsgivers to the poor. To-day you may read these words on the king's tomb:

“THE FRIEND OF PITY AND ALMSDEED,  
HENRY THE THIRD, WHILOM OF ENGLAND KING.”

Among the “close rolls” of Henry's reign (close rolls are King's letters “closed” by the King's seal) are orders for feeding fifteen thousand poor people in the royal palace on various holidays and festivals. For such occasions the Great Hall of Westminster was opened to the poor and destitute of the city, and grand banquets were spread for them.

On New Year's Day in 1251, special plans were made for the celebration. It was the birthday of one of the young princes, the little Edmund, who was born on January 1, 1245, and so was just six years old. The king and queen gave out at court that a feast would be held in the Queen's Chamber, and, since the feast was in honor of the little prince's birthday, only children would be invited. But, unlike most royal birthday parties, the children

A LONG time ago—six hundred and fifty years and more—there were five little princes and princesses growing up in a great

bidden to attend were not those of the rich and noble families of the realm, but were, instead, the poor children of the city—chimney-sweeps, ballad-singers, waifs, and castaways. All the unkempt, starving ragamuffins were gathered from the narrow, dirty streets of the town, and from the highways and byways outside. It was a motley crowd that, like an army, poured in through the stately gates of Westminster and, led by gorgeous attendants, made its way into the Queen's Chamber.

This chamber in Westminster was a beautiful apartment. All the Norman Queens had occupied it, and it was furnished after the manner of the time. The lofty lancet-shaped windows looked down into the Queen's private garden, in which was the "Queen's Walk" leading down to the Thames. The walls were hung with tapestry and were gay with paintings, while the floor, which was not carpeted, was strewn thickly with rushes and sweet herbs.

In that great chamber, on New Year's Day, the tables were set for the children's banquet. They were rough boards laid on rude trestles and covered with coarse cloths. A crowd of servants was busy getting the feast ready, and the steaming of the rich meats filled the whole palace with appetizing odors. For several days all the royal cooks had been at work in the kitchen of the palace, and now the tables were spread with such an array of dishes as had never before been seen in England.





The poor little guests had never dreamed of such a banquet in all their lives. How their hungry eyes must have sparkled at sight of it, and what a fine time they must have had! They hardly knew where to begin. There were roasted joints and boars' heads, broths of pork and onions, pigs roasted and chickens roasted, jellies of fish, white soup made of almonds, and other strange dishes. There was home-brewed ale in abundance, since



in those days there was no tea or coffee in England. For once in his life, every child had all he wished to eat. But the day's doings did not end with the dinner.

When the children had crammed themselves with all they could hold, King Henry, in his ermine bordered robes of state, entered the room leading his fair and smiling queen, followed by the young princes and princesses. Queen Eleanor made a gracious little speech, telling the children how glad she was that they could come to Westminster and partake of the good cheer, and how they owed it all to the five royal children. Then she said that she had a surprise in store for them. She whispered a word to her husband who smiled upon her and then gave an order to one of the pages.

Presently several servants came in, one of them bearing a great balance, while the others carried heavy, mysterious sacks which they set down upon the reed-strewn floor beside the scales. The eyes of the children looked all the surprise they felt, you may be sure, and they were still more mystified at the next feature of the programme.

"Now, my son, we are ready," said the king to his heir, the proud Prince Edward; and, looking very handsome in his robes of stiff embroidery and his velvet cap, the tall boy of twelve was lifted into one side of the great scales. One of the bags was then untied and a shower of silver pennies was poured into the other scale until the prince was lifted high into the air.

"Hold!" cried the king; and then the prince was set down, while the heap of silver pennies was scattered among the crowd of eager, scrambling children.

The bonny Princess Margaret came next to the scale, and the silver pennies jingled again until the beautiful girl was fairly out-weighed, and gave way to the laughing little Princess Beatrice. She, in turn, was followed by Edmund, the little birthday prince, who, affrighted, pouted and almost cried. Even wee baby Katherine was weighed, crowing and clapping her hands all the time at the jingle of the little silver coins. And all these piles of silver were scattered, as Prince Edward's had been, among the poor children who had been feasted.

Was it not a beautiful way to keep New Year's? King Henry and Queen Eleanor celebrated many another holiday and the children had many birthdays but none so delightful as the sixth birthday of little Prince Edmund. And though it was so long ago, almost you can see that scene in the Queen's Chamber at Westminster, and hear the jingling of the coins as they weighed the king's five children with silver pennies!

FRED MYRON COLBY.





ONCE upon a time there lived in the Big Forest a family of five pigs: two big pigs and three little pigs. The names of the two big pigs were Mr. Porker and Mrs. Porker; and the names of the three little pigs were Piggie and Wiggie and Tiggie. The littlest pig was Tiggie; and a very mischievous little pig he was, always getting into scrapes and then out of them as best he could.

The pigs had built a very nice little house out of some big cord-wood sticks which a wood-cutter had left because he could not get any more on his wagon. It was not very easy to build the house, and Mr. Porker never would have succeeded had he not been a very clever sort of pig. First, he dug a row of holes in the ground in which, with the help of Mrs. Porker, he placed the sticks. Then he pressed the dirt in hard all around, which made them stand up nice and straight like a fence.

After that, he placed against the top of these some longer poles, the lower ends resting on the ground. This made a very good slanting roof, from which the rain could run off without soaking in. Then he filled up all the cracks and slits with moss and mud.

When he had closed up the opening at the back with big heavy logs, Mr. Porker had quite a fine looking little cabin;



at any rate, Piggie and Wiggie and Tiggie thought so. Perhaps one reason was because they had helped by finding lots of nice green moss. They handed it up to their father while he stood on tip-toe on top of a stump and stuffed all the cracks just as tight as he could. When there wasn't another hole to be found, the roof was finished.

This took a long time, but then everything was done, even to the big flat stone which was used for the front door. Mr. Porker stood and looked at his work with a feeling of pride.

"It's a very nice home, Mrs. Porker," he exclaimed, and Mrs. Porker said she thought so, too; and Piggie and Wiggie and Tiggie jumped around and sang;

*"Oh what do we care for the Big Gray Wolf  
That prowls through the wood at night!  
We'll laugh when he howls outside our door  
When we're cuddled up snug and tight."*

"Don't be too sure," answered Mrs. Porker; "if Tiggie stays out as late as he did yesterday afternoon, he may get caught one of these fine days. Mr. Wolf is on the lookout all the time for naughty pigs that play too long and don't mind Mother."

Piggie and Wiggie looked at Tiggie, who stopped dancing around.

"Indeed, Mother," he squeaked, "I won't be late again, really, I won't." And he wasn't, until the next time, when something *almost* happened; but we must wait for the next chapter to tell what did almost happen to Tiggie, because he didn't mind Mother and come home from play when she told him to.



DAVID M. CORY



THE  
**PORKER**  
**FAMILY**  
NEXT AND LAST STORY FOR NOW

YES, Tiggie had stayed out too late. The shadows in the Big Forest were growing longer and longer, and Tiggie was getting more and more frightened. Every time a twig snapped under his little pattering feet, as he scurried along towards home, he squeaked with fright.

"Oh dear, oh dear I wish I'd never found those acorns!"

How strange the Big Forest looked without the sunlight overhead! He wished with all his heart he hadn't been such a greedy little pig. If he hadn't been *such-a-pig*, he wouldn't have forgotten all about the time. He should have remembered what his mother said to him before he started out that afternoon. No indeed, he had no excuse for disobeying Mother.

"Oh why did I stuff so! Why did I stay so long!" But what was the use of repenting now? His mother had certainly warned him often enough to get home early. He was frightened, not because he had disobeyed Mother but because it was getting dark and he was afraid of the Big Gray Wolf.

At any moment he feared he might see his fierce enemy rush out at him from behind a big tree. If ever a little pig deserved to be frightened, he did; because, when we do wrong, we ought to be punished.

"Dear me, will I *ever* get home? Oh, oh, there he is!"

Away he flew with a squeak



*Away flew piggie with a squeak.*

of terror, and after him came the Big Gray Wolf. Tiggie didn't stop to look behind; the cabin was but a little way off, but oh, how close was the Big Gray Wolf! Tiggie felt his hot breath on his little curly tail. Just a few feet away was the door of the cabin; but he never would have reached it safely if Mrs. Porker hadn't at that very moment happened to come out of the door with a dish-pan of boiling water. With a swish, she threw it right in the face of the Big Gray Wolf, who yelped with pain as the water blinded his eyes.

By this time, Tiggie was safe inside, and the big flat stone was pushed in place to bar the doorway. All were safe, but Tiggie wouldn't have been if his mother in the nick of time hadn't thrown the hot water.

"That might have been the end of you," said his father sternly, as Tiggie cuddled up to Mother, who was so happy to have him safe inside the cabin. "You deserve a good thrashing."

"He has had a good lesson," replied Mrs. Porker, "he'll never stay out late again, I know, will you, Tiggie?"

"No indeed," he answered, as Piggie and Wiggie cuddled up to their little brother whom they had so nearly lost because he had disobeyed Mother.

DAVID M. CORY.



Right in the face of the  
Big Gray Wolf.

# BOWSER WAS A LITTLE ROUGH



He~he, ha~ha!



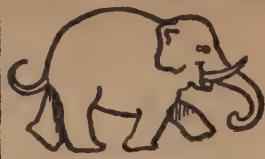
He~ha, hi~ho!



Oh,oh! bing~bang!



And off I go.



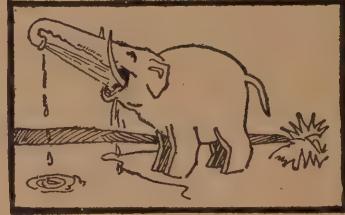
# A JUNGLE JINGLE.

WITH A MORAL



1

JIMMY Jumbo took a walk  
Upon a summer day;  
He walked in darkest Africa,  
Till he was far away.



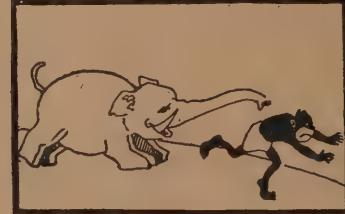
2

Now Africa is very hot,  
So that is why, I think,  
Jim Jumbo got so thirsty that  
He had to have a drink.



3

But all that time a colored boy  
Was stalking after Jim,  
And when he had a chance to shoot,  
He took a shot at him.



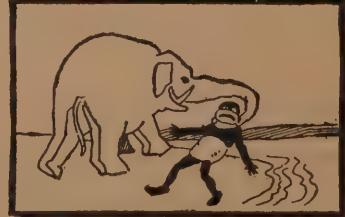
4

This angered harmless Jumbo Jim;  
He trumpeted with wrath,  
And chased that naughty colored boy  
Along a jungle path.



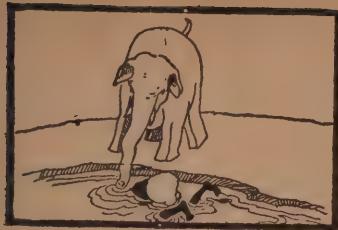
5

He chased that boy for forty leagues,  
He chased him very fast,  
Until that colored boy was caught  
About the neck at last.



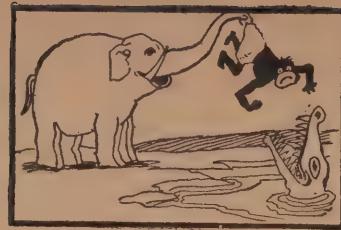
6

With el-e-phant-ine bumpitiousness,  
'Mid colored-boyish scream,  
He took that frisky hunter boy  
Back to his drinking stream.



7

And there he soused him up and down  
With most revengeful squeals;  
That most mischievous colored boy  
Got wet from head to heels.



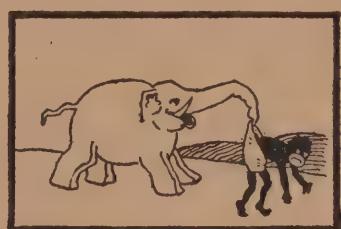
8

And then he took that colored boy,  
Who screamed with all his might,  
And showed him to a crocodile  
With shocking appetite.



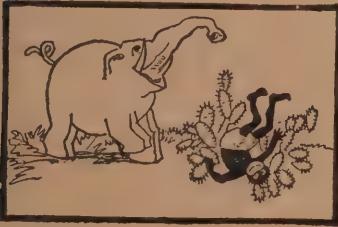
9

And next he got a big trunk full  
Of water, which with joy  
He aimed right at the dusky back  
Of saucy colored boy.



10

And then with Sambo off he sped,  
For Jumbo had in mind  
Another sort of punishment  
Of quite a different kind.



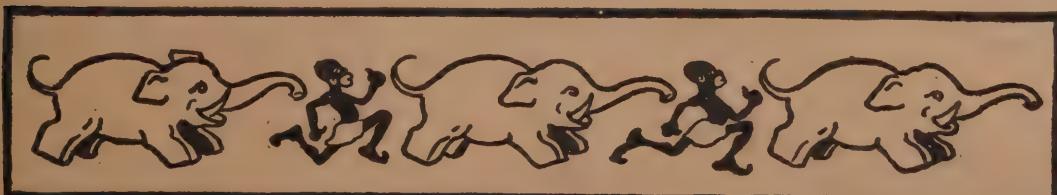
11

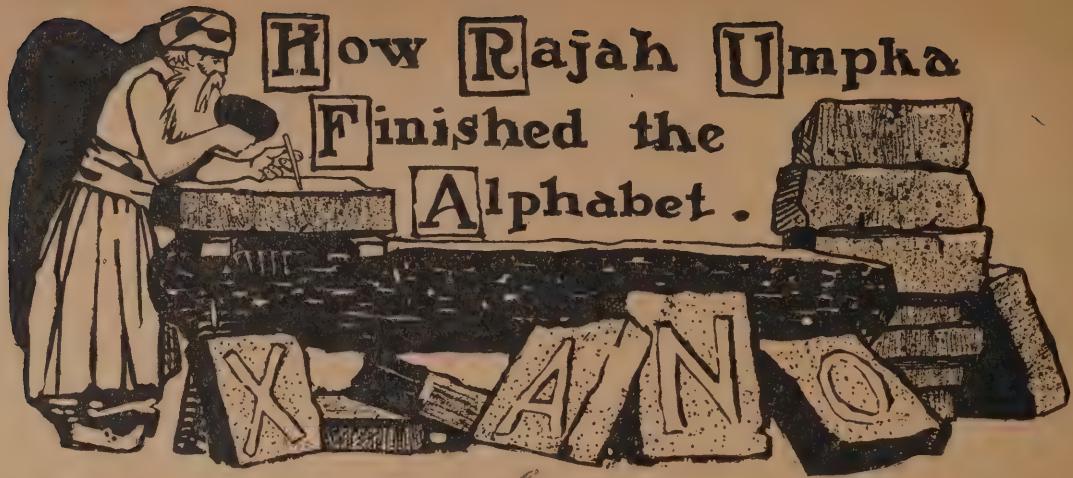
He dropped that cruel colored boy  
Into the cactus prickers,  
And he soon found just how it feels  
To be stuck full of stickers.



12

This is a very horrid tale  
That tells, in language plain,  
The consequence of doing things  
That cause another pain:





**N**O, the letter "Z" was not always in the alphabet, and for that matter, neither was there any alphabet until Rajah Umpka made it. For sixty years he worked in the stone-yard back of King Ali's palace, chipping and chiseling away at the great stone blocks upon which the letters were formed. One warm sunny afternoon as the white chips flew from his chisel, around the letter *Y* that he was making, Rajah Umpka hummed a song. This singing was a most unusual thing, for it was the first sign of merriment that had escaped his lips in fifty years. Well he might be happy for to-day the alphabet would be finished.

He was not alone, for while he hummed, King Ali had entered the stone-yard. He smiled as he watched the worker bent over the marble block. Then he inquired, "Is it not something new that the maker of letters sings as he works?"

"I sing," replied the aged stone cutter, "because to-day my labors are finished. So far as I can see, there is no fault in the work. *K, A, N, O,*" he said, indicating four of the big stone blocks which leaned against his mammoth work bench. "They all make different sounds. I join these sounds together in groups and so I make words. I can fashion them into the names of birds. We may christen the seas, the oceans, the rivers, yes, even the least of the brooks shall be known by a word. The voice of the storms, the sighing of the trees, the tinkling of the falling waters shall no longer be nameless."

High above them on the green slopes of the mountains, the wild cow raised her head and called. "Listen," commanded the letter-maker, as he

turned his head in the direction of the sound. "Here are the letters *M* and *O*. The call of the wild cow is spelled *M-O-O*; it is pronounced *Moo*. With my stone blocks I can record the call of the wild cow."

"And could you write in a word the sound that the sheep make when they call to the lambs?" asked King Ali.

"That is even easier," replied Rajah, "in fact it was the first word that I fashioned. See, I take the first two letters *A* and *B*. The call of the sheep is *B-A-A* so, when those who teach have carried my letters far and wide, all the people will write it as I have written it here."

"You make marvels with your stone blocks," said the king slowly, "only one more test do I have," and the king hurled a small chip of stone into the nearby river. "Planner of signs and words," he continued, "you heard the stone strike upon the river, you heard the answer of the waters which had been disturbed. Is there a word among these letters which is like the voice of water that has been wakened from its sleep?"

"*S-P-L-A-S-H*," spelled the letter-maker slowly as he pointed to the great blocks of stone. "Splash-splash-splash, do you not hear it? Surely it is the voice of waters which have been angered."

The old king nodded his head and sat for many moments staring into space. "Rajah Umpka," he began at last, "you are the wisest man of the kingdom. This thing which you have invented shall be taught far and wide in the country. My people shall learn to make letters thus. They shall be taught how to spell the songs of birds and the callings of the winds. They shall be so taught that they may write verses on the stone cliffs and they can scribe messages in the sands by the ocean. Written names shall be given to the hills, and all rivers shall be known by words. Valleys, trees stones, everything shall be named. As for you, Rajah Umpka, who have toiled so faithfully, you shall be the Councillor of Knowledge for my country, and you may labor only as you see fit. Others may now take the stone blocks and make them into words."

"I have worked many years," spoke the letter-maker, "and I find that my labors have wearied me. If there is nothing of immediate importance for the Councillor of Knowledge, he will take a snooze under the octa tree." Following these words he cushioned his head against the tree trunk and fell into a most profound slumber.



How long he slept, I am unable to say. Perhaps it was for a month but more likely for a season; for, while he slumbered, his knowledge was carried to the kingdom corners, the people learned, and they did marvels with the stone blocks of Rajah Umpka. Rivers, mountains, and valleys were named, while the first poets of the world wrote verses on the sandstone cliffs.

However, trouble waited for the maker of the alphabet. One morning a strange——filled the air (I cannot tell you the word now for the alphabet was left unfinished). Clouds of great darkness hovered over the kingdom and hid the sun. Then the clouds drew nearer, and, as they slowly settled, they were seen to be not clouds at all but countless millions of little bees, and flies, and beetles, and June Bugs, and all the other little people

of the air that say——when they fly. But I cannot write the word now for the sound was not among the letters.

They settled upon the palace of King Ali so that it became black, and they hid the battlements and the gardens under great blankets while other hosts circled high in the sky and there was no sunlight for the kingdom of Rosina. Then Mr. June Bug, the leader, spoke to the terrified King Ali.

"Your alphabet is worthless," he began. "Listen! the air is full of our language but there is no letter among the stone blocks which can spell it. One by one we are small, but, when we gather together, noon time is night. Call the sleeping dunce who fashioned these stone blocks and bid him complete his work, for only darkness will there be until our orders have been obeyed."

Then was Rajah Umpka wakened from his profound slumbers and summoned to the castle of King Ali. While he rubbed the sand from his eyes and brushed the cobwebs from between his fingers, the June Bug —— in circles about his head. "Spell it! Spell it!" challenged the June Bug as he flew.

"Quite simple," said the letter-maker, "quite simple. It is spelled with ——." Then he stopped and stroked his great white beard for he realized that a letter was missing in the alphabet, and he could not finish the word. For a long time he stood with his head bent low in thought.





"Hosts of the air," he said at last, "I did not slight you intentionally. It was an oversight that I missed you as I chiseled in the stone-yard. Perhaps you flew about me as I worked, but so low and soft were your voices, that I did not hear them as I labored. From this moment there shall be a new letter and it shall be called the letter Z. When the bees and the flies sail above the meadows, their song shall be written *B-U-Z-Z*, and when the beetles and the June Bugs go a-cruising on warm summer nights, the humming of their wings shall be written *W-H-I-Z-Z*. Now, before you return to meadows and hills, I will show you the new letter," and Rajah Umpka tipped the great letter N over on its side, that is to say, the side became the bottom.

"To-morrow," he concluded, "I shall build another letter N, but the old one has become the new letter." So, as the little people circled high and departed, the letter Z, which is the sound of small wings, had been added to the alphabet.

GILBERT FLETCHER.





From a stencil drawing by Carton Moorepark.

## ◆ P E L I C A N ◆

**T**HE beak of Mr. Pelican  
Is very big and wide  
And holds a dozen dinners in  
Its copious inside.  
'Most any one can tell he can  
Eat up a lot of fishes  
But never needs that Pelican  
To wash up any dishes.



**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**A**S WASHINGTON was the creator, Lincoln was the saviour of our United States as a nation.

Lincoln was the son of a democracy which Washington founded. He came from a family of no education, he was poor, and his boyhood lacked every opportunity. His early life was like Washington's in only one way, he owed the greatness and nobility of his heart and mind to a good and gentle mother.

When he was twenty-one, he had only six books, the *Bible*, and the *Life of George Washington* were among the six, but he knew them almost by heart. He educated himself while he was doing the roughest kind of work, clearing land and splitting rails.

By his simple goodness, honesty, courage, humility, and love for mankind, he rose to a place of wonderful leadership in our country during times of the saddest trouble it had ever known. It is through his wisdom, strength, and nobility of thought that the United States stands today an undivided brotherhood in beliefs, hopes and actions.

His Birthday, February 12th, 1809



The  
**ROOSTER**  
and the  
**FOX**  
an Aesop Fable  
in verse by  
John Martin



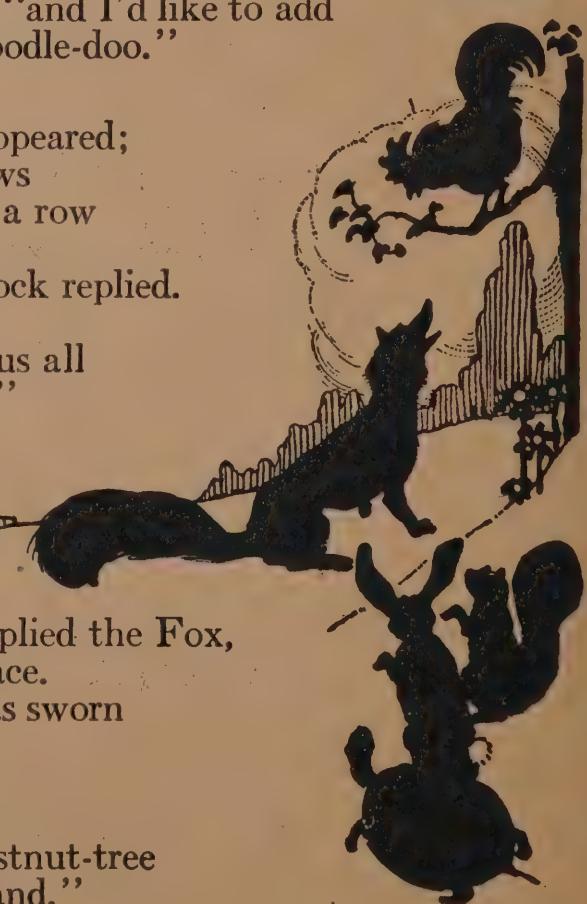
One pleasant morn the sun arose  
Out of the ocean sea;  
That selfsame morn a Rooster flew  
Into a chestnut-tree.  
"Good morning, Rooster," said the Sun.  
"Good morning, Sir, to you,"  
Said Rooster, "and I'd like to add  
A cock-a-doodle-doo."



Just at that moment Fox appeared;  
Said he, "I have some news  
Much more important than a row  
Of cock-a-doodle-doo's."  
"Have you *indeed?*?" the cock replied.  
"Pray do not let us lose  
What's more important to us all  
Than cock-a-doodle-doo's."



"The Birds and Beasts," replied the Fox,  
"Have all declared for peace.  
This very morn each one has sworn  
That enmity shall cease.  
Hereafter all of us will live  
Like brothers in the land;  
So hop down from your chestnut-tree  
And let me shake your hand."



Old Rooster did not say a word,  
But winked a *wink* or two,  
And thought about his chestnut-tree  
And cock-a-doodle-doo.



Then Rooster stretched his neck as if  
To see what he could see.

"What do you see," said Mr. Fox,  
"From your nice chestnut-tree?"  
"I see a pack of twenty hounds,"  
Said Rooster with a *crow*.  
"If that's the case," said Mr. Fox,  
"It's time for me to go."



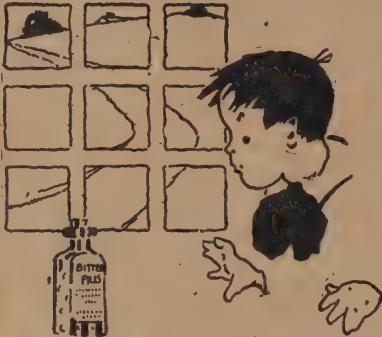
"Oh, what's your hurry, Mr. Fox?  
Why mind a hound or two?  
Of course your news about the peace  
And brotherhood was true."  
"I will not wait, for maybe they  
Have not yet *heard* the news.  
And I will let you tell the hounds  
About it if you choose."  
With that off scampered Mr. Fox  
A mile or two a minute;  
Up came the pack of twenty hounds  
But Reynard wasn't in it.  
"Good morning, Hounds," old Rooster said.  
"Good hunting, Sirs, to you!  
Excuse me if I wink my eye  
And cock-a-doodle-doo!"



### HILLS AND PILLS

*Ques.* What is the difference between a hill and a pill?

*Ans.* One is hard to get up, the other is hard to get down.



### SOME DIFFERENCE

*Ques.* What is the difference between an Irishman on a bleak mountain-top and a Scotchman?

*Ans.* One is kilt with the cowld and the other is cowled with the kilt.



### VERY TRUE, DEAR

*Ques.* What is the brightest idea in the world?

*Ans.* Your eye, dear.



# SILVER BRUSH

WHEN Daddy was a little boy,  
He knew a famous fox  
Who made his home on Poplar Hill,  
Beneath a clump of rocks.  
A finer home in all the world,  
He never could have found,  
For he could sit beside his door  
And see for miles around.  
To northward lay the forest land  
Alive with furry game;  
From there, with merry song and dance,  
The dimpling river came.  
To east and west were valleys fair,  
And hills that swept the sky,  
And farms with every feathered tribe  
To please a fox's eye.  
And southward where the railway ran  
A tiny village lay;  
Its windows twinkling in the night  
Oft cheered him on his way.  
He was a very handsome fox  
With satin coat of gold;  
With eyes so bright they pierced the night,  
And legs of slender mold.  
When he beheld his bushy tail,  
His face with pride would flush.  
Because it had a silver tip;  
They called him Silver Brush.  
He was so full of merry pranks,  
He led the dogs a dance;



**They would have loved to capture him**

**If they but had a chance!**

But though they chased him miles from home,

And raced him back again,

They never could get closer than

The front door of his den;

While Silver Brush inside would grin

And quite enjoy the lark,

And chuckle when the tired dogs

Limped homeward in the dark.

Sometimes when Silver Brush was out

To give the dogs a run,

My dad would slip out on the porch

And listen to the fun.

And one night, as he waited there,

He heard them pass the mill,

And race across the pasture field,

And circle round the hill;

They passed the barn, and down the lane,

They still came rushing on,

Till Silver Brush leaped o'er the gate

And scampered up the lawn.

The gleaming moonlight shimmered on

His glossy coat of gold,

And surely never was a fox

So handsome and so bold.

But he had not found safety yet,

For, with a mighty bound,

There flashed in sight in swift pursuit

An eager, yelping hound

He was so very close it seemed

That victory was nigh,

But Silver Brush just danced away

With mischief in his eye;



And 'round a lilac bush, he ran,  
The hound upon his trail,  
Until his gleaming teeth were close  
To Silver Brush's tail.  
And 'round and 'round the bush, they ran,  
Still faster than before,  
And Daddy sat and watched them there  
For most an hour or more;  
Until no longer in the race,  
The weary hound could keep,  
And suddenly he crumpled up  
And tumbled in a heap.  
Then Silver Brush sat down and laughed  
Until his sides were sore,  
And scampered homeward to his den  
As dapper as before.  
When Daddy walked across the lawn  
To see what ailed the hound,  
He found him in a fainting fit  
Stretched out upon the ground.

GEORGE WILDEY.



# CLOUD FAIRIES



MY Father says the clouds contain  
The little drops that make the rain.

But sometimes Father says in joke,  
That clouds are filled with *Fairy folk*.

I like that joke, for then I dream  
I see their wings and dresses gleam;  
I see them all with my own eyes  
Go sailing all about the skies.

Their hair is bound with ribbons fair;  
They live on light and sunny air.  
They play and leap and run and dance  
As from their wings the sunbeams glance.

They tunnel through the clouds that hold  
Castles and bridges made of gold;  
Their fairy clothes, hung in a row,  
Wave from a golden-colored bow.

If I am cross, or blue, or bad,  
Or Father frowns, or Mother's sad,  
We watch those Fairies play a while,  
Then all of us begin to smile.

SARAH HARBINE WEAVER.





## CITY AND COUNTRY TALK

ONE day a country boy took a city boy on a walk to see the sights. The city boy must have been very stupid for this is their conversation, as the country boy reported it:



Said the country boy,  
"This is a field of milkweed."



Said the city boy, "How do you get the milk into cans?"



Said the country boy,  
"See this large grape-vine."



Said the city boy, "But where is the grapefruit?"



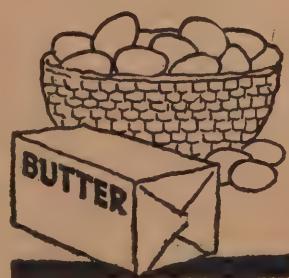
Said the country boy,  
"The silk is beginning to show on the corn."



Said the city boy, "Let me wind some on a spool."



Said the country boy,  
"Would you like a bunch of butter-and-eggs?"



Said the city boy, "I thought you got butter by the pound and eggs by the dozen."



Said the country boy, "We often find pitcher-plants by the brook."

Said the city boy, "Then you don't need to bring a pail for water."



Said the country boy, "Don't you want to cool off under the firs?"

Said the city boy, "Why, we use furs to keep warm."



Another day the city boy took the country boy on a walk to see the city sights. He must have been exactly as stupid as the city boy, for this is their conversation, as the city boy reported it:



Said the city boy, "Here is where they have moving pictures."

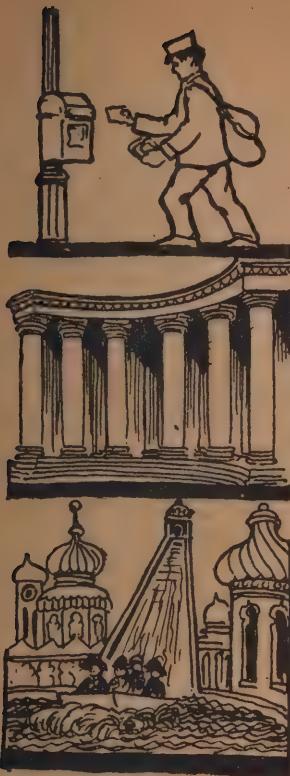
Said the country boy, "It must be easy for people who move often. Is there moving furniture, too?"



Said the city boy, "Would you like to take the elevator?"

Said the country boy, "I'm afraid it would be too big a lift."





Said the city boy, "It's almost time for the postman to come."

Said the country boy, "How can a wooden man walk?"



Said the city boy, "In the park you will see the bandstand."

Said the country boy, "Can't the band sit?"

Said the city boy, "I'll take you to shoot the chutes."

Said the country boy, "I don't want to kill anything."

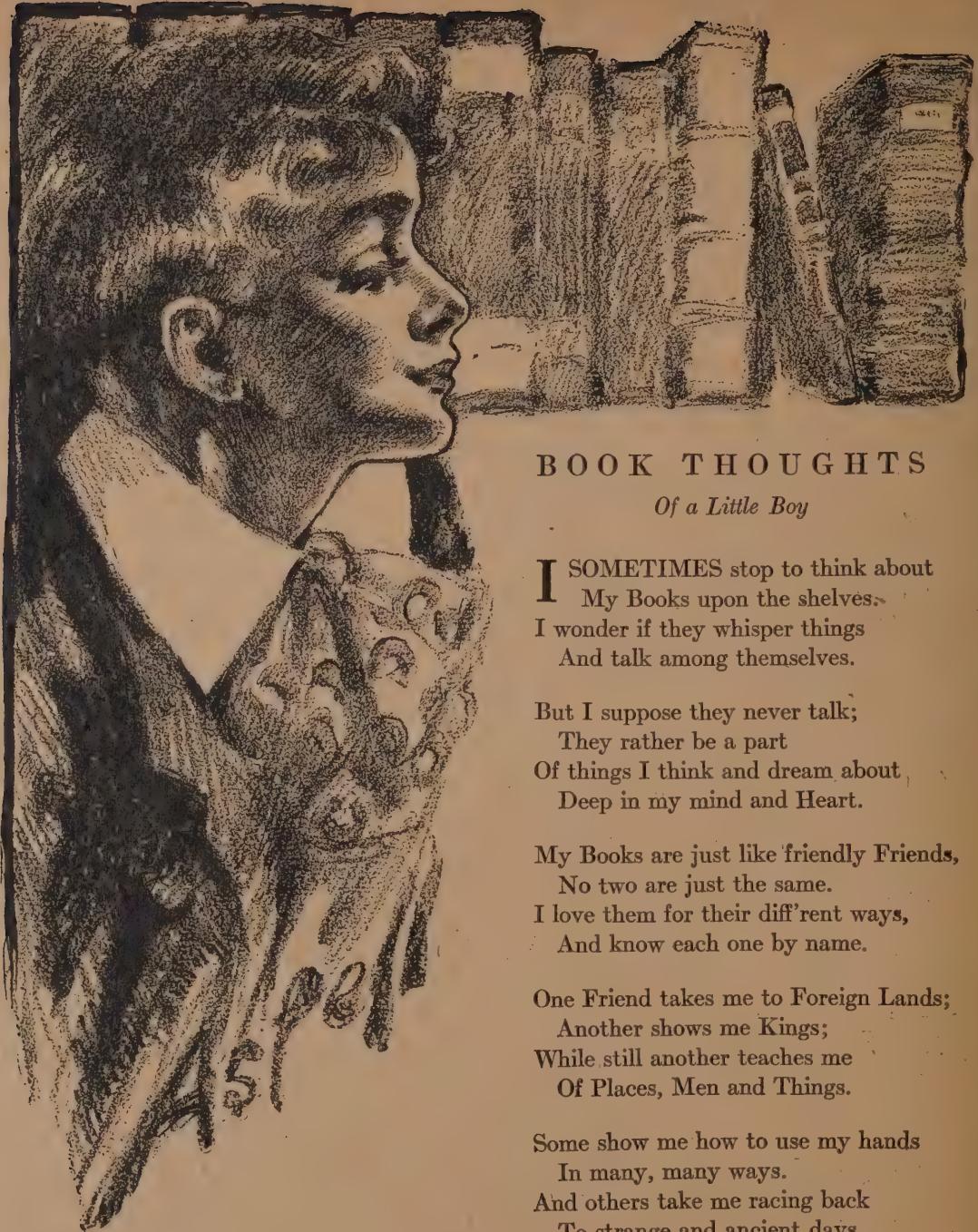
Now suppose the city boy had told about his walk in the country, and the country boy had told about his walk in the city, do you think there would have been any difference in the accounts?

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON.



But, after all, each little lad was proud of what he knew and had.  
A country boy, or city boy—each has his wisdom, skill, or joy;  
And neither in the other's eyes should be more skilful, sharp, or wise.  
Each is to each a human brother and neither better than the other.





## BOOK THOUGHTS

*Of a Little Boy*

I SOMETIMES stop to think about  
My Books upon the shelves.  
I wonder if they whisper things  
And talk among themselves.

But I suppose they never talk;  
They rather be a part  
Of things I think and dream about,  
Deep in my mind and Heart.

My Books are just like friendly Friends,  
No two are just the same.  
I love them for their diff'rent ways,  
And know each one by name.

One Friend takes me to Foreign Lands;  
Another shows me Kings;  
While still another teaches me  
Of Places, Men and Things.

Some show me how to use my hands  
In many, many ways.  
And others take me racing back  
To strange and ancient days.

Yes, all my Books are Friends indeed;  
With them I always find  
A kindly welcome and the best  
Of Food for Heart and Mind.



## BOOK THOUGHTS

*Of a Little Girl.*

I LIKE to think about my Books  
As just a row of Friends,  
Whose comfort and whose happiness  
Upon my care depends.

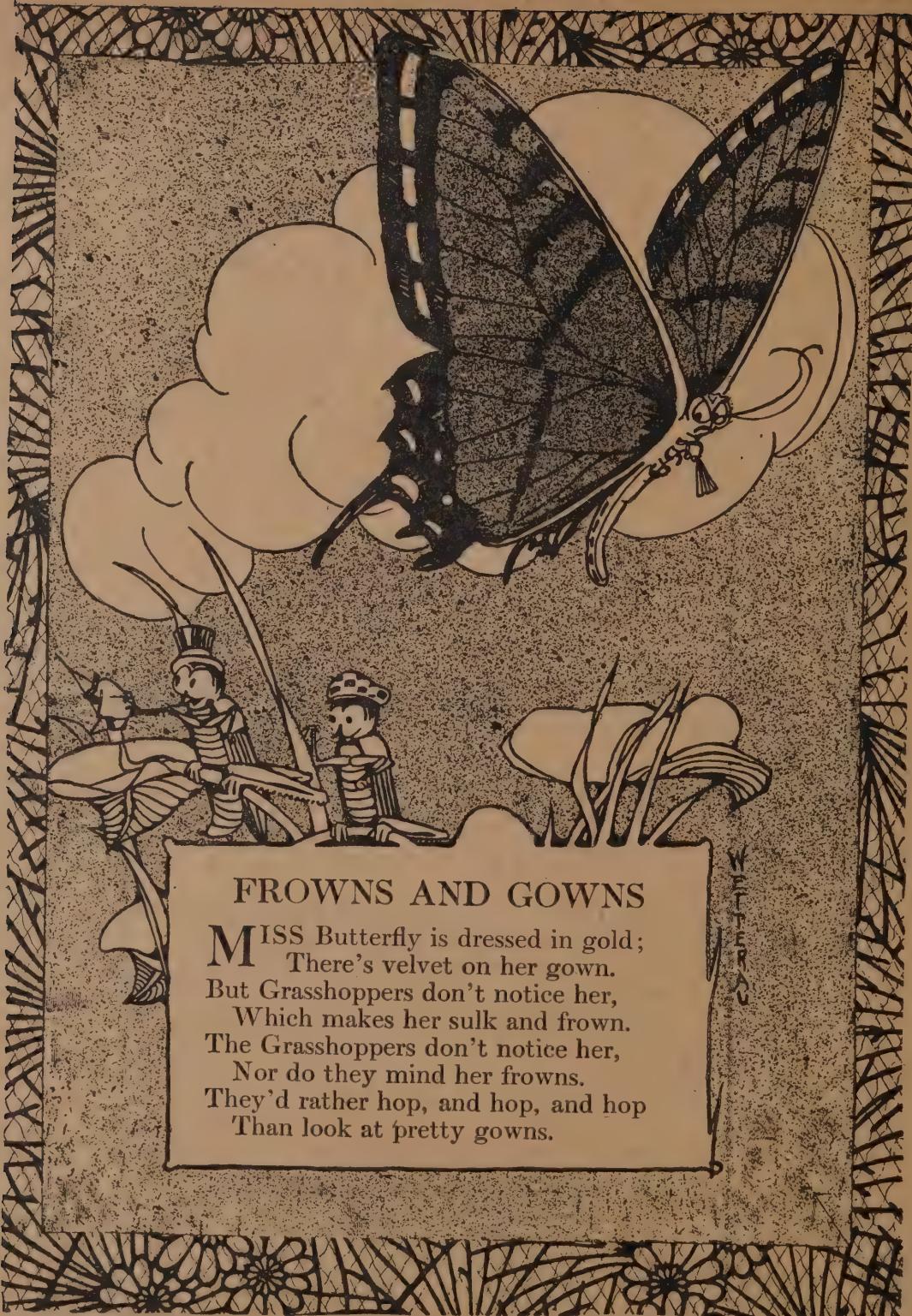
I like to keep them bright and fresh,  
Their pages clean and white.  
I am their little Mother so  
I'm only doing right.

Some Books are full of little Girls,  
And some of little Boys  
Who have adventures everywhere  
And make a lot of noise.

Some Books are pretty Fairies who  
Come out and take my hand  
And whisper "magic" words and take  
Me straight to Fairyland.

And other Books are loving Hearts  
That teach *my* Heart and eyes  
To be not only loving but  
Observing, brave and wise.

O yes, I love my friendly Books.  
Some day my Books shall see  
How much their silent, gentle lives  
Have always done for me.



## FROWNS AND GOWNS

MISS Butterfly is dressed in gold;  
There's velvet on her gown.  
But Grasshoppers don't notice her,  
Which makes her sulk and frown.  
The Grasshoppers don't notice her,  
Nor do they mind her frowns.  
They'd rather hop, and hop, and hop  
Than look at pretty gowns.

# TIMMIE BROWN'S TOE



R. LEED FORKUM - 13

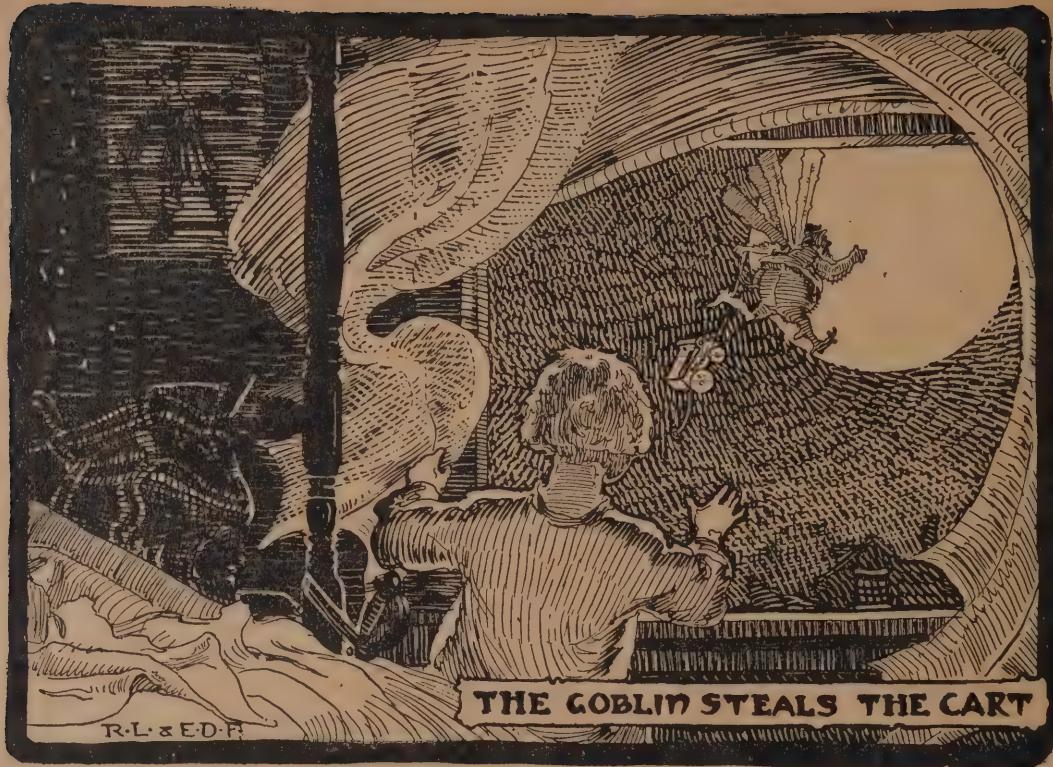
ONCE there was a goblin. He had a fat round tummy and winky blinky eyes. First one eye would wink and the other would blink, and then the one would blink and the other wink. A little boy who *almost* saw him once said he thought he looked like Santa Claus.

There was a mamma goblin, too, and she had the same blinky eyes and jolly ways.

And there were ever and ever so many little goblins, and they all had round little tummies and bright little eyes, just as you will have, Children, if you don't eat candy or pies or cake.

And where do you think these goblins lived?

Well, sir-ee, *I* don't know myself, and I don't know of anyone who does. I only know that they were awake—the whole family—all night long when they should have been asleep. The papa goblin went prowling, looking, peering to see if any little boy or girl had left any toys out on the playground, and if there had, if it was only a tin spoon in the sand pile, he seized that spoon and ran to his baby goblins, and they had it to play with forever, and ever and the little boy or girl who left it never saw it again. Don't you believe it?



There was a little boy by the name of Timmie Brown who didn't believe it, and you listen and see what happened to him.

Freddie Jones, who lived next door, told him what would happen if he didn't take better care of his toys at night; but Timmie laughed and said he wasn't afraid. So just to prove it, he left his cart out of doors one night, but he tied a long string to it and ran the string up through his window into the room where he slept and tied it around his toe, so he could feel it pull if the goblin did really come. He hopped into bed, pulled the covers 'way up to his chin and was asleep in two minutes, because he hadn't the least idea a goblin would come. It was 'way along in the middle of the night when Timmie was awakened by something pulling on his toe. It pulled very, *very* hard and, before Timmie could think what to do, his toe came right off. He jumped out of bed and ran to the window. Away off in the distance he could see the goblin flying through the air with the cart. There was a long string attached to it and on the end of the string he thought he saw his toe.

He called and called, "Mr. Goblin, Mr. Goblin, bring me back my toe and you can have the cart! Bring me back my

toe and you can have the cart!" but papa goblin never made sign that he heard.

Poor Timmie! He stood for a long time and looked solemnly out of the window and wondered how he ever should get along without his toe.

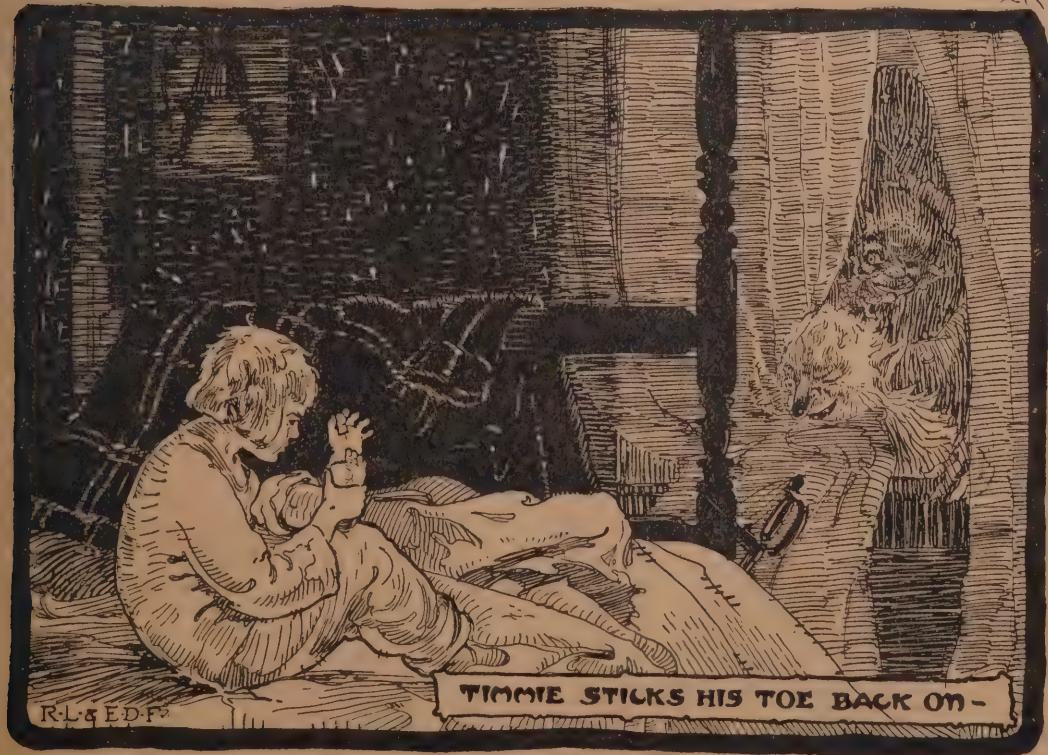
Then he turned to go back to bed and what do you think! he stumbled over his own blessed toe where it had dropped off the string when Mr. Goblin pulled so hard!

He picked it up joyfully and hugged it, then he tried sticking it back on. He wiggled it up and down to see if it was going to stay. It held fast. Then he crawled into bed very carefully so as not to shake it off, and pulled the clothes 'way up over his head. He kept wondering if his toe would stay on, until he fell asleep.

When he awoke it was morning and his toe was all right.

He told his mother all about it and she went right down town and bought him another cart, and Timmie Brown is so careful of that cart that he puts it into the barn every night and *hitches* it to a big ring in the side of the barn.

LAURA CHADBOURNE PUFFER.



# IN BUGVILLE



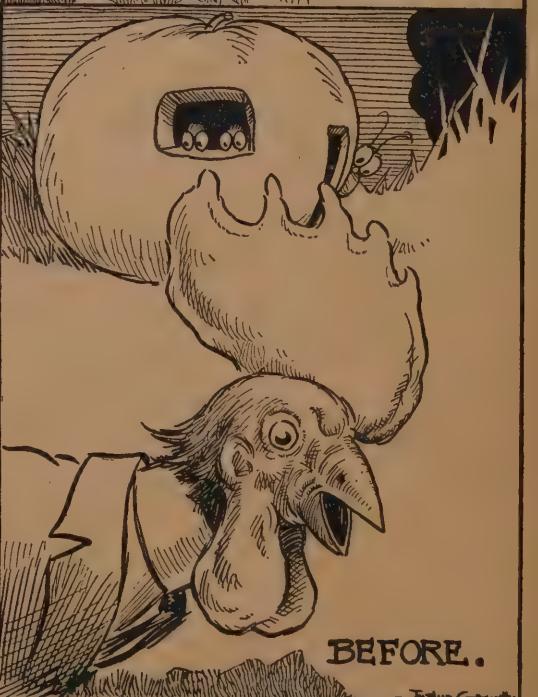
COMING EVENTS -



CAST -



THEIR  
SHADOW -



BEFORE.

— Julius Compton

# NOBLE ELEPHANT



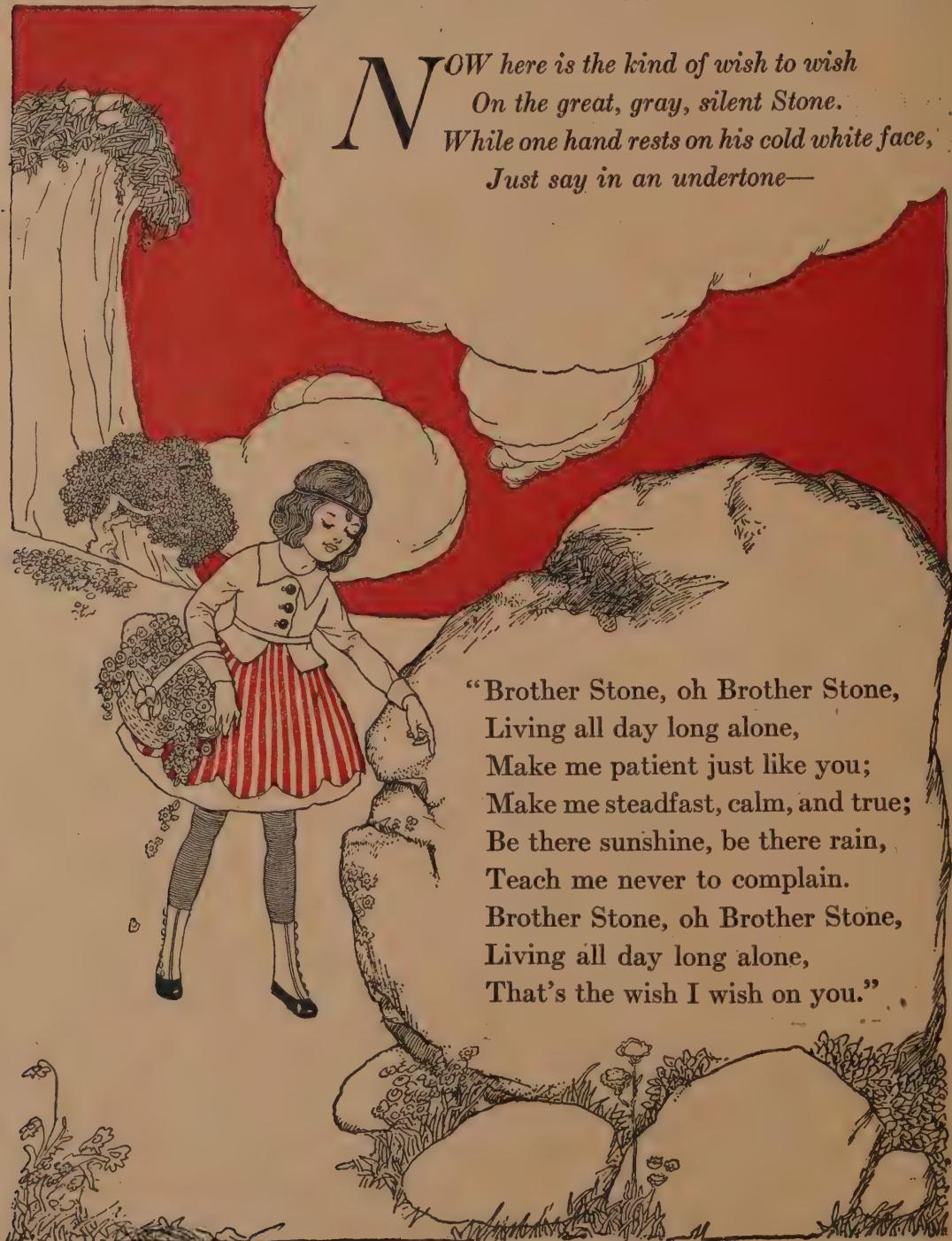
**B**EHOLD the noble Elephant  
So peaceable and quiet!  
But what a rumpus he could raise  
If he should ever try it!  
For when at large, so fierce is he,  
He'll eat the branches off a tree,  
But now, while in captivity,  
The peanut is his diet.

GEORGE CASSARD.



# WOOD MAGIC or AND HOW

*N*OW here is the kind of wish to wish  
On the great, gray, silent Stone.  
While one hand rests on his cold white face,  
Just say in an undertone—



“Brother Stone, oh Brother Stone,  
Living all day long alone,  
Make me patient just like you;  
Make me steadfast, calm, and true;  
Be there sunshine, be there rain,  
Teach me never to complain.  
Brother Stone, oh Brother Stone,  
Living all day long alone,  
That’s the wish I wish on you.”

# TWO WISHES TO GET THEM

*A*ND here's the kind of wish to wish  
On the tall and gentle Tree.  
With quiet voice and hand held high  
Say these words earnestly:

"Brother Tree so tall and strong,  
Waiting, watching all day long,  
Make my body grow to be  
Strong and stalwart like a Tree.  
Make my thoughts and actions pure,  
Make me good and honor sure.  
Brother Tree so tall and strong,  
Watching, waiting all day long,  
Give my earnest wish to me."

JOHN MARTIN.

ARCIERI

# SLICEM BEY *The* PIRATE



Don Bickerman.

THIS is Slicem Bey, the pirate;  
He's a terribellious Turk.  
He *detests* the lazy person;  
Loathes the careless little shirk.  
With his double-edged cutlass  
He'll prance 'round us till we're dizzy;  
After that, he'll poke us plenty  
Just to keep us good and busy.



# The Little Girl Who Wouldn't Make 3's

MAY MAUDE was the only child in her family and I am afraid she was too much given to having her own way. She was a chunky, square, little girl with very chunky ways that were hard to change once her mind was made up.

One day, when May Maud was four, she went to kindergarten where she found all the little children sitting around a table copying big, beautiful, red numbers from a pile of blocks. Now May Maud had never written numbers before, so she took her pencil and went joyfully to work. Right in front of her sat a large, pointy 4. May Maud liked the 4 at once and she made a whole page of them. Then there was a tall, thin 1 and a curly 2 with a long neck like a swan. She liked both of these and was working hard at them when her pretty teacher said:

"Now, May Maud, you have made enough 1's and 2's and 4's. Suppose you begin on the 3."

"Which is the 3?" asked May Maud.

"This nice, fat one," said teacher, and laid the block before her.

But, somehow, the minute she saw it, May Maud didn't like 3's at all. She thought they looked so grabby as if they wanted to gather everything and keep it away from the other numbers.

May Maud's square little face grew squarer than ever as she sat looking



at the 3. Finally, she said, "I don't want to make a 3. I don't like it."

The teacher was amazed when she heard this because she didn't know that anybody liked one number better than another.

"Of course you like it. Come now, draw the 3."

"I don't like it," again said May Maud. And guess what the naughty little girl did. She bit the lead right off her pencil. All the other children, who liked 3's as well as 1's and 2's and 4's, sat around looking at her as if they thought her silly, but the more they looked and thought that the more May Maud wouldn't make 3's.

Well, of course, you see she had to make 3's if she was going to be educated, else how could she do her number work when she got into the grades? So, after she wouldn't for a long time, the teacher said, "Very well, May Maud, I am sorry you don't want to do the things your Mother sent you here to do. I believe you had better get your things and go home now, and when you like 3's better, you can come back." So she put on May Maud's wraps and May Maud trudged home on her stout little legs.

Her mother felt dreadfully when she heard that her little daughter didn't want to be educated. "To think that my little girl will grow up like old black Tom who can't even write his own name!"

You see old black Tom was the colored man who tended the furnace and he was so ugly and bent over that it made May Maud cry to think she was going to grow up like him if she didn't make 3's. But still she said she wouldn't, so her mother took her up-stairs and put her to bed. She drew the shades, too, as if it were night, and went out and shut the door.

For a long time May Maud sobbed till finally she cried herself to sleep, and then a strange thing happened. Suddenly a perfectly enormous number of 3's came crowding up on her bed. They sat on the foot of it, and sat on the head of it, and swarmed up over the little spread with the Mother Goose children on it.

"Who are you?" she asked in fear, as they rocked themselves angrily toward her. A great big 3 that was the very image of the fat red one on the kindergarten block came right up under her chin. But now, he had a robe on like Blue Beard's and he wore a turban on his head. Strangely enough, however, instead of being red he was blue all over and his voice was very thin as he answered her question.

"We are all the unborn 3's that you will have to make in your whole life."



"Oh, that's why you are blue!" exclaimed May Maud, because she had read the Blue Bird and remembered all the blue babies waiting in the Land of the Future to come into the world. You remember them, too, of course.

"Yes," answered the big 3 angrily. "And we have *got* to have our chance to get onto paper. And since we are *your* 3's, you have got to learn to make us so we can get into the world." And saying this, he rocked himself so violently that he fell over on his face.

"But I don't like you," said May Maud, timidly. She was thoroughly frightened by this time but still she wasn't prepared to make 3's. "I don't like you 'cause you got a rocker instead of a foot. And I know if I made you and should get your upper half just the teeniest bit bigger than your lower half you would be falling over on your nose all the time and then I should get the blame for it. No, you might just as well get off my bed 'cause I'm not going to make you."

"But then you can't make the table of threes," cried one. Now May Maud was so ignorant that she didn't know what the table of threes was. She thought it was a table with three legs!

"We don't have tables like that in our house," she said haughtily. The 3's all tittered at this, rocking themselves back and forth as if it were a huge joke. May Maud always got very cross when people laughed at her, so now she lifted up her knees suddenly under the covers and tumbled all the 3's down hill in a heap like Jack and Jill. They squeaked horribly and some of the fattest ones couldn't get up at all.

They looked so funny she could scarcely keep from laughing, but instead she turned over as if she were going to sleep and said in a voice as near like her Daddy's as possible, "Run away now and don't bother me. I am going to take a nap."

When she had said this, all the 3's began to fade away to a dimmer and dimmer blue, till just when they were almost gone, one 3 squealed, "What will become of her story of *The Three Little Pigs*? I'm that 3 and May Maud can never have me again."

And another sobbed, "And the poor story of *The Three Bears*. It can't be a story without me."

Then the tiniest little 3 of all the whole swarm of 3's said sadly, "Yes, that is bad enough, but how about me? I am the 3 in May Maud's Thrift Stamp Book, and without me she can never get her book filled and so help Uncle Sam win the war." And with that the 3's were almost gone.

But oh, when May Maud heard that, and thought how disappointed her Daddy would be if she didn't help win the war, and of how all the little boys and girls she knew would get their third Thrift Stamp and she never could, she screamed out, "Oh, don't go, don't go away for ever. I want to make 3's. I want to!" And she called so loudly that her mother ran in and found her sobbing.

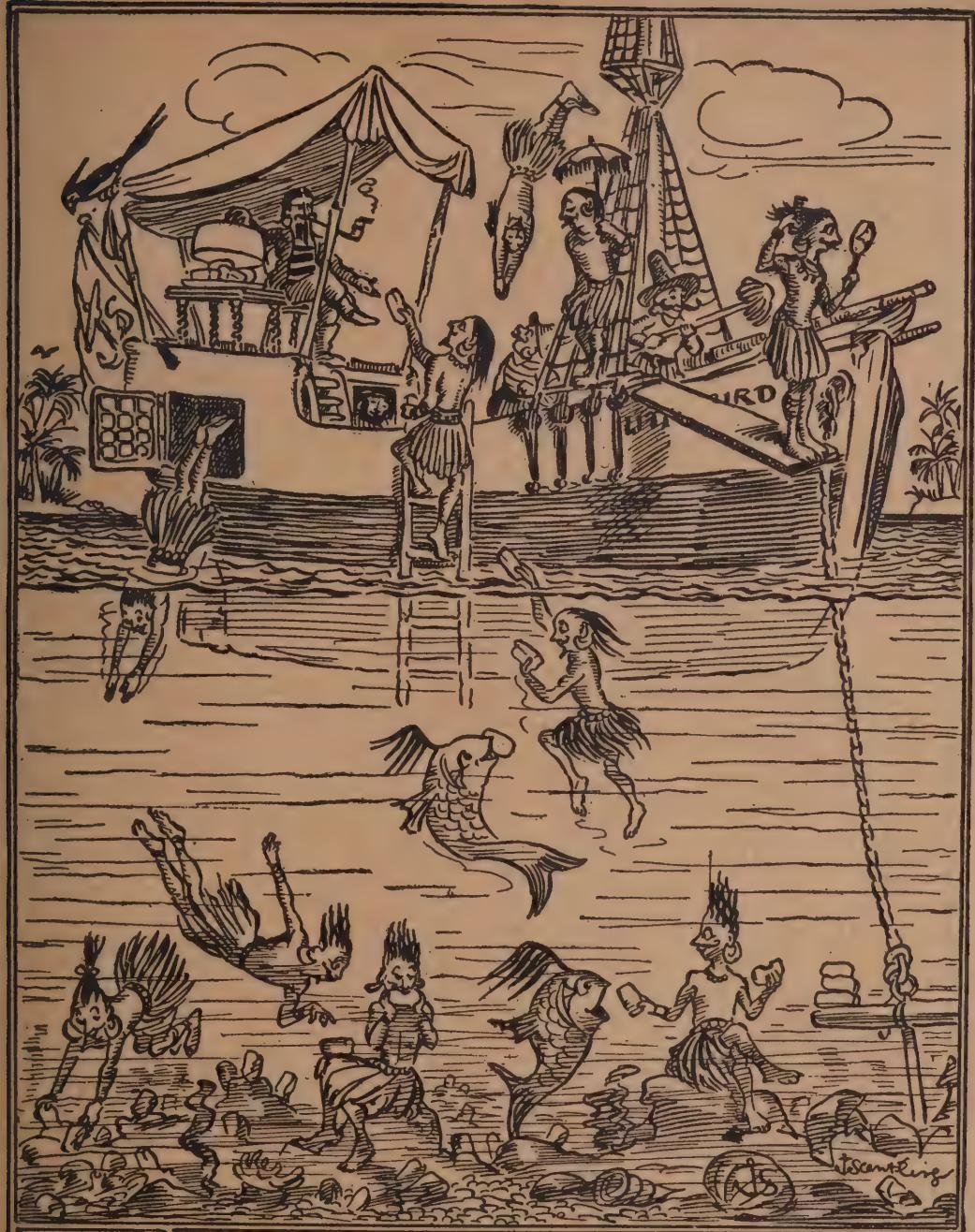
"What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, Mummy, I nearly could never make 3's in my whole life. I want to go back to kindergarten and learn. I nearly couldn't get my number 3 Thrift Stamp to win the war."

And right then she got up and dressed and went back to kindergarten, and do you know, in no time she could make the most beautiful 3's in the world?

RAY TYLER NOURSE.





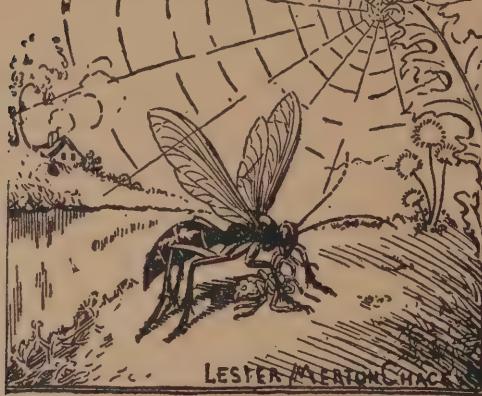
# ONE

## Capt. Scantling and the Sponge-Cake Trade

time I was in the sponge-cake trade. It was an easy life. Every spring when the cakes were at their best, I used to take a little lugger called "The Little Bird" which I owned at the time, out to the Bakery Islands, and employ the natives who were expert sponge-cake divers, to get me a cargo.



# THE BLUE DIRT DAUBER



always in a flutter, she seems to be saying:

"Please don't bother me, I am very busy and must hurry, hurry, or I won't be able to get my work done."

She is the quickest little worker on record and builds a little "doby" house, like the Mexicans, out of mud. First she finds a nice mud-puddle where the water is clean, and on the edge of it she scrapes together as much mud as she can carry, a piece about the size of a pill. Holding fast to the little mud brick, she flies with it to some sheltered place where the rain will not reach her and begins to build her mud house. Back she will go to the mud puddle hundreds of times, for one brick is all she can carry; but, one by one, as fast as her little body can work she adds them to her house and presently she has it all shaped and finished. It is always a round house larger than a big pencil and four or five inches long.

On the inside, opening into each bed room, is a little store-room, or pantry and, just as soon as the house is finished, this busy little bug starts to market to fill up the pantry. Now what do you suppose she gets at her market? Little fat spiders! That is the only thing Mrs. Dirt Dauber considers pure food for her children. Not a cent does she pay either. I suspect she does not approve of this "high cost of living"; so, when she spies a fat young spider, she just pounces on him and carries him off and packs him away in her pantry; sometimes she will have two dozen in storage. When it is quite full, she puts her eggs in the bedrooms, only one egg in each room. Her egg looks like a slim little grain of rice. The house now is ready to be closed, so she hurries back to the mud puddle and gets a few more little mud bricks; with these she stops up the door to her house fast and tight,

THERE are brown ones and red ones and some little bits of black ones, but the Blue Dirt Dauber is the prettiest of them all, and she builds the prettiest shaped house. She is dark, dark blue in color, about as big as a wasp and is shaped like one, except that she is "longer waisted"; but she does not sting like a wasp, nor is she slow and lazy. Her wings are

so that bug robbers can't get in to steal her eggs.

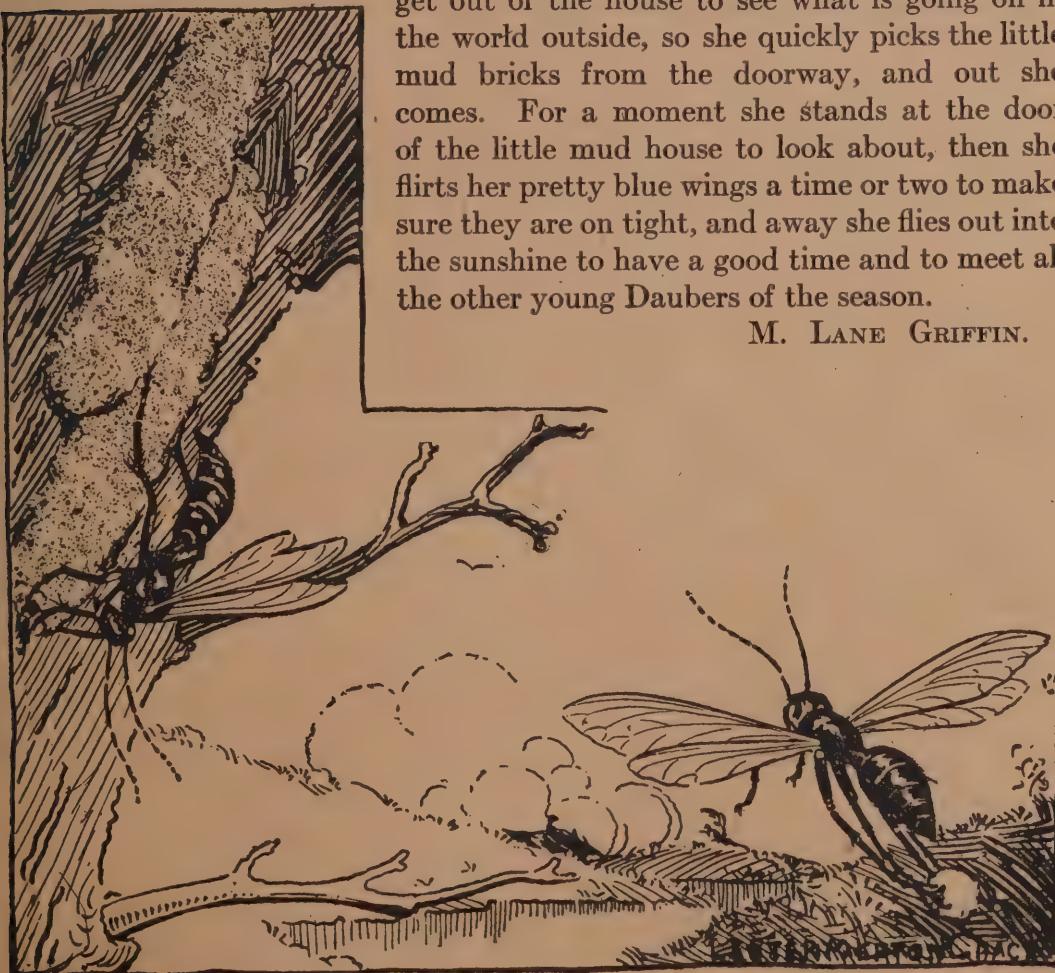
When the egg hatches, it is a little white worm, and just as soon as it can crawl—which is right away—it goes into the pantry for a spider steak and begins to eat; that is all the little fellow does for a long time, except to grow. It eats so much and grows so fast that before long it is almost as big as the bed room and has eaten up everything in the pantry; that is, all but the spider legs, which it doesn't like much, so it stops eating and goes to sleep. It takes a very long nap and when at last it wakes up, it is surprised to find itself no longer a worm, but a beautiful Blue Dirt Dauber like its mother.

Straightway the young Dauber wants to

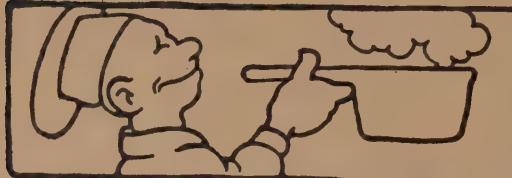


get out of the house to see what is going on in the world outside, so she quickly picks the little mud bricks from the doorway, and out she comes. For a moment she stands at the door of the little mud house to look about, then she flirts her pretty blue wings a time or two to make sure they are on tight, and away she flies out into the sunshine to have a good time and to meet all the other young Daubers of the season.

M. LANE GRIFFIN.



# THINGS!



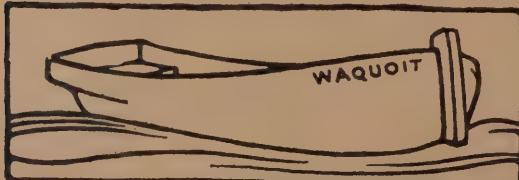
A·COOK·AND·A·BOOK



A·CAT·AND·A·BAT



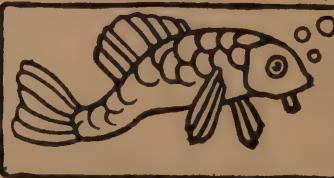
A·FROG·AND·A·DOG·AND·A·RAKE



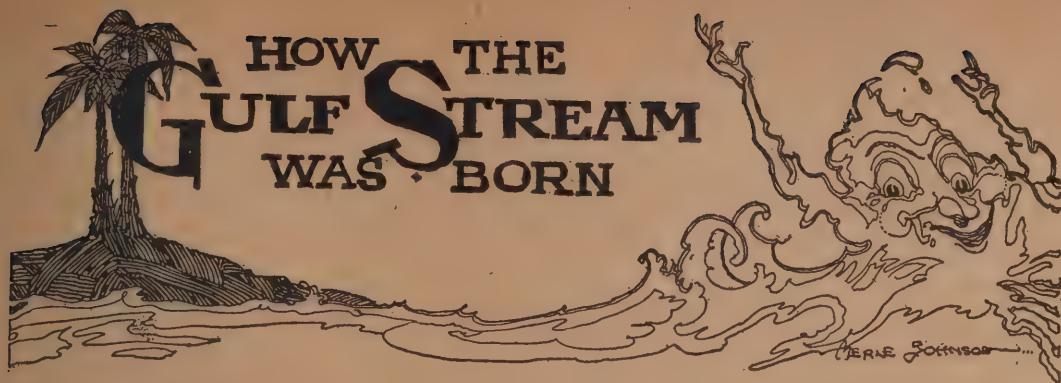
A·BOAT·AND·A·GOAT



A·HAT·AND·A·RAT



A·DISH·AND·A·FISH·AND·A·CAKE



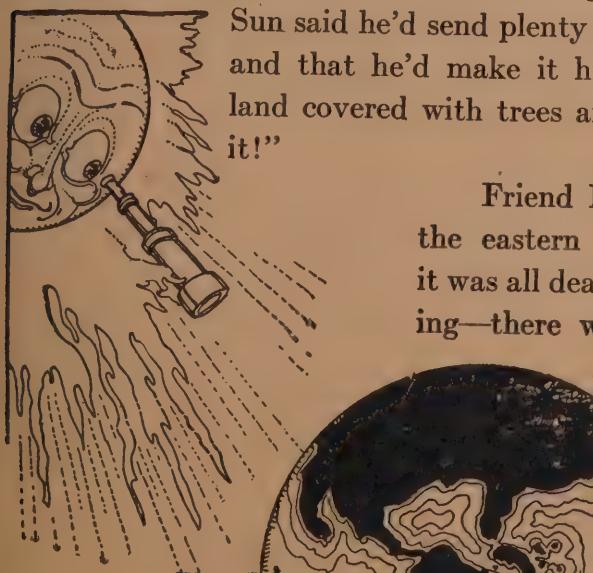
**D**ADDY," said Carlie-boy, snuggling up for the evening talk, "here is a regular old sticker of a question! Where did the Gulf Stream come from, and what is it, and why is it, and what's it for?"

"What? That's the easiest sort of question!" replied Daddy, laughing. "Listen to me, and I'll tell you."

So Carlie-boy listened, and Daddy began right in the very middle of the story, so he would not lose any time.

This is the way he began:

"But my dear Friend Heat," said Mother Nature, one day, some millions of years ago, "my dear Friend Heat, you've just got to visit that land more than you do! Why, the last time I was there, I started some perfectly lovely trees growing and the prettiest green grass you ever saw. And Sun said he'd send plenty of you down to warm their roots, and that he'd make it his personal business to keep the land covered with trees and grass. And now just look at it!"



Friend Heat looked. What he saw was the eastern coast of North America. And it was all dead! There wasn't anything growing—there were no trees nor grass, and of course there were no monkeys, nor animals, nor insects, nor anything like that.

"Well, I can't help it," said Friend Heat (who comes from the Sun). "North Wind and



East Wind blow so hard and bring so much cold down from the North Pole, it takes all *my* time to keep from being frozen myself!"

"Qswash—qswash—wash," splashed Old Ocean. "That isn't the worst of it, either, wash, qswash! I can't keep a single fish warm around here! Away down in me, miles down, it's all right

for fishes—there are lots of warm springs there. But along this shore, why I haven't been able to do a thing but make sand out of the rocks! You'll have to admit, Mother Nature, that nowhere in the world is there any more sand or any better sand than right here!"

Mother Nature didn't attempt to deny it. And it has been so to this day; if you don't believe it, go to the Atlantic sea shore anywhere and look for yourself.

"Well, something has just got to be done!" said Mother Nature, "if I have to make a brand new law to do it. But I don't want to make any more laws for Friend Heat and Old Ocean—they have more than their share now."

"You might ask *me* to help!" rumbled a deep voice, far, far down below them. It was Earth, itself, speaking. "You might ask me, instead of such small fry as Friend Heat and Old Ocean!"

"So I might!" said Mother Nature. "Oh, Earth, what can *you* do to help me keep your coast warm?"

"Well," rumbled Earth, "it seems to me I could do a lot! I could have a quake or two and tumble all this bothersome coast into Old Ocean. He wouldn't care!"

"Wash, qswash, washwash!" splashed Old Ocean noisily. "I *should* care! I don't *want* any more earth in me! With a lot of hard work, tossing rocks around and breaking them up and all, I've managed a perfectly

good lot of sand and I don't want to do it over again. Besides, if you do that, I'll have a flock of new islands to flow around and a lot of new ocean currents to make, and that worries me!"

"Well, I think——"

"Hold on!" interrupted Mother Nature. "You *have* helped, oh Earth—you have given me an idea! Ocean currents! That's *just* what we want! We want an Ocean Current to flow from the warm middle of Earth, the place that men will some day call by the queer name of Equator, right along this coast. The Sons of Air—all the winds that blow—shall pick up Friend Heat, who will be traveling in this Ocean current, and carry him hither and thither over the land. Old Ocean, I want you to make a warm current right up the coast!"

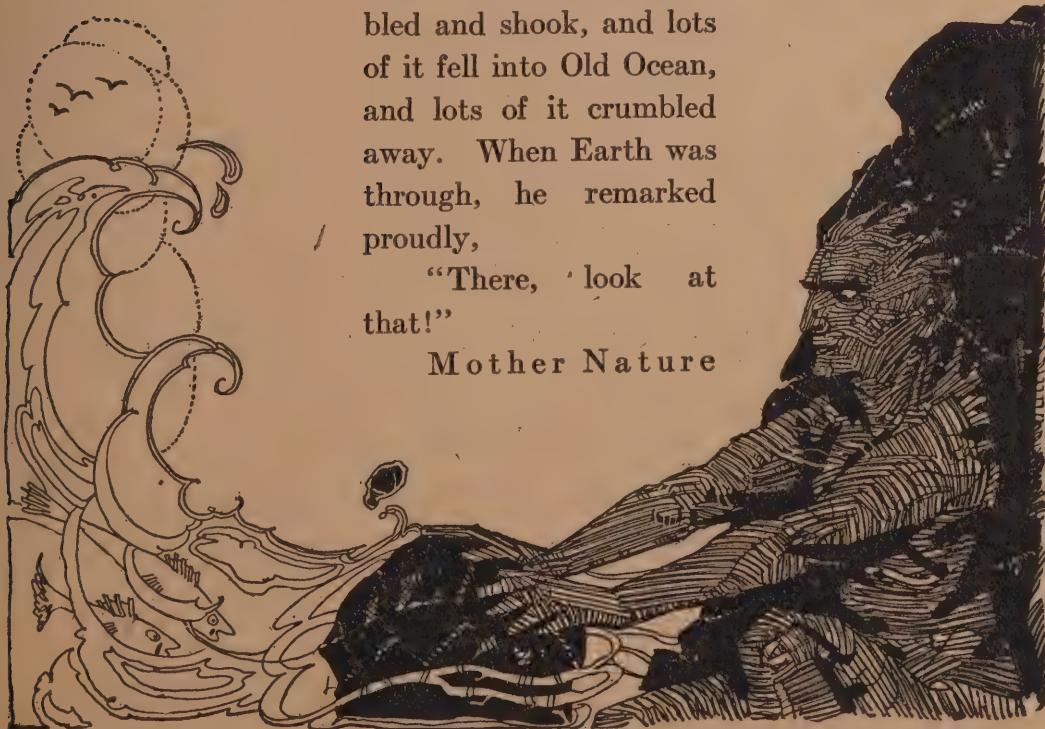
"But I can't," protested Old Ocean. "I don't like to change my currents, and the law says that——"

"Yes he can, too," interrupted Earth, glad of the chance to get the better of his friend. "I know what to do!"

And before any one could say a word, he made three earthquakes and a half dozen flops. The earth of the coast trembled and shook, and lots of it fell into Old Ocean, and lots of it crumbled away. When Earth was through, he remarked proudly,

"There, look at that!"

Mother Nature



looked. Old Ocean made a rush and filled up the space where Earth had had a coast line. He rushed in so hard that he piled himself up high. And then of course he had to flow back again. And when he flowed back again into himself, he was going so hard he just had to flow up the coast!

"That's perfectly fine!" approved Mother Nature. "That was a great idea of yours. I make a law from now to the end of time, that Old Ocean shall keep right on flowing into this big pocket you have made, oh Earth, and then of course he must flow out again. And, naturally, he will flow up the coast with Friend Heat who started out with him, and the land can't help being warm."

Old Ocean grumbled a little, but he didn't really care. It was rather nice getting back to making more sand, after all. And if you will look at a map of North America, Little Lad, you will see the great pocket Earth made when he flopped. We call it the Gulf of Mexico. The warm water of Old Ocean flows into this pocket from the warm places down near the Equator, and then, because it piles up in the Gulf, it has to flow out again. In the most friendly way it hugs the coast as it goes out and all our warm climate and our warm rains come because the Four Winds pick up Friend Heat from the warm Gulf Stream and blow him over the land! So Earth did help, and so does Old Ocean, and Friend Heat, and the Four Winds. They all work together so that Mother Nature's other children, men, and women, and children, and animals, and bugs, and birds, and beasts, can have warm air and plenty of moisture to grow in.

Now, I don't for truly sure know that all these things were *said*, because it all happened a good many million years before you or I were born. But I do for truly and sure know that there *is* a great pocket in the land, and that Old Ocean flows into it and piles himself up in it, and that he *has* to flow out again, and I know that we call this the Gulf Stream, and that it *does* warm all the coast of the lower part of the United States! No one knows that the things *weren't* said just as I have told it, anyway!

"No," answered Carlie-boy, thoughtfully, "that's so—they don't."

C. H. CLAUDY.





## MARY and MISTER GUVVY CHUVVY

MARY was playing under her umbrella tree. Do you know what an umbrella tree is like? Its branches don't grow up, as the branches of a tree usually do, but they grow down, and the tree looks like a big, green umbrella. It is more fun to play under than most trees because it is like so many things. It's a little bit like a cave, if you feel like having a cave; and a little like—yes, a good deal like a tro-pi-cal forest, if you want to play Swiss Family Robinson. And besides, it is always nice and low and near, and does not make you feel so very small as most trees do.

Mary was playing with Flower Dolls. There was a bush growing near the umbrella tree. Mary called it, "Why-Julia," but when she called it that, Mother always laughed and said it was *Weigela*. It had long pink and white flowers like horns. Mary would pick some of the flowers and put one pink horn on top of another and that would be a doll. The bottom flower would be her skirt, and the top one would be a great, big bonnet that covered her face completely.

Mary made herself fresh dolls every morning. Making them was really the best part of Flower Dolls. After they were made, they looked very much alike, and they really couldn't do very much.

Mary wished they weren't all the same size. She wished that there were a few Mother Flower Dolls. That would be more fun. She went to look at the bush again.



SHE USED TO BE  
AFRAID OF BEES



All the same size. A bee came along—buzzing—fat and black and yellow. Mary stood very still near the bush. She used to be afraid of bees, but Mother had told her that the bee only wanted honey, and if she stood still and didn't frighten him, he wouldn't hurt her. He buzzed around the bush, and then flew away.

Mary watched him. She hoped he wouldn't come back. He didn't. He flew around and around for a while, buzzing, and then he made straight for the hollyhocks.

Then Mary laughed. "Ha, ha! Oh, goodie! Mother Flower Dolls!" And she ran after the bee, across the driveway to the hollyhocks. The Hollyhocks were tall—two times, three times as tall as Mary. She looked up at their tallness. They were shining in the sun, lots of different colors. They looked as if they went right up into the blue sky. Mary found one hollyhock lying on the ground. It must have fallen down in the storm of yesterday. It had dark red flowers. They looked just like Mother Flower Dolls. Mary picked two and put one on top of the other. *Fine!* Short, fat Mother Dolls!

Then she picked all the rest from that stalk, and took them back to her umbrella tree. Soon she had lots of flower families. She stood them up in a procession—a Mother Flower Doll with two little girls in white, then a Mother Flower Doll with three little girls in pink; then a lot more families. She supposed they were going to church. So she put them in rows, like pews and then she sang a hymn for them—just a little hymn.

She did wish that they weren't always standing up. She wished that they were sometimes sitting, or kneeling, or lying down. They were *always*

MOTHER DOLLS



standing up. That was the trouble with all sorts of dolls. You could make believe that they were doing things, but then you looked at them, and they *weren't*.

With Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy it was different. I am going to tell you a secret about Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy, and if you ever meet Mary, you must promise me not to tell her. Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy was a make-believe friend! It was so long since Mary had made him up, that I think she had forgotten that he was make-believe, and I'm sure she'd never say that he was. He was Mary's best friend. Of course, nobody could see him except Mary, but she knew just how he looked. He looked just the way she wanted him to, and that was what made him so much better than dolls. He was short and quite round, and he wore a very, very high collar.

He played with Mary almost all of the time. He always wanted to play the same things she did, and he always wanted to talk when she did. Some times when Mary was tired, she used to sit still, and have Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy talk to her. Then sometimes he went away on journeys. Just now, he was in Peru. He went to Peru the day Mary found out how to make Flower Dolls. She thought he ought to be back by this time. That was four days ago. She looked down the driveway from the hole in the umbrella tree that she used for a window. Why, there he was, sure enough, climbing the hill. He was carrying his suitcase, and he looked very hot.

"How do you do, Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy," said Mary, going to meet him, "did you have a good time in Peru?" Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy said he had a



nice time, thank you, and that he rode on a llama. Mary had an "Animal Book" with a llama in it, so of course she knew what it must be like to ride on a llama. They went up on the porch, where it was cooler than it was under the umbrella tree, and they had a long talk about Peru and about the llama. Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy sat down in the biggest chair, because he was tired from riding a llama.

Before long, Mary's grandmother came out on the porch. She was nice, and she was quite fat—like the short, fat Mother Flower Dolls. Mary called her "Garmah."

"Oh, my, it's a hot day," said Garmah, and she fanned herself with a great big palm leaf fan. "Oh, my!" And suddenly she sat right down—in the biggest chair.

"Garmah! Garmah!" cried Mary, and she ran and pulled at Garmah's skirts. "Garmah, get up—quick! Oh, you're sitting on Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy!" And Mary began to cry.

"Oh mercy! Oh, mercy me!" said Garmah, and she got right up. "I'm so sorry! I didn't know that Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy was home from Peru. Do you think he is hurt much?"

Mary stopped crying, and she asked Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy how he felt, and he said he didn't mind, because when he was riding in Peru, the llama fell right on top of him, and he was much heavier than Garmah, so he didn't mind Garmah very much. Then Garmah was relieved, and she went into the house and made three big, tall glasses of lemonade; one for her, and one for Mary and one for Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy. And they had a party with cookies. And Mr. Guvvy Chuvvy, when he had drunk a wee, wee bit of his lemonade, said he felt *much* better, and wouldn't Mary finish up his glass for him. Mary said she would. They all had a beautiful time.

MARY C. CORR.



# THE TIGER



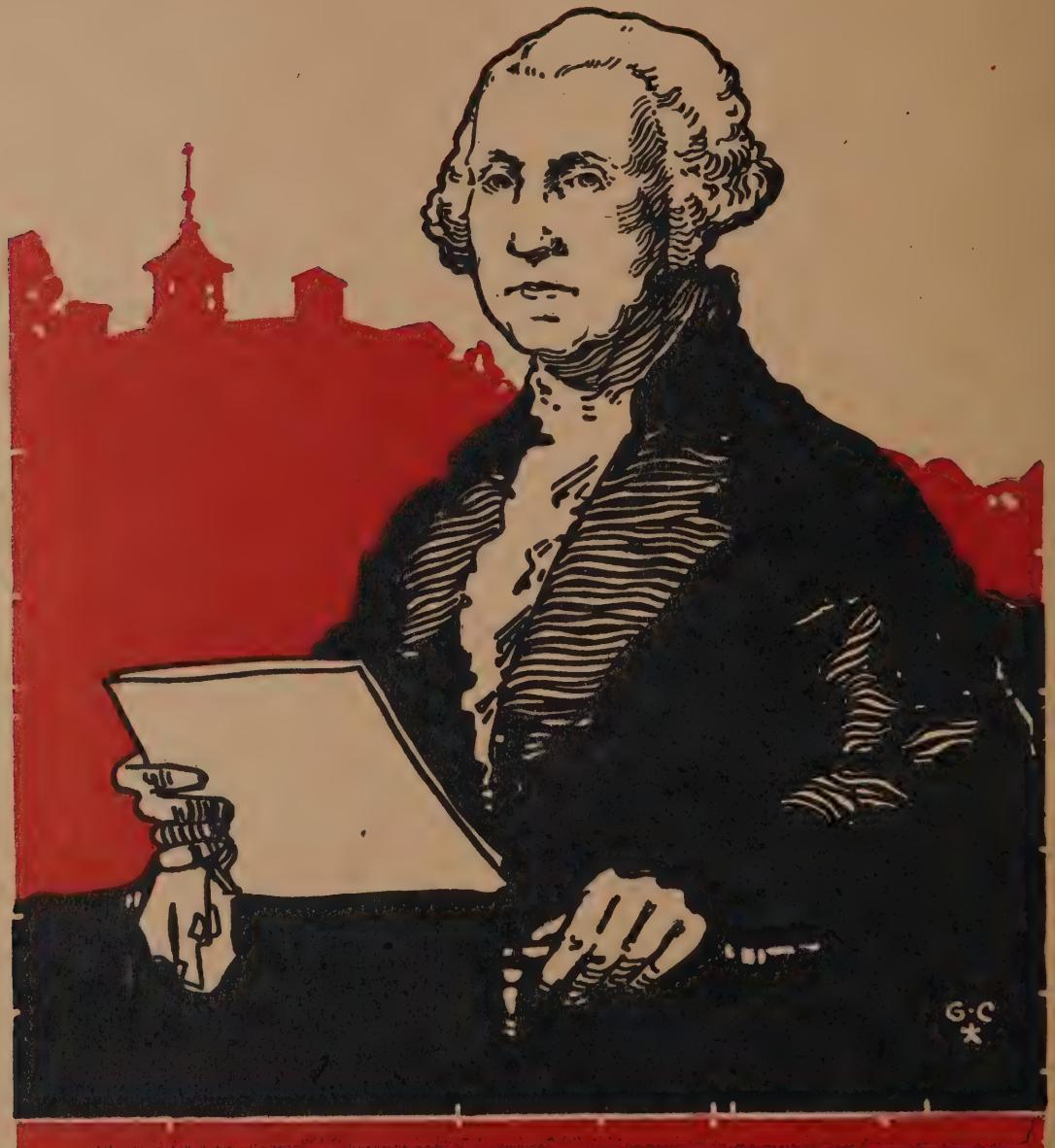
Ellen Ransom

The Ti-ger in the jun-gle Is ve-ry fierce I hear; But when I see him

at the Zoo I have n't a-ny fear, 'Cause he can't even touch me Though

I stand ve-ry near.





**GEORGE WASHINGTON**

# GEORGE WASHINGTON

**W**ASHINGTON was a child of bright opportunity. He was born in a home of wealth, good breeding, and honorable beliefs, yet he founded a nation where a child of the humblest people may grow to the highest place of honor and service.

He owed his early training to a wise and lovely mother. When his older brother secured for him a place as midshipman in the King's navy, she refused to let him go to sea, thus saving to us his rare talents, first as general, then as President of the United States. The greatest man American soil has brought forth was ready at the time of her greatest need.

Washington was wise and courageous, just and patient. Though often disappointed in men whom he trusted, he never lost his faith and belief in men. Success did not make him arrogant, nor did ambition tempt him from patriotic devotion to his country's cause. In the words of an Englishman, "He was the noblest figure that ever stood at the forefront of a nation's life."

Children, on Washington's birthday, let us think earnestly and lovingly of this noble Father of our Country. This thinking will do us much good.

His Birthday, February 22nd 1732

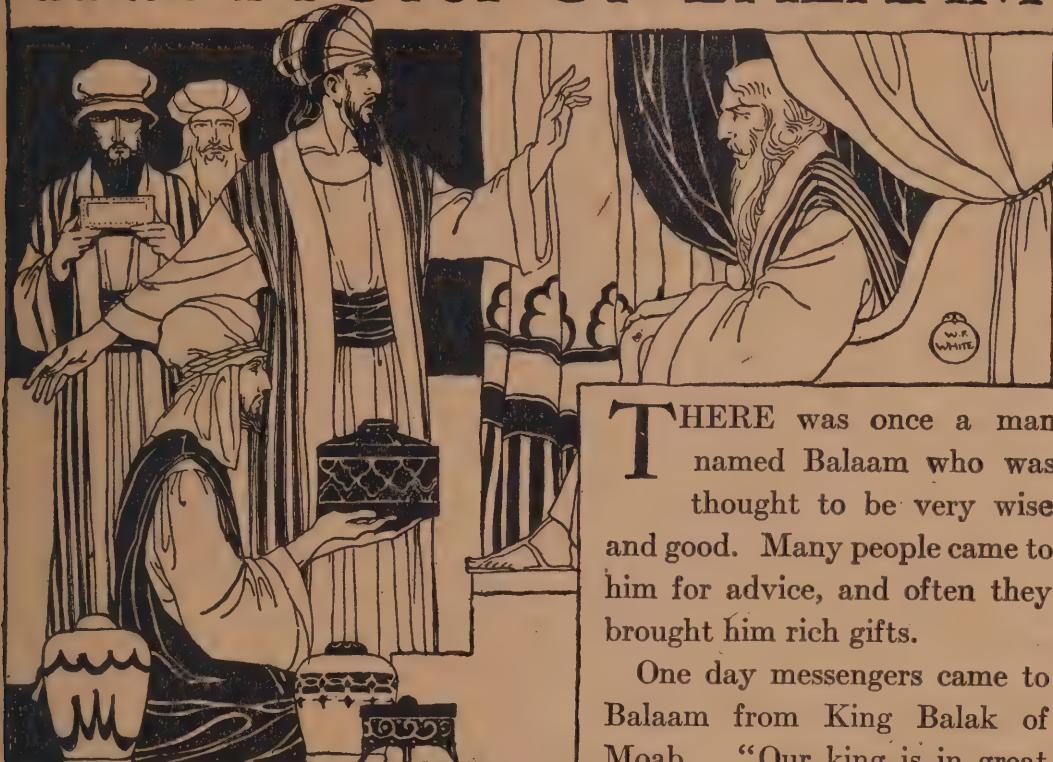
# JACK RABBIT



THEY say Johnnie Rabbit  
Once had a bad habit  
Of staring at people he met;  
But they all excused him  
Because it amused him,  
And he would be doing it yet,  
  
But, as he grew older,  
He also grew bolder  
And used to play practical jokes;  
Till Pa had to scold him  
Because, as he told him,  
He ought to respect other folks.

GEORGE CASSARD.

# THE STORY OF BALAAM



THERE was once a man named Balaam who was thought to be very wise and good. Many people came to him for advice, and often they brought him rich gifts.

One day messengers came to Balaam from King Balak of Moab. "Our king is in great

distress and fear," said the messengers. "A vast caravan of people has come out of Egypt and has encamped at our borders. These people have fought and conquered all who have opposed them in their way. King Balak fears that they will destroy us, too, as an ox destroys the grass of the field."

The messengers showed Balaam the gifts they had brought, and told him what King Balak wished him to do. "This mighty people whom King Balak fears," said the messengers, "is strong because God is with them and favors them. Therefore King Balak, who knows that your blessings bring good and your curses bring evil, urges you to come to him and to curse this people for him. Then the favor of God shall depart from them, and they will be easily conquered."

"Stay here with me this night," said Balaam to the messengers, "in the morning I will send an answer to the King."

But in the morning Balaam's answer was not such as the messengers wished. "God forbids me to go with you," he said, "I must not curse this people whom God has blessed."

A second time King Balak sent messengers to Balaam. This time the messengers were honorable princes, their gifts, too, were princely, and the promises of King Balak went beyond the gifts.

Balaam wished greatly to do the King a service. So he arose the next morning, saddled the good old donkey that had carried him faithfully for many years, and set off with the messengers to visit King Balak.

Balaam rode blindly along. Perhaps he was thinking of the rich gifts he might receive from the King. His eyes were downcast while he thought, for the donkey knew the road as well as he and needed no guidance.

Suddenly the donkey stopped, then edged off from the road and into the field. Balaam was surprised and angry. He beat the donkey and drove her back into the road.

Again, as they passed close by a vineyard, the donkey turned so abruptly from the way that Balaam's foot was crushed against the wall. More angry still, he gave the donkey another drubbing and urged her on.

A third time, when the path had grown so narrow that the donkey could not swerve to right or to left, she stopped, and this time bowed down on the ground. Balaam dismounted and began to give his poor donkey an unmerciful cudgeling. To his surprise the donkey turned about and began to speak to him reproachfully.

"Master," she asked, "why hast thou beaten me these three times?"

"Had I a sword in my hand, I would have killed thee," cried Balaam.  
"How darest thou mock me?"

"These many years have I worked for thee faithfully," said the donkey.  
"Have I ever before behaved in this way?"

"No," Balaam answered. Then he looked before him, and there in the path stood an angel of the Lord, having a drawn sword in his hand.





"Three times," said the angel, "thou hast beaten the donkey when she turned aside to save thee from harm. Except for her care, thou hadst braved my sword."

Balaam knew that the angel of the Lord was against him because it was in his heart to do evil. He bowed his head in shame. "I have sinned," he said, "and now I will turn back at thy command."

"Go thy way," said the angel, "but speak only the words that God bids thee speak."

"My donkey that I thought but a stupid beast, was wiser than I," thought Balaam as he rode along. "She suffered pain rather than let me come to harm. She knew that she should obey the angel and not her unwise master. Shall I be more stupid than my donkey, and disobey God that I may win gifts from a king?"

Balaam went his way. Three times King Balak showed Balaam the great host of the children of Israel and offered him high honor if he should curse them and bring them to grief. Three times Balaam blessed the children of Israel, freely and fully, as God commanded him.

When King Balak reproached Balaam, Balaam answered, "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord, to do less or more."

EDNA A. COLLAMORE.



# Modeling Dough

ONE day a little boy came home from Kindergarten looking even happier than usual.

"Oh, we had *such* a good time to-day," he cried.

"What did you do?" we asked.

"We muddled in clay," he answered.

Now I think all little people and almost all big people love to *muddle* in something—in clay, or mud, or cooky-dough. So I am going to tell you about a kind of modeling-dough we make at our house, with which the children have had lots of fun for hours and hours through the winter. It is especially good to amuse them on a stormy day, and it won't hurt floors, or carpets, or clothes—though it is best to wear bibs or aprons to keep your clothes from getting floury.

This is the way to make it:

1 cup flour (or corn starch).

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup salt.

1 teaspoon powdered alum (it can be made *without* the alum, but it is less sticky *with* it.)

Enough cold water to make a stiff dough.

It is very pretty left white, but it can easily be colored.

*Coloring*, to be added to the cold water before mixing the dough:

Blue: a few drops of bluing from the laundry.

Red: a little red ink, or a pink gelatine tablet.

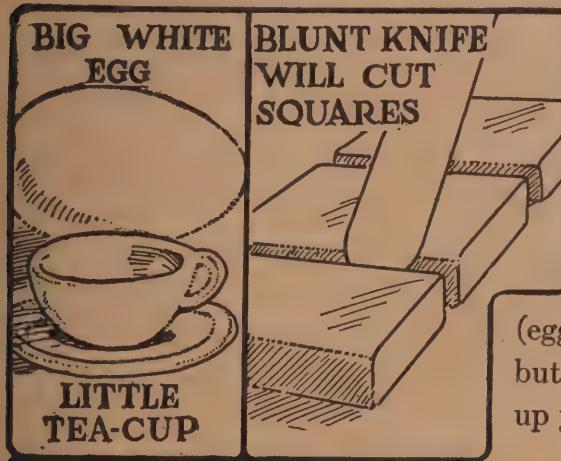
Purple: mix red and blue.

These and other colors also can be made by melting a little water-color paint in the water. Fruit juices are sometimes good, too.

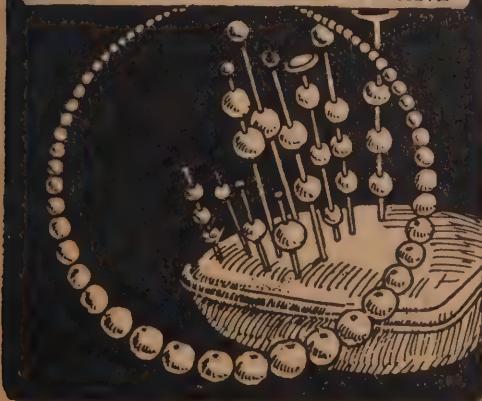
Be sure to use harmless coloring, for sometimes the dough looks so good that the baby takes a bite of it. It won't hurt him if he does, but a good way to stop his eating it, if he tries to, is to say that he may make some cakes and candies for the *dollies*. He can also make little biscuits and cookies, and nests of eggs.

Some of the tools that will help most are fancy cooky-cutters and vegetable-cutters (hearts, birds, flowers, etc.); thimbles to cut tiny cookies, a blunt-bladed knife to cut squares and oblongs. Toothpicks or matches (with the fire-end cut off), can be made into furniture by sticking the ends into little balls of dough; cloves and buttons are always useful and tin trays or small flat boards to make designs on. To make beads to string, stick a pin through each bead and leave it on the pincushion till it is hard.

There are many other things to make



### PRETTY BEADS and HOW TO MAKE THEM



(eggs, tea-sets and a great many more) but really half the fun is to think them up yourself.

This modeling-dough will keep for a good many days. Roll it up in a wet cloth at night, and, if it gets *too* dry and crackly, add a little water and knead it like bread. If you get it *too wet*, add a little more flour. You will soon learn to keep it just moist enough.

The pictures are made from photographs of a little boy's designs.

I hope all the little John-martiners will have a great deal of fun with this modeling-dough.

A. S. H.



# THE GODMOTHER'S WAND

←—————  
A PLAYLET FOR THREE  
LITTLE PEOPLE



## PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

DOROTHY

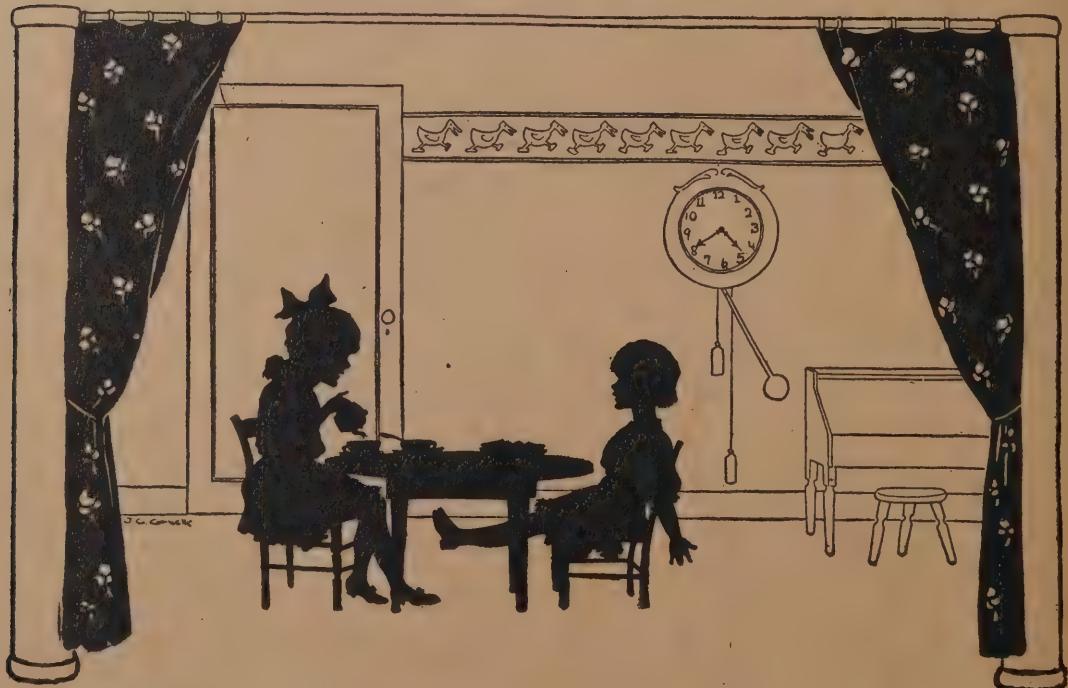
THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

ANNABELLE ANNE (a doll)

} *One little girl can act both of these parts.*

## — SCENE —

The scene is in Dorothy's play-room, where she is having tea with Annabelle Anne. There should be a door for the toy closet at the back or side of your stage, and in the centre of the stage, a little table set with your doll's tea things. Have real tea in your teapot, and a few crackers on a plate. When the curtain rises Dorothy and Annabelle Anne are sitting at the table. Annabelle Anne sits very stiffly as all dolls do, and her eyes are closed.





DOROTHY



GODMOTHER



DOLLY

## THE LINES

**DOROTHY** (*pours some tea into a cup*):  
Now, my dear Miss Annabelle Anne, won't you have some of this very de-li-cious tea? Let me pass it to you. All dolls like tea you know. (*She puts cup carefully by ANNABELLE'S plate, then looks at her and starts in surprise.*) Oh goodness me, Annabelle Anne! You've gone and fallen asleep! It's dreadfully rude to fall asleep at a tea party. None of Mother's friends ever do. Oh, why do your eyes catch like that! Wake up! (*She pats her on the back, and ANNABELLE ANNE'S eyes fly open and stare straight ahead. Watch your dolls and practise trying to look like them. Curl up your mouth a little, and stare.*) Now, won't you have some tea? (*DOROTHY looks at her a minute, then sadly shakes her head.*) It's no use trying to play with you. You're only a doll and you never will be anything but a doll, and I can't ever make you seem like real people even if you are almost as big as I am. Other girls

always can make their dolls seem as real as real, but I don't know how. And I'm going to put you back in your closet this minute. (*DOROTHY gets up and pretends to carry ANNABELLE ANNE to closet. She puts her arms under ANNABELLE'S and hurries her in. ANNABELLE walks very stiffly. DOROTHY closes door then goes back to the table and puts her head down on it as though she were crying. In the closet, ANNABELLE quickly puts on the FAIRY GODMOTHER'S shawl and hat, and takes up her little wand.*) Oh dear, I am so lonesome! I wish something nice would happen, like fairies and things! I wish I knew how to make "make-believe" things seem real, I wish—— What's that? (*She hears three raps on the closet door. Then the FAIRY GODMOTHER comes out, slowly and quietly, like an old, old lady.*)

**GODMOTHER:**

What are you crying about, my child?

DOROTHY (*staring*):

Because, because—Oh, who are you?

GODMOTHER:

I'm your Fairy Godmother, of course.

DOROTHY:

Why—but, I never knew that I had one!

GODMOTHER:

Gracious yes, every child has one. Now, why were you crying?

DOROTHY:

Well—but, do you live in the toy closet?

GODMOTHER:

I should say not! That is the side door to my palace. (DOROTHY *gasps*.) Yes, my palace is just beyond. But you'll never be able to see it so there's no use in looking for it. It's just like all the other fairy palaces, gold and precious stones, and perfumed fountains, and all that. Your lead soldiers and plush animals keep guard. Now do stop asking questions and tell me why you were crying.

DOROTHY:

I was lonesome—and I couldn't seem to make Annabelle Anne seem *real*.

GODMOTHER:

Well that's too bad. Perhaps I can help you do that. How would you like to have me wave my magic "Make-Believe" wand and make her come alive for a while?

DOROTHY (*dancing up and down and clapping her hands*):

Oh, could you, could you?

GODMOTHER:

Very easily. Don't you remember how I changed Cinderella's rats, and mice, and lizards into coach-

men and horses? But Cinderella didn't behave very well, for she forgot to come home when I told her to. Could you remember, better than she did, to do what I tell you?

DOROTHY:

Oh, yes, yes. Just try me and see!

GODMOTHER:

What time do you do your home work, Dorothy?

DOROTHY:

At five o'clock. Why?

GODMOTHER:

Well, then, I'll make Annabelle Anne come alive for a little while, if you'll promise to put her back in the closet at five minutes of five.

DOROTHY:

I will, I will!

GODMOTHER (*waves wand slowly toward closet*):

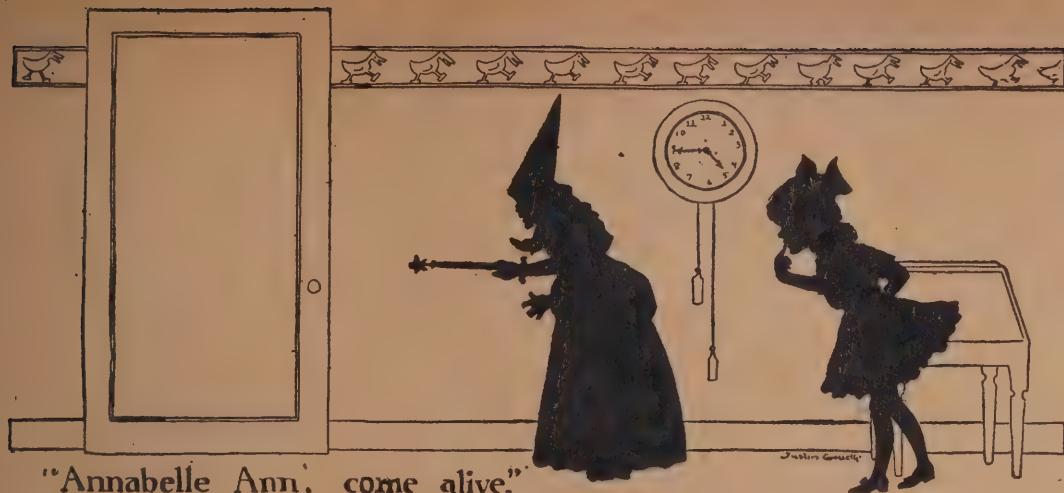
Annabelle Anne, come alive, come alive! (To DOROTHY.) Now I'm going back to my palace. Count ten slowly, my dear, and then—open the closet door. (She goes into closet and takes off her GODMOTHER'S costume, to be ready to play ANNABELLE ANNE.)

DOROTHY (*as FAIRY GODMOTHER goes*):

One—two—three—four—five six—seven—eight—nine—ten. Now! Now! (She rushes to closet and opens door. ANNABELLE ANNE throws her arms about her neck, and they dance out into the room hugging each other. All of ANNABELLE ANNE's motions must be very stiff and jerky.)

ANNABELLE ANNE:

Oh, you dear, dear thing! What fun this is! Come on, let's have some tea. It's all cold, but never



"Annabelle Ann, come alive!"

mind. (*They sit down, pour out the tea, and eat the crackers.*)

**DOROTHY:**

Annabelle Anne, what does it feel like to be really alive now? Isn't it queer?

**ANNABELLE ANNE:**

Oh no, 'cause we're always alive at every midnight you know. And we have such fun! We all go through the little door into the Godmother's palace, and play with the people she has there.

**DOROTHY:**

O—oh! Whom does she have?

**ANNABELLE ANNE:**

All sorts of people on visits: Cinderella and Bo-Peep, and Aladdin, and last night she had the March Hare and Robinson Crusoe, and a boy called Fauntleroy.

**DOROTHY:**

Oh, how I wish I could go too!

**ANNABELLE ANNE** (*jumping up*):

Well, come on, let's play something! Let's play that you're Cinderella and I'm her wicked sisters. Now you pretend that you're sitting in the ashes. (*DOROTHY sits down on floor.*) Go on now and talk.

**DOROTHY:**

What shall I say?

**ANNABELLE ANNE:**

Why just say anything. You know what to say.

**DOROTHY:**

No I don't. I *never* can make pretend things seem real.

**ANNABELLE ANNE:**

Gracious me, how funny! Well you surely *ought* to have the Godmother's wand.

**DOROTHY:**

What do you mean?

**ANNABELLE ANNE:**

Why, the fairy wand of Make-Believe. The Godmother gives one to lots of children at their christenings. And then always, all they have to do, to make pretend things seem real, is to wave the wand, and wish.

**DOROTHY:**

Well she must have forgotten to give me one, but I wish she hadn't.

**ANNABELLE ANNE:**

So do I. Come on now, you're Cinderella, and you must say—

**DOROTHY** (*interrupting*):

Oh, Annabelle Anne! Look at the

clock! It's five minutes of five, and you've got to go back in the closet!

ANNABELLE ANNE:

Oh bother! I don't want to.

DOROTHY:

But you *must*, Annabelle Anne! The Fairy Godmother told me you must. (*She takes ANNABELLE ANNE by the shoulders and pushes her into the closet.*)



ANNABELLE ANNE:

I don't want to, I don't want to!  
(*When the closet door closes, ANNABELLE ANNE puts on the GODMOTHER'S costume.*)

DOROTHY (*sits down at desk and begins "home-work."*):

Oh, what fun that was! Now let me see, I'll do my arithmetic first. (*She frowns and begins to write.*) Eight times eight are sixty-four. Six times eight are forty-eight. Ninety-six divided by eight equals—(*She sits and thinks*) nine!

GODMOTHER (*who has stolen out of closet, and has been standing behind DOROTHY*):

No, Dorothy, twelve!

DOROTHY (*jumping up*):

Oh, how you scared me!

GODMOTHER:

I just came back for a minute to

tell you how pleased I am that you did as I told you to, and put Annabelle Anne back in the closet. You were much more obedient than Cinderella ever thought of being, and so you shall have a reward, my dear. (*She holds out the Fairy Wand to DOROTHY.*)

DOROTHY (*a little frightened*):

OH!

GODMOTHER:

Yes, take my wand. It's a "Make-Believe" wand, and any time you wave it, and make a wish, Annabelle Anne or any of your other toys will come alive to play with you. Be careful of the plush lion, if you make him come alive, for he is *dreadfully* fierce. (*She hands DOROTHY the wand and vanishes into the closet.*)

DOROTHY (*very slowly*):

Her "Make-Believe" wand, her "Make-Believe" wand! (*She waves wand slowly.*) Will it work for me? Will it really work magic, for me? Annabelle Anne, come alive, come, come come alive! One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten!

ANNABELLE ANNE (*from closet*):

Let me out, Dorothy, just for a second, let me out! (DOROTHY





*opens door and both take hands  
and dance out into the room whirling  
around in a circle.)*

DOROTHY:

Oh, what fun, what fun!!

CURTAIN.



### WHAT TO WEAR IN THIS PLAY

Dorothy and Annabelle Anne wear their every-day dresses. The Fairy Godmother wears a dark cape or shawl and a high pointed hat. You can make that very easily by rolling some heavy paper into a big cornucopia, and glueing or pinning it so that the end won't slip. Don't forget the wand!

Try to make Annabelle Anne and the Fairy Godmother seem very different. When you are playing Annabelle Anne, think all the time, "Now how would a doll say this?" and when you are the Godmother, think, "What would an old, old lady do now?"

Dorothy must talk very slowly while Annabelle Anne and the Fairy Godmother is changing her costumes in the closet, to give her time.

THEODORA ELIOT MCCORMICK.



THE MONKEY WOULD TAKE CHANCES.



## HOW PIGGIE WAS CAUGHT

IT was only at night-time that the animals in the big Noah's Ark really and truly enjoyed themselves. All the house was then very quiet and there was nobody 'round to watch them; and Bobby was fast asleep in his bed, so that they could do just as they pleased, provided of course they didn't make a noise and wake up Foxy, the little terrier, or Bobby's Father.

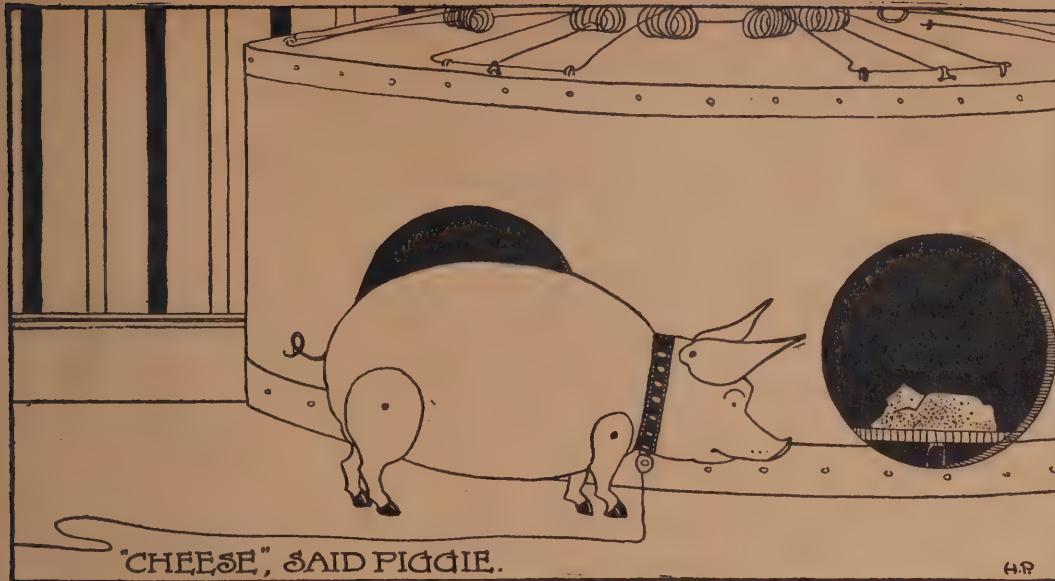
Ever since the night Elephant had set off by mistake the spring in the toy cannon and awakened everybody in the house, each animal had taken great pains to be very careful what he did, and although Monkey *would* take chances by swinging on the bridle of Bobby's rocking-horse, still, up to this time, there had been no mishap.

To-night little White Pig had gone off to one corner in the room where he had smelt something very, very nice, and although all the animals stood as close to the edge of the table as they dared, and begged him to come back, Piggie was obstinate, as Piggies often are, and wouldn't.

"I smell something so good," he squeaked in a very low voice, "I smell something so good I must see what it is!"

"Look out!" called out Black Cow, who was a very careful animal, "or you'll get into trouble!" But Piggie only laughed, he knew better.

Slowly and carefully he crept up to the corner where the delicious smell came from. A little round flat house with a



small round doorway met his eyes. "Cheese," said Piggie, "I'll just take a bite," and into the small round door he ran. *Click!* Oh, what a loud snap. Piggie's little squeak could hardly be heard. All the animals scampered back into the Ark, all but poor little White Pig.

Bobby's Father hurried into the nursery. "What was that noise?" he said, "it must have been a mouse," and leaning over the mouse trap in the corner of the room, he saw poor little Piggie caught in the spring.

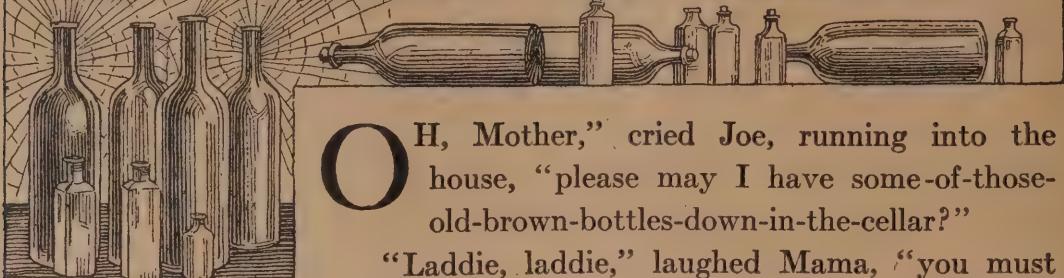
"Strange," said Bobby's Father, holding up the trap for Mother to see, "how did that Noah's Ark Pig ever fall off the table into the trap?"

"I don't see, either," she answered, while all the animals inside the Ark kept perfectly still and never said a word.

DAVID M. CORY.



# BOTTLE HORSES



**O**H, Mother," cried Joe, running into the house, "please may I have some-of-those-old-brown-bottles-down-in-the-cellar?"

"Laddie, laddie," laughed Mama, "you must not say it all in one word. I cannot understand what you say. Try again."

"Well, Mother," and he drew a long breath at the slowness of grown ups. "*Please, may I have some of those old brown vinegar bottles down in the cellar?*"

He said each word very slowly and waited eagerly while Mother thought just a minute; that was her way of deciding.

"*Yes, my son, you may, if you will not allow them to be broken in the yard,*" said Mama, in just the same way, but laughing all the time. "May I know what you will do with them?"

But Joe was already out of the door. "Thank you, Mother," he called back. "Jack and I are going to make——". He was too far away to be heard so Mother just laughed and went on with her sewing.

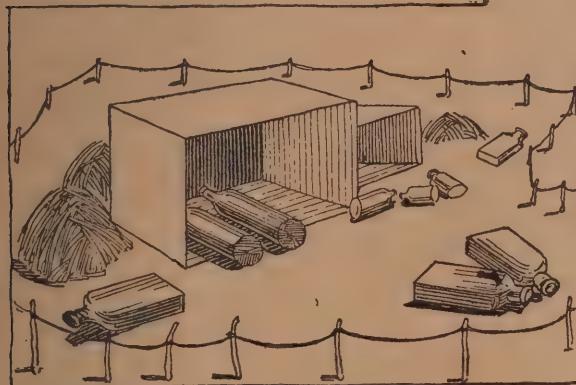
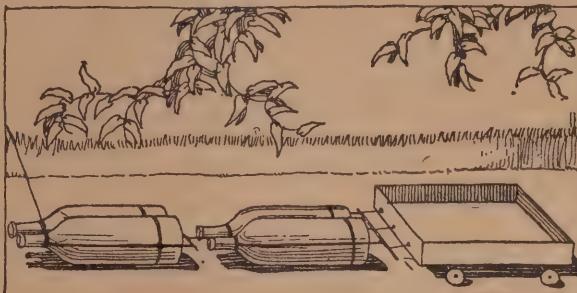
An hour or two later she heard, through the open window, sounds as of drivers of many horses approaching. There were noises of galloping feet, shouts, calls, and the crack of whips. Around the corner of the house came an amazing cavalcade, that drew up at the foot of the steps. The calls of "Whoa there," and "Stand still," and "Easy now," showed that the horses were very spirited.

Mother hurried out to see what it all meant, and could hardly find words to express her surprise and interest at the sight before her.

Two four-horse teams, two wagons and drivers stood on the lawn near the steps, and what do you suppose they were made of? Mother was so astonished that she could hardly feel sure, but, after looking carefully, she discovered that the horses were those same brown bottles for which Joe had asked. The boys laughed in delight at her puzzled face and then showed her all the wonders of their teams.

"See, Auntie," said Jack. "we made the harness out of the worn-out leather lacings of my last winter's boots, and we fastened it so, and so," and he showed just how it was done. It really was quite ingenious.

The shoe-string thongs were tied around the necks of the bottles, and again around near the bottom with strips joining them; other strips were fastened to the tongue and singletrees of the wagon. To the end of the tongue was attached a strong string by which the horses were urged to their wildest speed.



"Yes, and Auntie, we have a farm behind the well-house and a barn with more horses in it, and mules, cows, and pigs."

Jack's laugh was almost a shout and Joe's shrill voice joined in as Mother looked more and more interested.

"Oh, Mother, you should see them. The mules are the long slim bottles, the cows are the square ones, and the short, round ones are the pigs. Come and see them, please, Mother," begged Joe.

Mother went with them and saw the work of the careful farmers. Their barns were boxes, turned on their sides, the fences were little sticks of wood joined by strings, hay stacks of the lawn trimmings stood near the barns. Jack showed her that he had chosen only heavy, thick bottles for their live stock, and as they played only on the lawn there was little danger of accidents, so Mother was satisfied. Many summer days passed in happy play with these bottle animals.

EDITH L. BOYD.

# FOR A LITTLE ARTIST



**D**raw a line with a sharp pencil  
From dot one to sixty six, and  
you'll see why Jane and John  
ran to mother very quickly  
*[but Quizzzy Bear would not hurt them as you know]*

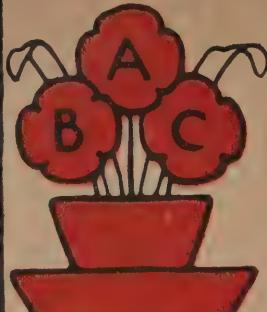
# COW-BOY



A COWBOY rides across the plain,  
And chases cows with might and main,  
And then he drives them home again.  
When I get big I think maybe  
I'll be a Cowboy, then you'll see  
The cows come racing home for me.

# A LITTLE ALPHABET.

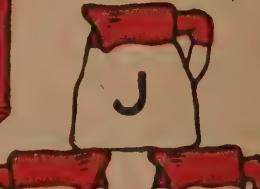
FIN M'COOL



LETTERS



THREE, ONE'S A CLEF.



ALWAYS TRY

K L  
TO SAY THEM WELL.



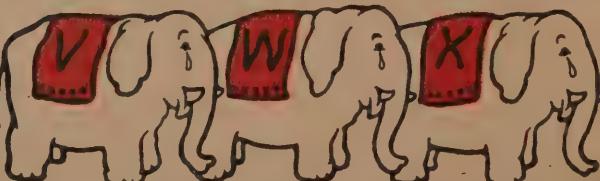
FASTER GO,



P Q R  
YOU ARE FAR.

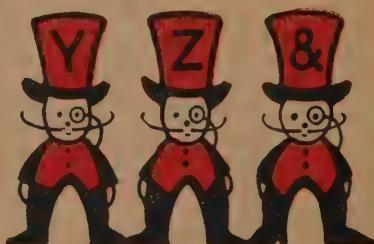


HOW YOU FLEW!



IF NONE VEX,

COMPLETE THEY STAND!





# TIG AND THE BLOCK SYSTEM

**H**ELLO, fellows," shouted Tig Burnham, vaulting off his wheel, "something doing for all of you this afternoon. No, can't tell you now. I've been down to a wreck at Windham Junction. See you later," and he bolted through the door on the last strokes of N-I-N-E from the Capitol Hill school bell.

Lessons dragged a bit for Tig that morning, and he was seen to yawn and rub his eyes often. It came out at recesss, when nearly the whole school crowded about him, that since two o'clock that morning he had been out helping Doctor Peter Burnham at a freight wreck. The wreck was caused, Tig explained, by the engineer having run past a tower signal that was set against him.

"Fellows," Tig went on to say, "you all must know Daddy Sims—Uncle Peter's chauffeur—well, he was a Pullman porter for years, and he knows a lot of railroaders. He is going to bring Big Dave, one of the railroad tower-men, up to our house at two o'clock sharp this afternoon, and we'll have the railroad block system shown up. Come, everybody, and bring your bikes."

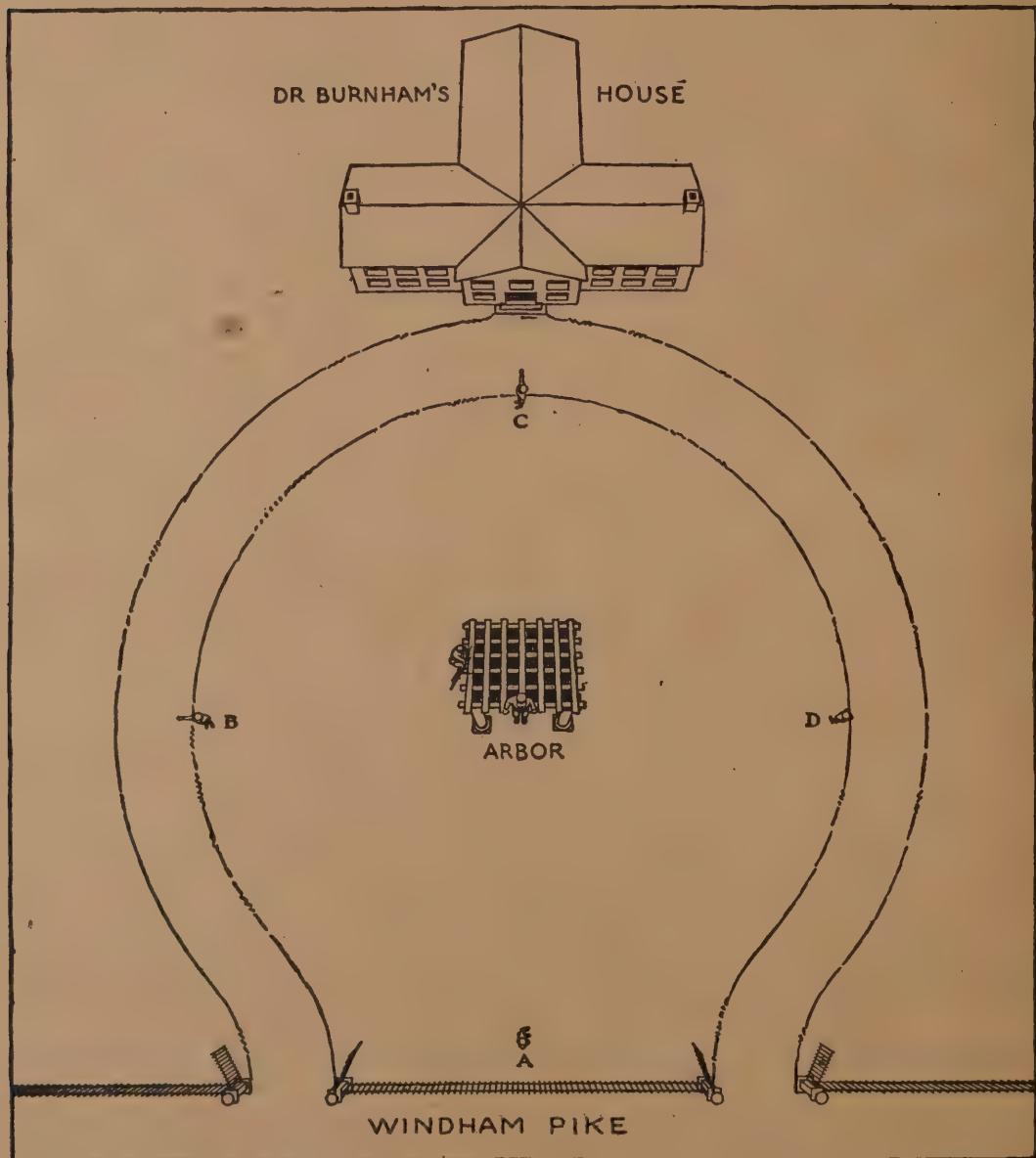
Precisely at two o'clock, Daddy Sims brought Big Dave from the village, and the professional immediately declared that the big circular driveway in Dr. Burnham's grounds was just the place to show up the block system.

Turning to Tig, he ordered:

"Get your bike men ready and station them on the pike, then bring me four of the tallest boys you have."

Four were quickly selected. One was called A, and was stationed on the pike between the two entrance gates; another, called B, was placed by the drive, half way to the house. One boy, called C, was placed in front of the house, and another, D, on the drive opposite B.

"Now," shouted the tower-man, so everybody could hear, "I'm going to start three trains from the terminal out on the pike, one after the other, each boy with his bike stands for one train, and you fellows, A, B, C, and D





are the track towers. To hold up a train, the tower-man must hold his arm straight out over the track; and to let it pass, drop his arm to his side.

"You trains out there, you must not pass a tower if the arm is up, for that means you are blocked. Stop and wait till the signal arm drops. If the arm is

down as you approach a tower, keep right on upon the clear track, but look sharp and don't run past a stop signal—doing that caused the wreck last night at Windham Junction.

"Now, you tower-men, here's something for you: watch the tower-man next beyond you in the direction the trains are running, and don't let a train pass you if the next tower-man has his arm up."

"A, your block is from you to B, and B your block is to C, and C, yours is to D. D, yours is around the drive to A. Remember, all you towers, you are not to let a train out of your block until the next block is clear, and that is shown by the position of the arm of the man operating the block next beyond you."

"All ready—I'll get on the arbor in the middle of the circle and start things and see how well you have understood me. I'll be the Chief Train Despatcher."

Tig found a ladder, and he and Big Dave scrambled up where they could see everything.



"Ready, Number One, you are leaving at 2:25—go!" shouted Dave.

Number One rode slowly through the gate and, as A signal arm was down, Number One Train passed on.

"Ready, Number Two, this is your leaving time," called Dave.

Number Two train started and passed A tower, for the signal showed clear track. By that time Number One train was in C block, and C tower man forgot and dropped his arm, and let fast train Number Two into his block before Number One train was out of it.

"Stop, everybody, and listen," shouted Dave, "there are two trains in C block, that's how rear end collisions happen. Perhaps Number One had broken an axle and was standing still when Number Two train piled right in on top of him. One train to the block is the rule that *must not* be broken. Number Two train had every reason to believe that C block was clear, for there was no signal up against him. Now, all trains go back to the terminal and start over again—let's see if you can do the trick right this time."

Everybody was careful for a while and the trains spun merrily around until Number Three train forgot and ran past a stop signal. Big Dave caught the error and pointed out how a collision might have occurred. After half an hour's practice, Dave called all the boys, and the "trains" and "towers" together for a talk.

"I must go on duty in a little time," he said, "but I can spare a few minutes to make the thing more clear to you all. You can't learn the whole of the block system in one afternoon or in a hundred afternoons. Five years, at least, must a tower-man serve before he is trusted alone at a signal point on the railroad. You have seen only one thing in the system—running single track in one direction; think of what experts have to do while handling trains on four tracks: east and west passengers, freights, work trains, specials, second sections—you mustn't go to sleep on that job!"

"You must know that instead of human arms, the block system is controlled by semaphores, and instead of the human sight for getting in touch with the next tower, the telegraph and telephone are used. Sometimes out in the country, towers are twenty miles or more apart. In daylight it is easy enough for an engineer to catch the position of the semaphore arm, whether down for clear track, or horizontal for a stop, but at night the engineer has to go by the lights. There is a fixed white light on the semaphore mast which shows only when the arm is dropped and indicates clear track. When the arm

is set horizontally against a train, a little round window of red glass in the semaphore covers the white light and makes the red-danger-stop signal.

"Now I must go to my work. If you want any more of this sort of instruction, send for me any afternoon. Good-bye."

All the gang pressed forward to shake hands with the big tower-man and to thank him for the trouble he had taken. As he jumped into the car alongside of Daddy Sims, he gave Daddy a sly wink and addressed the boys as follows:

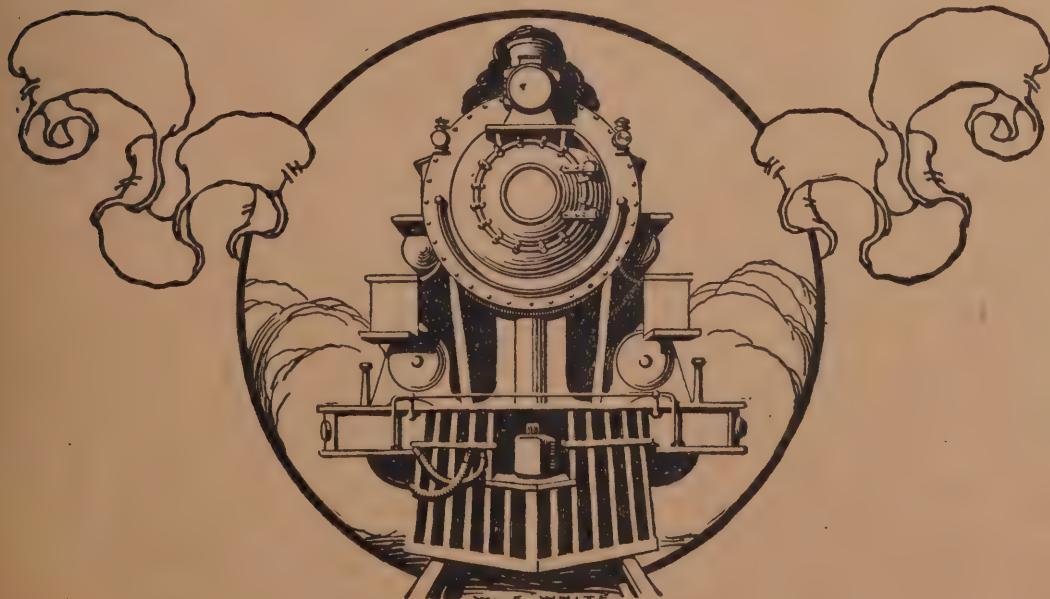
"Now you know so much about the block system—I'll give you a problem: There is a washout on a four track railroad. All the east and west bound freights and expresses have to take the one remaining eastbound track. The President's Special comes roaring up, three minutes late, and he is in a great hurry to get to his office in the city. What would you do for him? You cannot hop his train over all those trains that are waiting to pass the washout."

"Send him to his job in Daddy Sims' car, of course," shouted Tig, and the gang doubled up in high glee.

Big Dave grinned and remarked to Daddy Sims as they whirled out on the pike:

"Foxy kid, that Tig boy."

CHARLES SCHERMERHORN PEASE.





LONG time ago, so long ago that no one remembers the time, people believed many strange stories of how things came to be as they are now. These beautiful and wonderful tales are called "myths," for we know they are not true.

In these far away days there lived two brothers. One was called Pro-me-theus or Fore-thought, because he was always thinking about what was going to happen and planning for it.

The other was called Epi-me-theus or After-thought, because his mind was so busy dreaming over the past that he was of no use at all in what had to be done to-day.

These brothers were the sons of a race of Titans, great Giants, who ruled the world before Jupiter and his companions conquered them. The reign of the Giant Titans was called the Golden Age and it was the happiest time the earth has ever known. All the world was a garden and there was nothing but love and joy and plenty everywhere.

But when Jupiter began to rule, joy went out of the world. Men's minds became unhappy and mean and wicked and full of envy and quarrels. The heart of Pro-me-theus was sad, for he saw how miserable the world was. He saw men who were wretched and full of fear. They were living in dark caves and shivering with cold and hunger.

"If they had fire," thought Pro-me-theus, "they could at least be warm. They could cook their food." So he asked Jupiter to give men fire.

"What, give fire to the Earth People?" said Jupiter. "Never! They might soon grow as powerful as we are. Not a spark shall they have."

Pro-me-theus walked sadly back to earth, but he resolved to get fire some other way. As he walked he came upon some dried stalks with a pithy center. Surely they would burn if once they could be lighted. But, how could he light them?

There was just one place in all the Earth-world where fire might be found. That was far away, where the sun rose out of the Earth to make its daily journey through the sky. Pro-me-theus knew how long and dangerous was the road to this place, but he decided to risk the dangers for the good that he might bring to the world.

At sun-down Pro-me-theus started out. All through the dark night he groped his way over mountains and through rivers with what haste he could make. Just before dawn he came to the place of the sun. With great care he approached and thrust the pithy stalk into the sun's flame. It caught the sun's fire! With joy he saw it burn deep into the pithy center.

With love and happiness in his heart, he hurried back to the shivering earth. Very soon every home had a fire. Everyone was warm and happy and strong, and glad to learn the many things Pro-me-theus taught them.

Once again the earth began to bloom. Men were busy digging treasure from the earth and making gardens and tending flocks, so they had no time for war and hatred. Contentment and prosperity grew everywhere, as the flowers grew, for Pro-me-theus had given them a gift from the sun.

But one day Jupiter looked down and saw the happiness and beauty of the earth, and he was more angry than you can believe.

"Who has done this thing?" he thundered. No one could tell him. So he raged and roared till the earth trembled and shook. At last the Earth-people grew so fearful that they told Jupiter it was Pro-me-theus who had brought warmth and happiness to them.

"Pro-me-theus?" said he. "That is what comes of letting him live. I will make him wish he had gone with the rest of his race of Titan fathers."

Calling his most stalwart slaves, Jupiter ordered them to take Pro-me-theus to the top of a mountain. Then Vulcan, Jupiter's Blacksmith, forged great chains and bound him to a rock.

There he was doomed to stay for ages, while great birds pecked at his body and tormented him. There he lay bound, waiting for someone to come who should be mighty enough to free him. That mighty person was Her-cu-les of whom you will read some other day.

HELEN WALDO.





### • A COAST STEAMER •

THIS is a "coastwise" steamer, boys; her journeys take her  
most

To towns and cities near at hand along our country's coast.  
She picks up freight and passengers from New York to Savannah,  
And loads tobacco 'tween her decks at Tampa and Havana.  
She is a sort of visitor at different ports and goes  
To make some calls at cities that she really likes and knows.  
By *coastwise steamer* I suppose we are to understand  
She's very wise about the coasts, and hugs the pleasant land.



• AN OCEAN LINER •

THIS is the *Aquitania*, an Ocean Queen is she,  
For, yes indeed, she seems to rule the great and tossing sea.  
She is so big that she can hold five thousand souls aboard her;  
Nine hundred feet in length, and wide as Broadway is or broader.  
Her sister, *Lusitania* now lies beneath the waves,  
A guardian to those who have no one to guard their graves.  
Her sister *Lusitania* lies dead beneath the sea,  
But never can the way she died fade from our memory.

# THE STORY OF HENRY THOREAU

HERE was a boy who used to play hard in country places. You would like to know him. He was jolly and kind. And he knew a lot about such things as animals, and brooks, and ponds. One day, when he was very little, he was driving with his grandmother along the road at the edge of a pond—Walden Pond. He sat thinking and thinking how much he should like to live there, close by that pond. After a long time, he had a home right by Walden Pond; and he kept on liking it just as much as ever.

That boy's name was Henry—Henry Thoreau. When he was six years old, he had two nice walks in the country every day; because in the morning he drove his mother's cow to a field where the cow could get good grass; and then, late in the afternoon, he drove her home to the barn. He did not have to hurry; and he did not have on shoes and stockings.

In winter, he had fun coasting. When he was four years old, he went on his sled down steep hills. When he was ten years old, he skated a great deal. How those boys did like to make a fire on the ice! And how Henry noticed the snowbirds and yellow-birds in winter eating sunflower seeds and other seeds! I suppose seeds tasted as good to them as nuts. Once in a while, he saw a fox running over the snow.



Henry had chickens, a good many. He liked his chickens so much that he felt dreadfully when his mother said she must sell some of them. He turned away his head, and went and took a walk. Anyway, I suppose he had a good time on that walk.

Farms are pleasant places, but fat, brown woodchucks like to eat vegetables in gardens.

They did grit their teeth at Henry Thoreau's dog and made the dog go away when they bit at him with those sharp teeth!

One day a large woodchuck, with its head down a hole, was wriggling and grunting, so Henry knew that it was fighting some animal down in that hole. Henry took hold of the fat woodchuck's tail and tugged and tugged. At last, he drew the old fellow out, and tossed him over on the grass. The fat woodchuck seemed much surprised; but he tried to run right for that hole again. Henry would not let him go down after that other animal. The woodchuck tried several times; then he ran off, bouncing and bumping. Another day, Henry saw four little woodchuck babies together nibbling short grass, and he watched them a long time. You can sometimes go right up and lean over a woodchuck when he is nibbling, and he won't see you for ever so long. When he does look up, he will hasten away.

Often, Henry Thoreau saw two young striped squirrels playing together. They would put their claws and noses up to each other's faces, gently, as if they were fond of each other. Henry said: "They looked very chummy, those little ones." Then the mother would call the children away, and they





would go frisking and dancing around her. The mother squirrel has to keep hawks away from her children—she takes much care about that.

After he grew big Henry could sit on the ground so quietly that animals would come up close to him. Young partridges would nestle down in his hands and sit there without winking—seemed to be having a very nice time. Squirrels would run over him; and even little striped snakes would wriggle around his shoes. I think he never cared to take them up, but maybe they would have let him, for, what do you think, fishes let him take them up!

Yes, he liked to watch fishes in the water; to see how they swim and how they look—their colors and all. He watched them quietly, so as not to scare them. He saw their nests, and put his hand down into those nests, and felt the young fish, and sometimes he took them out of the water in his hands. One day, he took a mother fish out to look at her carefully, and she didn't mind a bit. Once he saw two old horned pouts attending to their little ones. The father and mother had numbers of children, hundreds, and all those children would sometimes come to the mother as chickens do to a hen-mother. So the father and mother pouts kept swimming around the whole

family, to see that no big fish came to swallow up some of the children. They were very watchful, because the little ones didn't keep still a minute. Henry Thoreau did think that fishes take good care of their babies.

On moonlight nights he would go out on the pond in his boat. When he played his flute the fishes seemed to like the music and would come near to listen. But, on some clear nights, he would be very quiet. Looking down, he would see the fish asleep. Then sometimes he would reach gently and lift a fish out of the water, hold it close to his face so that he could look at it carefully, then put it back again. Oh, he was gentle with animals! He learned so much about them, that he could tell children a great deal that they wanted to know—about birds, and birds' nests, and turtles, frogs and many others.

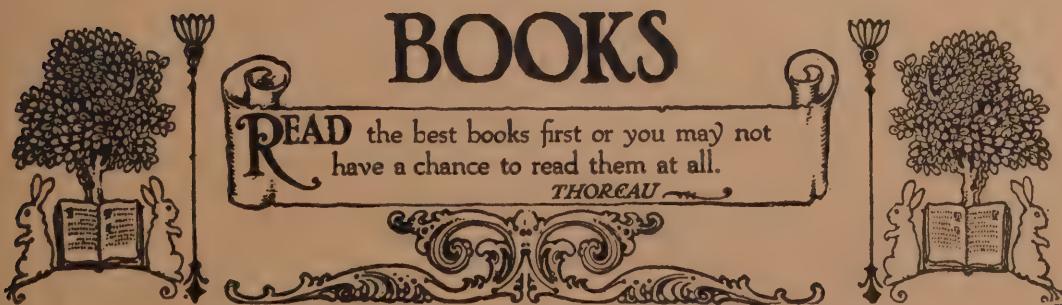
Besides, *he told good stories*. One little girl and her brother used to sit on a rug before the dining-room fire, and Henry Thoreau would be in a big rocking-chair, and he would tell them the finest stories! They never did forget those stories; and he would do tricks for them, too, such as making believe swallow his knife and then take it out of a child's own ear. Lively times! He popped corn for them, and sang to them, too. Then he gave them seeds for their garden, and he brought them berries. He took children on rides in a big haywagon: once in a great while, he took children in his boat and they liked that very much! He showed them fishes and turtles and snails; and he rowed them up the river and let them pick wild grapes that hung out over the water.

He was *so kind!* and he was a busy man, too. He built his own house. He had a garden. He made lead-pencils. He wrote books. Most likely, we never did know a busy man who was more kind than he was to everybody—animals and all—children and all. No wonder he became a very famous man.

SUSAN PERRY PECKHAM.

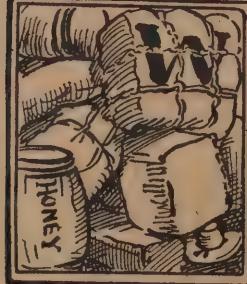
# BOOKS

**R**EAD the best books first or you may not have a chance to read them at all.  
THOREAU



**THE ADVENTURES  
of Captain James  
Scantling**

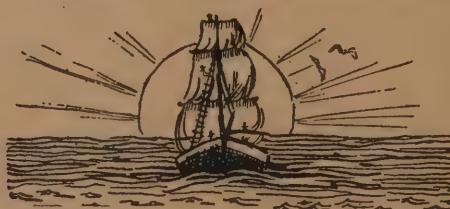
TAKE YOUR CHOICE MOUNTAIN



HEN I was Captain of the old "Jolly," I used to sail every now and then to a most uncommon high mountain, the "Take Your Choice," in the South Seas. I discovered it myself to let my crew go ashore for a change. And change they found in plenty. For the mountain was so high that it had all sorts of climates, which kept altering as you kept climbing higher.

First came the tropics where the oranges and lemons, and the pineapple, the breadfruit and the cakefruit trees grew. My crew were only simple sailor men but they knew the cakefruit tree as soon as ever they saw it.

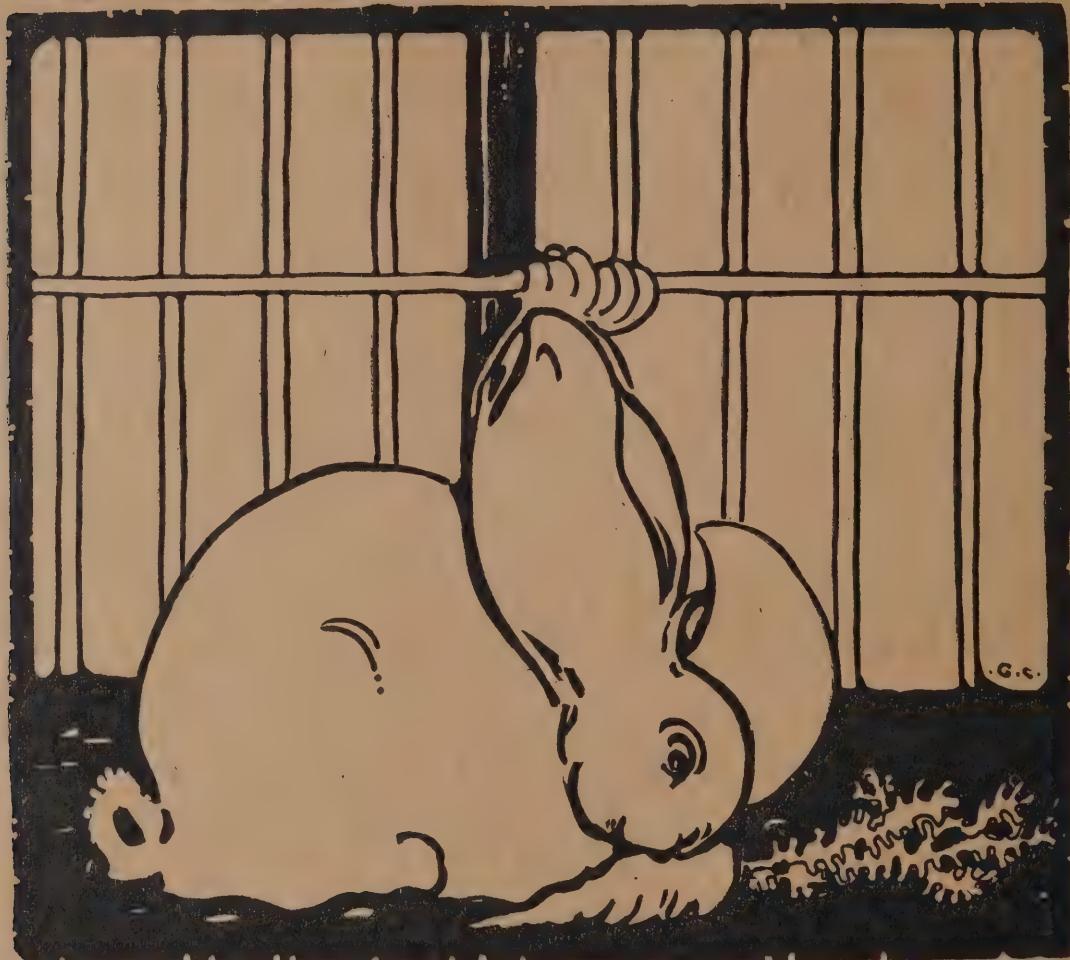
Then came the temperate line where the rigamarole trees grew, which was handy because the next port you came to was the Perpetual Rainy Day country, and the broad leaves of the rigamarole tree were useful as umbrellas. Rainy Day is a pretty miserable country but you soon pass through it and come to the snow line, or land of Perpetual Snow Falling. And when you get tired of that, you don't take long running down-hill again to the place where the cakefruit grows.





Granville

# UP-SIDE-DOWN-SIDE-UP



HERE'S A BUNNY IN HIS HOUSE  
EATING UP A CARROT ~ ~ ~

TURN THE PICTURE UPSIDE DOWN  
AND FIND A FUNNY PARROT





# THE RUNAWAY

A LITTLE tooth came out to-day,  
Came out and peeped around;  
Began to play, then ran away,  
And now it can't be found!

I've looked and looked and hoped it would  
Perhaps come home at night,  
To take, with its companions good,  
Its little evening bite.

They say it won't come back again!  
Why, then, if that's the case,  
I'll have to grow, it's very plain,  
Another in its place!

GEORGE ALISON

# TWO LIONS



If you should see a lion beast  
Out in the park some day,  
Perhaps you'd think it wise and safe  
To run yourself away.  
Yet, why is it, if you should see  
Some dande-lions to-day,  
You wouldn't run away at all,  
But just sit down and play?

WILL P. SNYDER

# UP-SIDE-DOWN-SIDE-UP



SEE THE WIND-MILL ON THE HILL  
WITH THE ARMS THAT FLAP ~~AND~~ FLY

- - - - -  
TURN THE PICTURE AND YOU'LL SEE  
TOMMY'S NICE NEW TIE - - -





## Capt. Scantling and the Water-Spout.



waterspout is a mighty awkward thing to handle. I remember a long time ago in the Gulf of Mexico in my old brig "The Happy Go Lucky" we got caught by a waterspout. And we might have been there yet only I had the presence of mind to lower a boat with orders to sail home and get help. Pretty soon they came

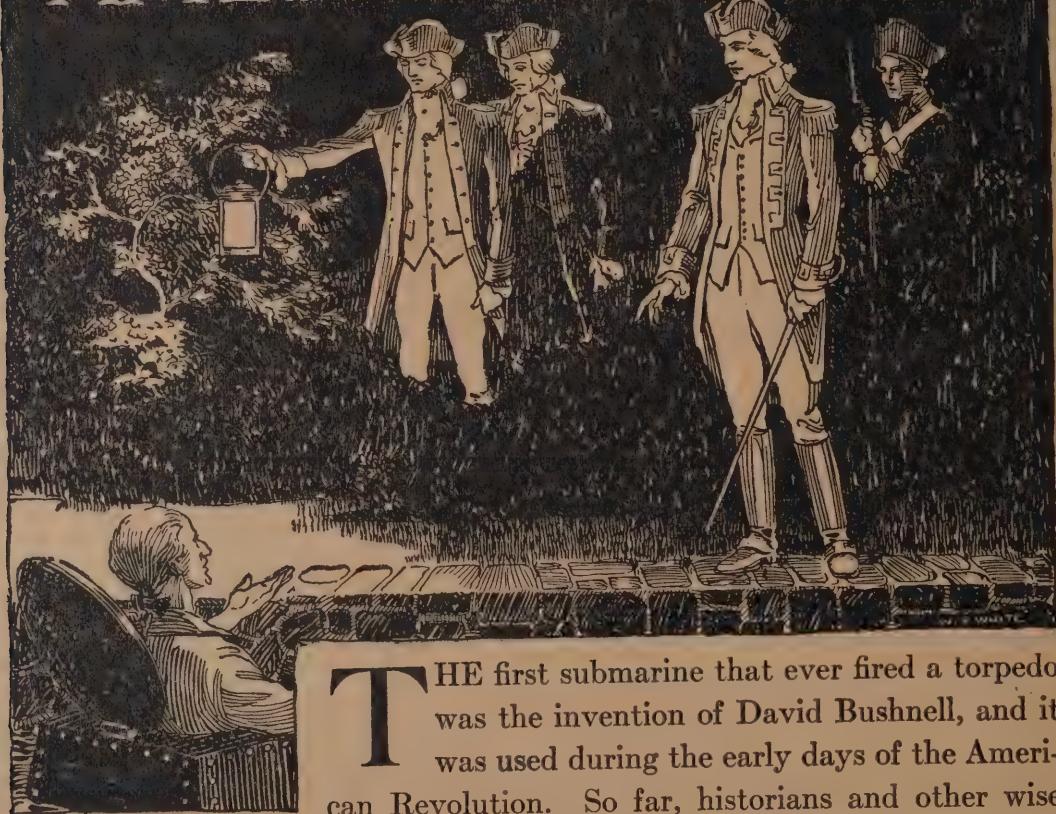


back with old Captain Stunsel and his ship "The Beauty of the Pacific." He fired a cannon-ball at the waterspout which of course



broke it and let us down safely. We were very much obliged to Captain Stunsel for his assistance, and we said so. He said, "Not at all. I know you'd do the same for me at any time I should require your help," and so we would.

# LONG BIGE AND THE AMERICAN TURTLE



THE first submarine that ever fired a torpedo was the invention of David Bushnell, and it was used during the early days of the American Revolution. So far, historians and other wise ones agree. Most writers say, however, that one Sergeant Lee handled the boat on its first trial. But William Cutter, writing nearly one hundred years ago, said that Sergeant Abijah Shipman was the operator. According to Cutter, the only reason the invention failed to change all sea fighting at that time was that Shipman had a case of "narves" (nerves).

It was in July of 1776 that Bushnell, aided by General Israel Putnam's money, completed his wonderful contrivance. Being in poor health, he had trained his brother to manage the boat; but at the last minute the brother was taken ill and a substitute had to be found. So it came about that "Long Bige" Shipman offered his services for a difficult and dangerous task. Shipman was lean and lank, full of dry humor, and absolutely without fear. He was a typical Connecticut Yankee.

Before daylight on the morning set for the trial, "Old Put" (Israel Putnam), his aide, Major Aaron Burr, Bushnell, Long Bige, and a few others met at the Battery in New York. Over the bay near Staten Island lay Admiral Howe's flag ship, the *Eagle*, a boat of sixty-four guns which was the object of attack. Near it floated the rest of the British fleet.

Long Bige folded his six-feet-three-inches into the opening at the top of the boat and was about to screw down the air-tight cap when he suddenly thrust out his head and exclaimed:

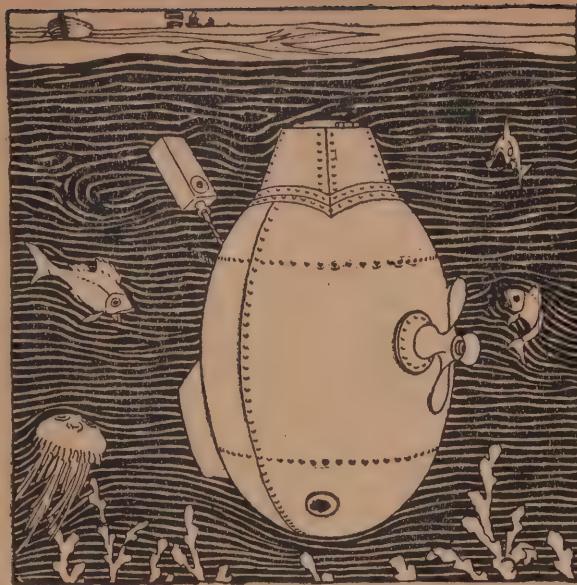
"Say, who's got a chaw of terbacker? This 'll never last me through," —at the same time throwing away a liberal chew.

But not a plug of tobacco could be found in the company. Bige was determined not to go without it and the trial seemed to be off. Finally, however, Old Put's great powers of persuasion induced Bige to get back into his little chamber, but he grumbled enough for two Connecticut Yankees.

"Mind, Gen'ral, if the old Turtle don't do her duty, it's all because I go to sea without terbacker."

The boat got its name from its resemblance to two tortoise shells, joined together and standing on end. As the craft was pushed into the stream, it floated with just the neck above water. At Bige's right hand was the handle of a screw propeller which extended in front of the boat. Under his arm he had the tiller, and within easy reach of hands or feet were valves for letting in water to submerge the boat, and pumps for forcing the water out.

At first, Bige could steer by direct vision, as it was still sufficiently dark for him to keep partly above water; but tide and propeller soon carried him so near to the *Eagle* that he had to submerge his boat. Then he had to guide his course by a little compass which was outlined with phosphorus. All air was, of course, shut out by the closing of automatic valves, but his little compartment contained enough for a half hour.





As soon as the *Turtle* bumped gently against the hull of the *Eagle*, Bige prepared to release his torpedo. This was carried at the back of his boat, just over the rudder. The box contained one hundred and fifty pounds of powder and was attached to a stout cord which had a screw at the end. This screw could be turned from within the boat and then released, allowing the powder box to float up against the bottom of the vessel that was to be its victim. The torpedo was rigged with clock-work and could be timed to explode at any desired moment.

The difficult task was to fasten the screw to the hull of the boat, for the tide was so strong that Bige had to keep his propeller working backward, and this left but one hand for fixing the screw. On his first attempt the point hit an iron brace and this so blunted it that it would not easily enter the wood. Bige tugged and sweated while the air became more and more impure. He did not dare come up to let in fresh air for it was now so light that he would be easily seen above water, so he worked away for dear life while breathing became more and more difficult.

Then it was that Bige missed his tobacco. For a moment he let go the handle of the propeller while he reached for the plug that wasn't there. Immediately the tide swept him away from the *Eagle*, and, work as hard as he might, he could not get back to his position. All but senseless from lack of air, he released the torpedo box, and slipped to the top of the water.

Bige had time for only a few deep breaths of the pure air that forced its way through the automatic valves before he was discovered by those on

board the *Eagle*, and he was peppered by a volley of musketry. Down he ducked again, much to the surprise of his observers, and made his way toward shore as best he could. General Putnam sent a boat to his aid, and he was pulled out of the water before he lost consciousness.

"Just as I said, Gen'ral!" Bige complained as he reached shore. "It all failed for want of a cud of terbacker. You see I was narvous without terbacker. I got under the *Eagle*'s bottom all right, but somehow the screw struck the iron bar under the rudder post and wouldn't hold on anyhow I could fix it. Just then I let go to feel for a cud to steady my narves, and I hadn't any. The tide swept me under her stern and I couldn't manage to get back. So I pulled the lock and let the thunder box slide. I say, can't you raise a cud among you now?"

But Bige's efforts were not all in vain, for the "thunder box" soon exploded with a tremendous splashing of water thrown high into the air. Cutter says this so astonished and frightened the British that the whole fleet hastily pulled out of the harbor, not to return until after the Continental forces had established strong fortifications up the river.

PARK PRESSEY.





YOU all love Pussy cats, don't you? They are so soft and cuddly, and make such pretty noises when you stroke them. "Purr, Purr, Purr," they say, which means—"I love you and I like you to stroke me." Shall I tell you about a poor little pussy, who had no one to love her for a long time? When this pussy was a kitten, she was very happy and lived with a kind lady who called her "Pet," gave her cream every day, and let her sleep at night on a soft cushion in her own room. Sad to say, pussy's dear mistress fell ill and when the doctor came to see her, he said she must go away to a warm country. This caused a great deal of fuss, and even Pussy guessed something strange was going to happen.

Soon after, the dear lady was carried down stairs and taken away in a carriage. Then the servants all began to pack up, and what do you think Pussy did? Instead of stopping near her friend, the cook, who meant to take care of her, she hid herself away in the loft over the stable where nobody could find her. Cook hunted for her all over the whole house and garden and at last had to start on her journey without her.

Pet stayed up in the loft till it grew quite dark, and then she crept down the ladder into the stable, but only think how frightened she was when she found the door was shut and that she could not get out. She mewed and mewed as loud as she could, but nobody heard her, and there she had to stop for a long time without anything to eat. At last, the door opened and a man looked in. Pussy ran out straight to the kitchen door, expecting to find some food put out for her near it. There was nothing there and the door



was tight shut. What was the poor little hungry cat to do? She crept under the gate into the road, and then into the garden of the next house, where to her great delight, she saw her friend, the black Tom, sitting in the sunshine licking his paws. He had just finished dinner, and had left some nice scraps on the plate beside him. Pet began to eat them, but suddenly she heard a loud hiss, and there was the gardner with a rake in his hand. "No wild cats here," he cried, lifting the rake to hit poor Pet. Away she ran again, and when she got to the road, some naughty boys chased her and threw stones at her, calling out—"A wild cat!" She really did become a wild cat, now ready to bite and scratch anyone who tried to catch her. She lived by stealing food put out for pet cats and dogs, that had already eaten too much.

You will never guess who saved poor Pet at last. One day she hid in the shrubbery of a pretty garden, and there a little kitten was given to her to care for. It was only a very tiny little creature, but its Mother thought it the most beautiful kitten in the world. When she felt its soft body pressed against hers, she forgot all her troubles. And only fancy! Her troubles were over, for a dear little girl found her and her baby that very day. She was delighted and ran to tell her Mother, who gave her bread and milk to take to Pet. Everyday after that, food was brought to the shrubbery, and big Pet and little Pet lived in the pretty garden *all* the rest of their lives.

NANCY BELL.





**LITTLE CAMP SHARP EYES**



IT wasn't a really truly camp but in some ways it was all the better for that. You see, sometimes make-believe things are even better than real ones. In the first place Jimsey and Whimsey were not big enough to go really truly camping yet, but they could make-believe camp all the bright sunny hours after school. Then when jolly round Mr. Sun got ready to pull his rosy night-cap on and go to bed behind the Purple Hills while the Black Shadows came creeping into the orchard, there was a real comfy feeling in being able to race ahead of them up to the house and find Mother waiting there to listen to all the wonderful things they had to tell while they ate their supper.

After all it was almost like a really truly camp for there was a really truly tent, under the oldest apple-tree in the farthest corner of the old orchard, where the bushes and blackberry canes grew along the old stone wall. When the little tent was first set up Whimsey had wanted to play house, but Jimsey had wanted to play Indian and scalp the dolls Whimsey had taken there. For just a few minutes there had been almost, not quite but *almost*, a quarrel. Then along had come Uncle Jim. He had laughed and when Uncle Jim laughed a lot of funny little wrinkles gathered around his eyes so that Whimsey and Jimsey had to laugh too. He listened to all they had to say and though he didn't laugh, the funny wrinkles stayed around his eyes.

"H-m-m," said he. "Most folks go camping to get away from house-keeping." Jimsey looked at Whimsey in triumph. "And most people who camp get as far away from scalping Indians as they can," he continued. It was Whimsey's turn to look in triumph at Jimsey. "I really don't see how anyone can want to play house or play Indian when there is so much to do and see."

"But there isn't, Uncle Jim. That's just the trouble—there isn't!" wailed Jimsey.

"Oh!" exclaimed Uncle Jim looking very much surprised and pleased. "It must be, then, that you have seen everything around here, and there are so many things I want to know. There's Striped Chipmunk over on the old stone wall. I've known for a long time that he lives somewhere around here, but I don't know just where. Won't you show me?"

Jimsey hung his head. "I—I'm afraid I can't, Uncle Jim," he replied.

Uncle Jim looked disappointed. "That's too bad," said he, "because I would really like to know and I haven't time to hunt. How are the apple-tree babies?"

"What babies?" cried Whimsey, her eyes beginning to shine at the mention of babies. "What are the apple-tree babies, Uncle Jim?"

Uncle Jim pretended to be very, very much surprised. "What!" he exclaimed. "You don't know the apple-tree babies, and three families of them right in this very tree over your heads? It seems to me that if I was about the size of two small people I know and had such a lovely camp I should get acquainted with my neighbors right away and learn what is going on. I should name it 'Camp Sharp-eyes' and——"

"The very thing!" cried Jimsey and Whimsey together, dancing around Uncle Jim happily.

And so it was that Camp Sharp-eyes was named.

"Now we must show Uncle Jim that we really *have* sharp eyes," said Whimsey as they watched him disappear through the old orchard. "He'll ask us the first thing to-night how those apple-tree babies are. Oh Jimsey, do you suppose they are birds, little teeny, weeny baby birds?"

Jimsey stared up into the old apple-tree. "I don't know," said he. "What do you suppose that fat old robin is making such a fuss about? She's got a worm in her mouth. I wonder why she doesn't eat it and keep still."

"Oh Jimsey!" Whimsey's eyes were shining with excitement. "Perhaps one of those families is her's! Let's hide in the tent and see."

Peeping out from the tent they watched with eager eyes and presently Mrs. Robin stopped making a fuss and flew straight into the tree over



their heads. Jimsey wanted to go right out and see where she was, but Whimsey would not let him until they had seen Mrs. Robin fly away. Then out they scrambled and two pairs of sharp eyes peered eagerly up through the branches of the old apple-tree. Whimsey was the first to spy a mass of something like mud, covered with brown dead grass, in a crotch of the tree.

"I see it!" she cried. "It's a nest, Jimsey! It's a nest, and that is where one of the families of apple-tree babies is."

"I'm going to climb up and see 'em," announced Jimsey.

But just then back came Mrs. Robin with another worm and she seemed so distressed at the sight of the children that they crept into the tent once more. While they were waiting for her to fly away Jimsey spied a sober little russet-headed bird who appeared to have something very important on her mind. She flew away but in less than a minute she was back again, very busy about something out near the end of one of the lowest branches. Then off she flew, but in no time she was back again—or was it another who looked just like her? Yes, that was it, for now there were two of them and the one who had just come had a

tiny little green worm. One of those horrid little canker worms that drop on you when you are walking under the trees.

Both little birds flew away and Jimsey and Whimsey crept out of the tent and hurried under the low growing branch. At first they didn't see anything though they looked their hardest. Then Jimsey saw—what do you think? Why the dearest little nest almost hidden among the apple leaves! Very gently he pulled the branch down until by standing on tip-toe they could see into the nest.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Whimsey.

There were four of the funniest little baby birds with their mouths wide open.

"Why they're all heads and mouth!" cried Jimsey. "They're dreadfully homely things."

"There's the father and mother birds, Jimsey, and see how frightened they are! They think we are going to hurt their babies. Let's go away," whispered Whimsey.

Back in the little tent Jimsey went joyously. "There are *two* of the apple-tree families. Now we'll find the third and then I guess Uncle Jim won't have anything to say about our not seeing things. This is lot's more fun than playing house, isn't it?"

"Or Indians," replied Whimsey. "Who'll be first to find that other family?"

"I will," boasted Jimsey.

But look as they would, they could not see another nest in the apple-tree.

"I don't believe there is another," grumbled Jimsey as they started up through the old orchard at the sound of the supper bell, and that is what he told Uncle Jim.

"I guess we'll have to rename that camp and call it Camp See-Little," replied Uncle Jim, and the funny little wrinkles began to pucker up the corners of his eyes, "because while I was down there I saw Jenny Wren pop in and out of her house a dozen times right under your very noses. What was the little nest made of that you did find?"

"Oh, just straw, I guess," replied Jimsey.

"Dear me, dear me, how little some people do see," said Uncle Jim as if talking to himself. "Now it seemed to me to be made of fine roots

and grass and unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. and Mrs. Chipping Sparrow had lined it with hair from old Dobbin's tail. Funny how some people can look at things and really not see them at all."

The next morning Jimsey and Whimsey were down at the tent before breakfast and four bright eyes were seeing things they had never seen before. They found the horse hair in the sparrow's nest exactly as Uncle Jim had said. Then just as the breakfast bell rang Whimsey gave a little squeal of excitement.

"See, Jimsey!" she cried. "See the little round hole in that old dead limb! A little bird just went in there and I do believe it was Jenny Wren!" And then as if to prove that she was right, out popped the sauciest little bird with the brightest eyes and a little stick-up tail that she didn't keep still a minute. It *was* Jenny Wren and they knew now where the third apple-tree family lived.

That was only the beginning of Camp Sharp-eyes when Jimsey and Whimsey began to learn to see. I wish I could tell you about all the wonderful things and the interesting things and the funny things they discovered around their little camp under the old apple-tree: how they watched old Mr. Toad catch his dinner and Bumble Bee collect his honey and little Mr. Garter Snake change his skin; what they learned about flowers and birds and butterflies and bugs and ever so much else. But John Martin says he can't let me say another word this time except that he and I both want every one of you to have a Camp Sharp-eyes this summer, and find out for yourselves what Mother Nature's little people are doing around you all the time.



# AT NIGHT

AT NIGHT when I am put to bed  
My mother goes around  
And sees that everything is right  
To keep me safe and sound.  
She pats my pillow here and there,  
And then it always seems  
As if she made it very soft  
And full of pleasant dreams.  
With little smiles upon her lips  
She smooths the counterpane,  
And always gives my pillow one  
More tiny pat again.  
My mother's eyes are very dear  
And full of lovely light  
As she bends over me and says,—  
“There dear, sweet dreams, good night.”  
Then very soon I fall asleep,  
As safe as safe can be,  
For Mother tells God's gentle Night  
To take good care of me.

J. M.

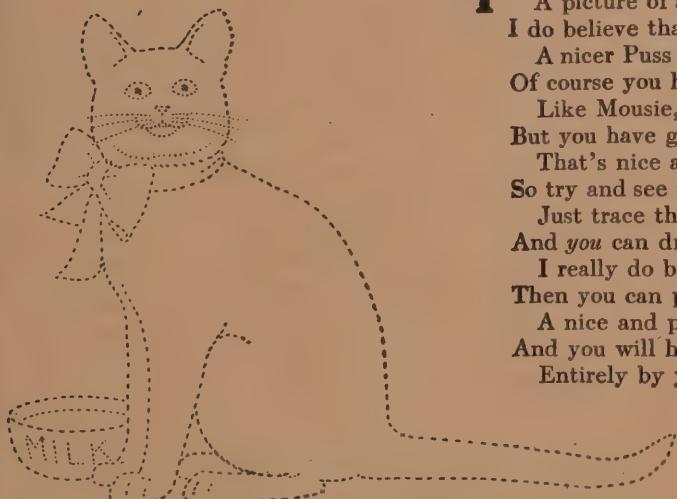


I live a thousand miles away from dear "John Martin's House",  
But I would have you know that I'm a rather clever Mouse.  
I write and draw things with my tail of what I see or do,  
I send them to John Martin and he sends them right to you.



G. BUTLER.

## HOW TO DRAW A CAT by Mr. MOUSE



YOU see, my Dear, how Mousie drew  
A picture of a CAT.  
I do believe that you can draw  
A nicer Puss than that.  
Of course you haven't got a tail  
Like Mousie, *wet* with INK,  
But you have got a pencil, Dear,  
That's nice and *dry*, I think.  
So try and see what you can draw.  
Just trace these lines we leave,  
And *you* can draw a Pussy Cat  
I really do believe.  
Then you can paint your Pussy Cat  
A nice and pretty blue,  
And you will have a picture, drawn  
Entirely by you.

PUSSY CAT. Drawn by \_\_\_\_\_

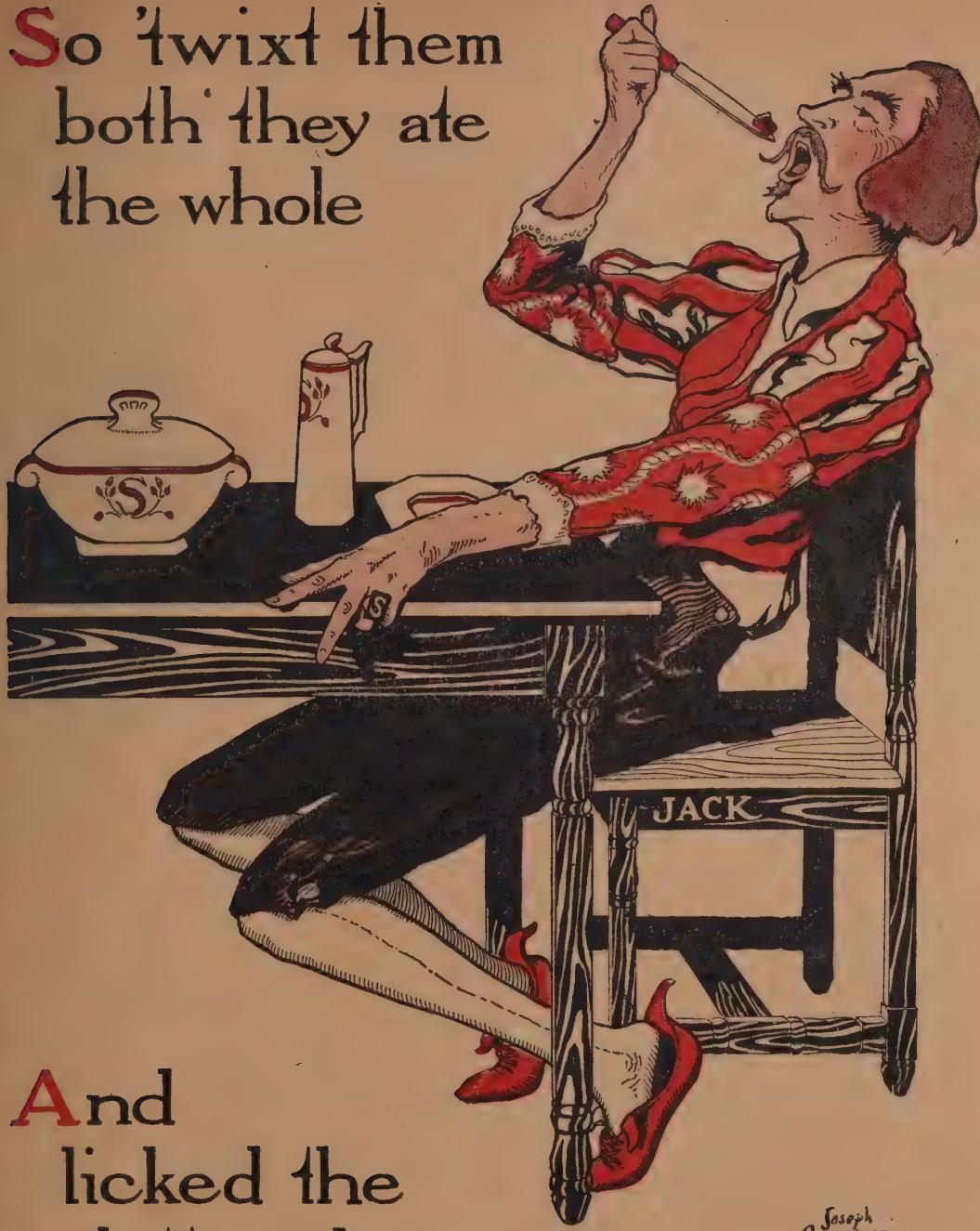
# JACK SPRAT

J could  
eat  
no fat



His wife could eat no lean

So 'twixt them  
both they ate  
the whole

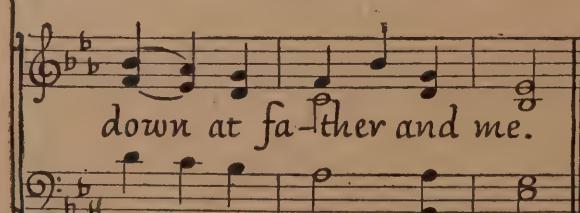
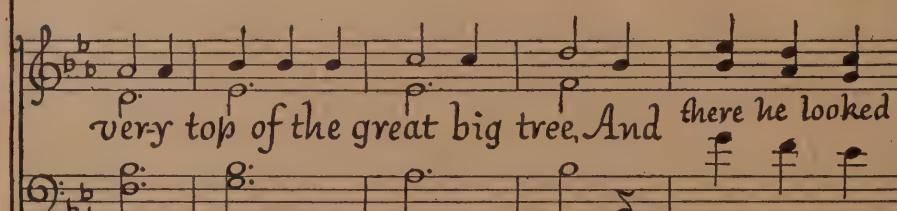
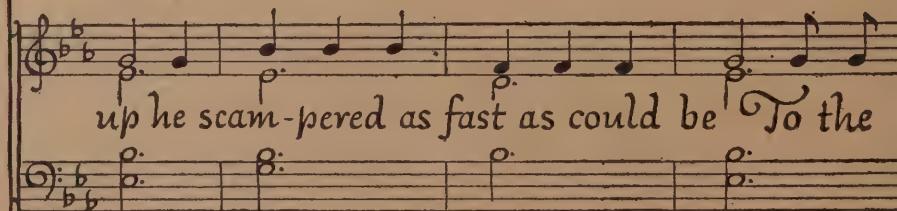
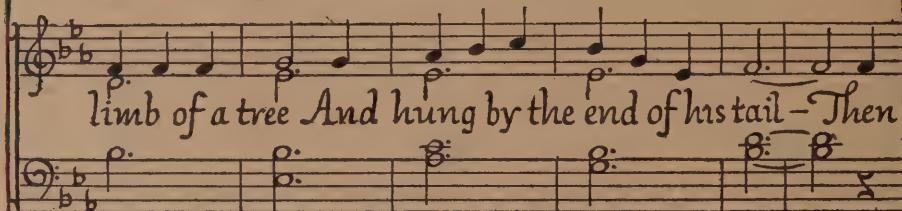
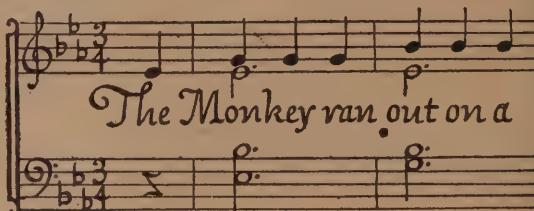


And  
licked the  
platter clean

Joseph  
Cummings  
Chase.

# The Monkey at the Zoo

By ELLEN RANSOM



# THE FOUNDING OF JAMESTOWN

T WAS 1607, and in May,  
A vessel, come from far away,  
Went sailing up the Chesapeake  
Bay.

Where now the city Jamestown stands,  
And many a cargo daily lands,  
Its folk debarked upon the sands.

And mostly gentlemen were they,  
Who less of work knew than of play,  
When they came sailing up the bay.

But when of hunger perished some,  
And others filled their graves through rum,  
Then to the rest did wisdom come.

So, led by Smith, their captain brave,  
They learned to work, their lives to save,  
And tilled the fields that succor gave.

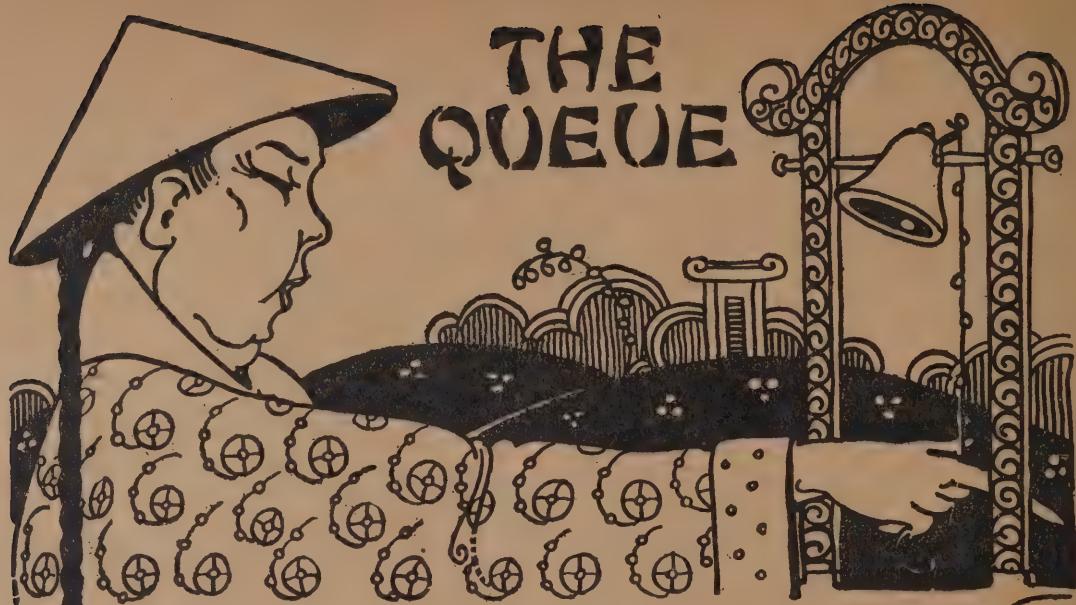
From hunting mines with wealth of gold,  
They turned to digging in the mold  
For produce to be used and sold.

And so the city they did found,  
And all the colony around,  
Grew large, and prosperous, and renowned.

MARY STARCK.



# THE QUEUE



A CHINAMAN'S queue is a curious thing  
And hangs down his back like a very thick string.  
I've dreamed if I'd pull it, it surely would ring  
And make Master China go ting-a-ling-ling,  
Or, just for variety, ding-a-dong-ding.

*O ting-a-tong, ding-a-dong,  
Ling-a-ting-ting, ding-a-ling-ling!  
O ting-a-tong, ding-a-dong,  
Ling-a-long-ting-a-ding-ding!*

'A queue is not curly as curly can be  
And yet you can loop it—stop laughing at me!  
I'm glad I don't wear one, or how could I see  
How gaily and daily and singularlee  
It bobs as it strikes on the back of my knee?

*O ting-a-tong, ding-a-dong,  
Ling-a-ting-ting, ding-a-ling-ling!  
O ting-a-tong, ding-a-dong,  
Ling-a-long-ting-a-ding-ding!*

Louise Ayres Garnett.

# FANCY FLOWER

A CHINESE LEGEND



ONCE upon a time in far away China, there lived a thief. The wise men of the land tried in vain to find the thief's abode. Astrologers had searched the stars for guidance but without success.

Huge rewards had been offered for his arrest, but no man came to claim the reward. Night after night this clever thief repeated his thievings, and all the clue that was left behind was a picture of a flower, prettily traced upon the walls of the house he had robbed.

Strange to say, it was only the dwellings of unkind and ungenerous rich men that were robbed. The poor man he never disturbed, save when that man was miserly or cruel. Indeed, many a good poor man found gold or food upon his doorstep the morning after the abode of a rich man had been robbed. But always there was that pretty picture of the flower traced upon doorstep or wall. So the thief became known as the Fancy Flower Thief, and his name was blessed by the poor and cursed by the selfish rich.

Now it happened that the daughter of the lordly Prince Pu Han was about to be married. Her father had gathered priceless treasures into his house, as gifts to the bridegroom and his beautiful daughter. Great was the pride of Prince Pu Han. But the night before the wedding, every treasure was stolen and all that remained was the delicate tracing of the flower upon the walls of proud Pu Han's great house. So terrible was the rage of Pu Han, that his servants and retainers quailed before him.

"Out, dogs!" he stormed. "Bring me this thieving wretch. Fail me in this my command and ye shall soon be headless, as ye deserve to be unless ye have heads enough to trap for me this Fancy Flower rascal."



All day in tears they searched, and at nightfall rested beside a fallen tree, bewailing their sad plight. When weeping most sorely and moaning most loudly, they were accosted by a handsome young student whose face was full of compassion and whose voice was kind.

"Wherfore do you weep?" said the student.

"Alas, honorable sir," they replied, "we are sent by our master, the royal Pu Han, to search for that rascal Fancy Flower Thief. We dare not return without him. Alas, most miserable are we!"

"Be comforted. I have knowledge of Fancy Flower; I, alone, can reveal his dwelling place."

"What!" exclaimed the servants. "Do you not know that Fancy Flower dwells not in earthly abode? Who are you that shall reveal his hiding place? Jest not with us for we are in sore trouble."

"Nay, be not afraid. I jest not. I myself am Fancy Flower. Take me to your master."

In fear the servants edged away from the youth, thinking him mad.

"Stay," said he, "I am not mad. See, and be convinced."

Thereat he showed them a marvelous set of burglar's tools quaintly wrought with the beautiful *flower pictures*, and he told them how he had ransacked the home of Pu Han, so they were forced to believe. With joy they returned and told their master the news of their wonderful capture.

"Bring him to me," commanded the proud Pu Han, and Fancy Flower

was thrust into the presence of the wrathful prince and ordered to fall upon his knees.

"I bow not to earthly pride," he replied without fear.

"What is thy degraded name?" thundered Pu Han.

"Fancy Flower is my *renowned* name," was the youth's reply.

"Art thou the wretch who dared enter my sacred abode and steal my treasures?"

"I am!"

"Vile being! Where is thy miserable hovel?"

The young man drew himself up proudly and pointed to the sky, saying:

"The covering of my home is the sky and the earth is my dwelling. That is my home which is not bound by land or sea. I am not like you, robed in fine clothing, when the poor lie starving at the gates. I take away from the selfish rich, and give unto the poor; my hand does the giving, thy hand withholds."

The prince's face grew purple with wrath.

"Insolent fellow, to make thyself equal to the gods. Out with him. Off with his head!"

The soldiers grasped him, when all at once he vanished from their midst, leaving in their hands only a cluster of silver flowers which crumbled to ashes in their touch. The room was in an uproar but the old ruler sat with bowed head, tears of humility and shame creeping down his face. His arrogance and pride melted away as a puff of smoke vanishes into invisible air.

"Truly," he murmured, "this man was a god and had a lesson to teach. I have indeed been cruel and wicked."

Ever afterward Pu Han shared his gold with those less fortunate. Other rulers followed his example, and the fanciful flower became only a memory as the wealthy gave freely of their abundance. And there was peace and prosperity throughout the Empire; and other nations beholding, said:

"China has wakened from a long sleep."

EDITH M. RETNUS.



# Twinkling Stars



JANE lay in her little, white bed looking out of the window at the twinkling Stars in the clear evening Sky.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little Star, how I wonder what you are," she murmured sleepily.

Then a wonderful thing happened! The gay little Red Balloon, which was tied to the bed post, leaned over and whispered, "Untie me. I will take you up to the Stars."

She laughed in delight, jumped out of bed, untied the string, and holding it very tightly, sailed right out of the window into the soft Night Air, which loved her dearly.

Up, up and up they went, until they were on the Milky Way. Oh! How beautiful and brilliant everything was under the light of the thousands of Stars about them!

"There is the Great Bear!" cried Jane. "Take me, little Red Balloon, to the Great Bear!"

The Great Bear and all of the little Bears beamed with pleasure and welcome, as Jane and the little Red Balloon flew straight to them.

Jane clapped her hands in delight, as she looked about her. "Why?" she laughed, "everything here is just as it is on Earth, only much more wonderful. The Flowers, the Birds, the Trees all smile. Love and Happiness are everywhere. Everything is flooded with Light. Now I know why the Stars twinkle! It's because they are so happy, they just dance with Joy."

"Dear Friends," she whispered, "I'd love to stay and play with you, but I must go back to Mother. It is a long journey, you know."

Just then the Shooting Star stopped a moment in its downward journey.

"Oh, dear Shooting Star, please take me home!" she begged.

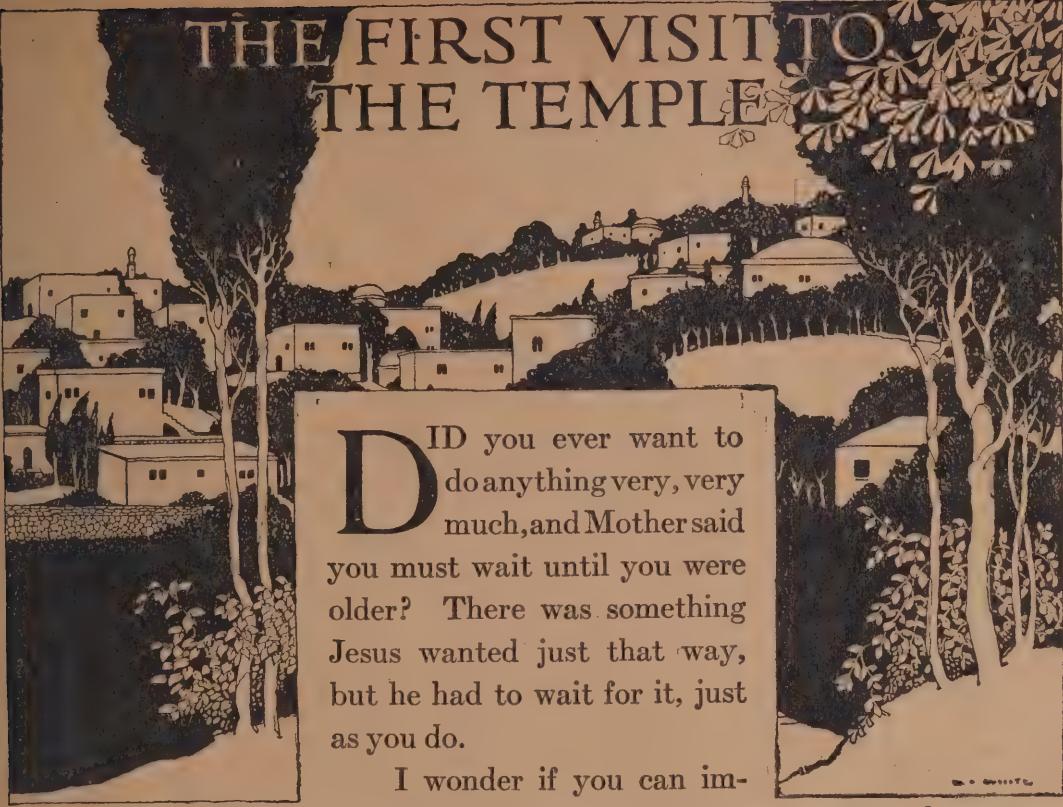
"That is why I stopped here," he replied.

In an instant she was seated in the chariot of Light and was flashing down, down through the Sky, with the little Red Balloon hugged tightly to her, for little Red Balloon had been very kind.

When the Sun peeped into Jane's room the next morning, he found her still in Dreamland, smiling happily, as the little Red Balloon nodded a jolly "Good Morning" from the bed post.

ELIZABETH BILLINGS STUART.

# THE FIRST VISIT TO THE TEMPLE



Did you ever want to do anything very, very much, and Mother said you must wait until you were older? There was something Jesus wanted just that way, but he had to wait for it, just as you do.

I wonder if you can imagine a little village on the hillside, with small, square, one-story houses set all about? Some of these houses had a small upper room that was reached by an outside staircase. Imagine Jesus living in one of those houses, playing with other boys on the hills, working with Joseph in the carpenter's shop, listening while his mother told him Bible stories, and going to the little meeting house each Sabbath for lessons.

When he was a very little boy, his mother must have told him about the wonderful temple in Jerusalem where all the people went each year. He would go as soon as he was old enough. He soon learned to watch for the grain to begin to head, for every one must take to the temple a handful of the very first grain. I can almost see him run into the house shouting, "Mother, Mother, the grain is ready. May I help cut it?"

Every year, as a small boy, he watched them make preparations, taking the things they would need for the journey. It was not such a long way as we count distances, but when Jesus was a little boy, there were no cars and automobiles as there are now. People had to walk. At best, there were only donkeys to carry the heavier things they must take with them.



How happy was the little boy Jesus helping his father and mother to get ready, then running to the top of the hill to watch them start. Perhaps he said to himself, "I am a year older now. It will not be so very long before I, too, can go to the temple." Then, one year he could say, "Next year I'll be going with you."

At last came the wonderful spring when Jesus was to go. He knew all the Bible lessons that a boy must learn. He was old enough, strong enough. Can you see what a fine, manly boy he was? How eagerly he watches for the grain to ripen this year. Perhaps Joseph let him cut the grain, the finest he could find, to carry to the temple.

Then, very early one morning, they started. It was a large company. There were the grown people who went every year. There were the boys who had gone last year for the first time. There were those for whom this was the first journey. At noon, the company would stop to rest. At night they would make a camp.

We do not know just how long it took them to go; three or four days, probably. But I like to think that it was near sunset when they looked across from the last hill to see the gilded dome of the temple. Perhaps Jesus was the first to see it. Then they must hurry down into the valley, and across the brook, and up to one of the gates before they were closed for the night.

What an awakening it was, that first morning in Jerusalem! As the boy Jesus looked out upon that city of which his mother had told him so much, he thanked his heavenly Father that he was there. Then, while it was very early, his mother may have said, "Come, my son, let us go to the temple for the sunrise service," and the little family would go down the street and up to the court of the temple. They could hear the silver trumpets calling the people. As they came nearer, they could hear the words, "Praise ye the Lord." Later, Joseph and the mother would take the boy

to the high priest for the ceremony of the day. We do not know quite what that was. Jesus probably had to answer questions, to repeat parts of the Bible, to let the priests see how carefully he had been taught, how well he remembered.

Jesus must have been greatly interested in it all on this first visit to the great city and to the temple. It was very different from our churches to-day. There was the big court, with its pens of cattle and lambs for the sacrifices, its cages of birds, its men rushing about trying to sell their wares. Then they came to the broad porch where stood the singers, at least a hundred of them—and then, over all, rose the incense smoke, calling them to prayer.

As soon as the morning worship was over, Jesus may have gone into the school of the temple, where the priests were teaching the boys who came to them from all over the country. The priests spent much time studying the Bible, and they could answer questions that the teachers in the synagogues could not. Jesus had many questions he wanted to ask them.

But the days passed quickly, just as our days do. It was time to return home. Again they started early in the morning to have a long day to travel. There were so many of them, it was no wonder the mother thought her son had run on ahead with the other boys. It was no harm if he had. But, at supper time, when each family sat down by itself for the evening meal, Jesus did not come to them. From group to group the parents went, but he was not to be found. What could have happened? They must wait until morning, it was not safe to travel by night.

So Joseph and the mother turned back. It was a long day's journey, and they reached the city too late to begin their search. In the morning they went to the temple. The mother knew where to look for her boy; she found him with the teachers, still asking questions. He did not realize how time had been passing, how anxious they must have been about him.

When he found how his mother had been troubled, he must have been sorry. Perhaps he put his arms about her as you do about your mother. The Bible does not tell us. It does say that he went home with them and obeyed them just as he had done before.

*"And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature  
and in favor with God and man."*

ANNA TRITT DENNIS.

# WHY THE SEA IS SALT

*A Legend of the Northland.*



often ill-treated Torvald, his poor brother, and made him very unhappy. One day Torvald found a magic hand-mill. He had only to repeat certain words and the mill would grind whatever he wished. He was a very wise young man so he had the mill grind only those things that could be used. Of course, before many months, he, too, became rich, even richer than his brother. When Olaf heard of his brother's success he grew envious and wished that he might have this wonderful mill for himself. He made such a great offer to his brother for the magic mill that much to his joy, he was able to buy it. Torvald showed him how to start the mill, but remembering how his brother had treated him in the past, he did not tell him how to stop it.

**A**MONG the folk-lore stories and myths of olden days, we find many curious explanations which we should seldom, if ever, think of telling to children. But at that time people believed everything should be explained in some way, and many interesting tales were told to the little ones.

Once upon a time two brothers, Olaf and Torvald, lived together. Olaf was rich but Torvald was poor. The rich brother



OLAF BUYS THE MILL

Olaf took the mill home and as dinner was late, he greedily told the mill to grind out gruel, "fast and plenty," because they had an extra number of hired men making the hay and all were very hungry. The mill obeyed and in a short time there was so much gruel that all the dishes and tubs in the house were filled full and the mill still kept running. So frightened was Olaf that he ran to his brother and asked him if he could stop the mill for he feared that the whole village would be buried in gruel if something was not done. The result was that he paid his brother a great sum of money to stop the mill and to take it away with him.

The legend goes on to say that one day a sea captain came to Torvald and asked him if the magic mill could grind salt. The sea captain was accustomed to go on long fishing trips and he had to have salt in which to pack his catch. This meant that sometimes he must travel great distances to get the salt, at a loss of much time and money. When Torvald said that the mill would grind salt, the sea captain was very anxious to get this wonderful mill and could hardly wait to possess it. As soon as Torvald agreed to let it go, the captain seized the mill and ran to his ship with it, not thinking to ask how to regulate it. On that trip he did not carry any salt with him, but when he got far out to sea he said to the mill, "Grind salt both fast and well; grind, grind, grind!" The mill obeyed and kept grinding until at last the vessel was filled with salt to overflowing, for the captain did not know of any way to stop it. At last the ship was capsized by the weight of the salt and with the mill on its deck it sank to the bottom of the ocean. And, it is said, to this very day the wonderful mill is still grinding. That is why, according to this old tale, the water of the sea is salt.

WALTER K. PUTNEY.





# THE CROOKED MAN



**T**HREE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile;  
He found a crooked sixpence beside a crooked stile.

He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse.  
And they all lived together in a crooked little house.

**H**OW was the man crooked, and what made him so?" Ethel asked, looking up from her new book of nursery tales. Ethel was a little girl who was always wanting to know about things, and who was always asking *why*.

Sometimes her mother would say, "Ethel, you ought to have one mother who had nothing to do but to answer your questions." But this question about the crooked man Ethel asked of her Uncle Harry. He was an editor who always seemed to know everything, and to have time to tell what he knew. So Uncle Harry answered:

"The crooked man? Oh yes, I remember now. It was funny about him. He was not always that way, you know. He was a little boy in the good old days when there were all sorts of elves, and fairies, and goblins to make life interesting for everybody. Did you ever think, Ethel, how hard it

must have been to be a little girl or boy in those days? Besides having to be good to your brothers, and sisters, and schoolmates, and cousins, you would have had to please a whole army of fairy folk, who might have been your friends or might not.

"The crooked man was called Jack when he was a boy, and he was sometimes called Lazy Jack because he did not like to work. One



Asked Uncle Harry



Uncle Harry answered



Then why do you?

day, when he was lying on the grass under a big tree eating an apple, his mother called to him. She needed some sugar from the store, and she wanted him to go for it at once.

"'Oh dear,' sighed Jack, 'I wouldn't mind going if my head did not ache, and if my back were not so tired.'

"'Then why do you take your head and back?' asked some one. Jack was startled to find a little brown fellow sitting on a bush beside him. At first sight he might have been taken for a large cricket, but Jack knew it was one of the elves.

"'Why, how could I leave them?' he cried in astonishment.

"'As simple as can be,' replied the little brown fellow, 'when you go to the store all you need is your feet and one hand to carry the sugar. Well, then, just say a little charm that I will tell you, and you can take off your feet and one hand, and send them alone. The same charm will bewitch the store-keeper, and any one else who sees you. They will imagine that they see all of you, when, really, only your feet and one hand are there.'

"'Jolly,' said Jack, 'tell me the charm, and I will say it.'

"'I must whisper it to you, and *you* must always say it in a whisper. Now remember it.' The little man said something in Jack's ear and was gone.

"The lazy boy repeated the charm very softly, and then he grasped his foot. Sure enough only a little twist was needed to tumble it right off. Then he took off his other foot and one of his hands, and sent them to the store to do the errand.

"By and by Grandma called, 'Jack, dear, won't you run upstairs and look for my glasses?' Here was another chance to try the charm, and in a minute



Sent them to the store



They were afraid and scampered

his two eyes were upstairs looking for Grandma's spectacles. Before they got back, some one else wanted him to carry some wood from the wood-house, so he sent his other hand to do that; then his aunt asked him to try on a new jacket. If the fairy charm had not been working, what a fright dear aunty would have had, wouldn't she? But it looked to her as though all of Jack were there. You see now that there was not much of him left, under the tree, except his ears and his mouth.

"Then his ears heard this call from over the way, 'Come on, Jack, and go fishing with us,' how his mouth did call for the rest of him to come back! His feet and one arm came running from the store; his eyes came tumbling down the stairs, his other arm came in from the back yard, and the rest of him from Aunt Jane's room.

"Alas, he was in such a hurry that he made a mistake in what we call at the office, assembling; he did not get his parts together right. One foot was on backwards, his left arm was on the right side, and his eyes were crossed. Jack made a dreadfully bad mess of himself and, when he ran out to the boys, they were afraid, and scampered away. He tried to take himself apart to try again, but he found that, as he had forgotten the charm, he couldn't. And to this day he has not been able to remember the charm nor to find the elf that gave it to him, so he has always been crooked."

"But what made the cat and the mouse crooked?" asked Ethel. Her uncle laughed and said,

"It is time I went to the office, so we really must leave the cat and the mouse until next time."

ORA C. CLEMENT.

# Ques & Ans

**Ques.** Why is a February blizzard like a child with a cold in its head?

**Ans.** Because it blows, it snows (its nose).



**Ques.** Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?

**Ans.** Because it is the end of pork.



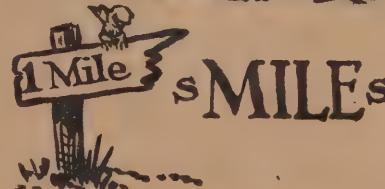
**Ques.** How do sailors know that there is a man in the moon?

**Ans.** Because they have been to sea (see).



**Ques.** What is the longest word in the English language?

**Ans.** Smiles—there is a mile between its first and last letter.



**Ques.** Why is your nose in the middle of your face?

**Ans.** Because it is the scenter.



**Ques.** Why is grass like a mouse?

**Ans.** Because the cattle eat it (cat'll eat it).



It won't come along ourselves

## TWO LITTLE VERSES by Abbie Farwell Brown

### THE MOON

*Perhaps the great and lovely Moon  
Is just a silver, big balloon  
Which God has given for a toy  
To some good little Angel-boy*

### SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY

*Somebody's birthday every day,  
Over this country near and far;  
So let us be generous kind and gay,  
For somebody's sake, wherever we are.*

# The BUSY BEES



Bright and B happy,

B well and B strong,

B Brave and B Blessed By

Bright Laughter and Song.

B Brimful of Blessings,

B Bounding with Health,

B Balanced in having

Brains, Beauty or Wealth.

B B loyal in Friendship,

B B grudging to none;

B B patient in trouble,

B B sure as the Sun.

B B one who B-lieves in

God's Goodness, and sees

The value and virtue

Of these Busy B's.

HONEY

# TOMMY'S TUMMY

Verse and Music by Louise Ayres Garnett



I have a little tum-my and it aches, aches, aches! It's

Painstakingly

all be-cause I've had too ma-ny cakes, cakes, cakes. It's

fun-ny when I like so much to eat, eat, eat, Most

From "The Rhyming Ring"—



an-y-thing I e-ver saw that's sweet, sweet, sweet, *My*

A piano accompaniment staff showing two measures. The left measure has a bass note and a treble note. The right measure has a bass note and a treble note.



naugh-ty lit-tle tum-my has to ache, ache, ache, *And*

A piano accompaniment staff showing two measures. The left measure has a bass note and a treble note. The right measure has a bass note and a treble note.



get me in-to trou-ble for it's sake, sake, sake!

A piano accompaniment staff showing two measures. The left measure has a bass note and a treble note. The right measure has a bass note and a treble note.

Rand, McNally & Company

Another

Janet McGill Story  
about  
A LITTLE GIRL  
WHO TEASED FOR A DOLL



ONCE upon a time there was a little girl. She wanted a doll, and her mother took her into Schwarz's. And then when they got in there and the little girl saw a doll—it was a china doll—she said:

"Mother, there's a *china* doll, please let me have her!"

And then the mother said, "No, you can't have her, because you'll *break* her, and then you'll feel very, very badly."

And then the little girl came to a cloth doll, and she said, "Please, *please*, Mother, let me have this doll! *She's* made of *cloth*, and she won't break."

And then the Mother said, "No, you can't have her because she'll get *dirty*."



And then the little girl came to a glass doll, and the little girl said, "Please, Mother, let me have that doll—she's *glass!*!"

And the mother said, "No, you can't have her because she'll break and you'll *cut* yourself."

And then the little girl came to a paper doll, and she said,



"Mother, please, there's a paper doll, let me have *her!*!"

And the mother said, "No, you can't have her, because she'll *tear*."

And then the little girl saw one made of *thread* and she said, "Please, please, Mother, let me have *that* doll!"

And the mother said, "No, you'll break the thread, and then she'll *ravel* all out."

And then the little girl came to a rubber doll and she said, "Please, please, please, Mother, let me have that doll? It's a rubber doll and *nothing* can happen to it."

And the mother said, "No, I don't want you to have her because she'll *squeak*, and then you'll scare somebody."





THE  
GLASS  
DOLL



THE  
IRON DOLL

And then the little girl came to a wooden doll and she said, "Please, please, Mother, get me that doll—she's a *wooden* doll!"

And the mother said, "No, you can't have that doll because she'll get *scratched* up."

And then the little girl came



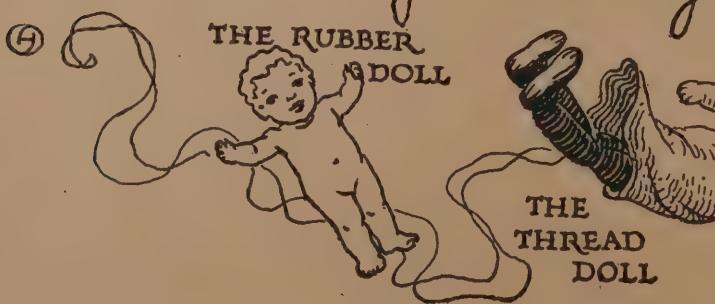
THE  
WOODEN  
DOLL

to an iron doll and she said, "Please, please, Mother, get me that doll—she's an *iron* doll! I've never seen an *iron* doll before!"

And then her mother said, "No, you can't have that because you'll *bump* yourself with it and *hurt* yourself."

And finally they went out of the store without buying anything at all.

Janet Mc Gill



THE RUBBER  
DOLL

THE  
THREAD  
DOLL



## BUBBLES

**B**LOW a bubble, good and tight,  
Blow it full with all your might.  
Blow your bubble, blow and blow,  
See it spread and see it grow;  
See its colors, gold and green,  
Red with violet in between.  
It is full of rainbow light,  
Blow it, blow it, good and tight.  
O, how beautiful it grows!—  
Then it *breaks* and wets your nose.

# FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

"THE LADY  
OF THE LAMP"



Nearly a hundred years ago, on the banks of the Arno in the beautiful city of Florence, a little baby girl was born. She was called "Florence" after that fair city of flowers.

Her father was a student, a lover of books; her mother was known for her great kindness and helpfulness to the poor, and little Florence inherited their culture and goodness of heart.

The childhood of Florence Nightingale began in the sunny land of Italy but later was passed in the beautiful surroundings of a fine old home in England which her father bought when Florence was about six years old. At that early age she began to show her thoughtfulness and care for the sick. She would play that her dolls were ill and required the utmost care. She would undress them and put them to bed. She smoothed their pillows, tempted them with imaginary dainties from toy cups and plates, and nursed them back to health, only to put them to bed again the next day. If dolly lost or broke her arms or legs, Florence neatly bandaged and "set" them.

Her first "real live patient" was the dog of an old Scotch shepherd. The poor suffering dog had an injured leg. Though Florence had poulticed and bandaged her dolls, she was quite overcome at the thought of nursing in real earnest. But she went nimbly to work. Soon the swelling went down, the pain grew less, and the grateful eyes of the suffering dog stirred a new feeling in her mind. She longed to do something for somebody, and the poor people on her father's estates soon learned what a kind friend they had in Miss Florence.

Study was a serious business. She played the piano well, was clever at drawing, spoke many languages, knew mathematics and yet she enjoyed to the full a scamper about the park with her dogs, riding her pony over hill and dale, and spending long days in the woods among the bluebells and primroses. Before the little girl was twelve years old she could hemstitch and embroider, could sew well and had made several samplers.

So, you see, from the time Florence Nightingale was very young she was trained to do real and useful things. She cared very little for going to parties as most little people do. Her thought was on more serious things, doing some great good in the world, something to help, so she turned her attention to the study of nursing. When she grew older, though it was a very new thing for a woman to do, she went about the hospitals of Europe, studying with the sisters of charity in Paris and in the hospitals on the Rhine.

Then came the war between Great Britain and Russia. News was brought to England that the wounded were not cared for. Food and clothing were scarce, surgeons were without lint and bandages. There were not enough army doctors to look after the sick and wounded and there were no nurses.

That need roused every English-woman to a sense of duty, and Florence Nightingale was chosen as the one best fitted to lead in the great work. She offered her services and set forth with her band of devoted nurses to give help to those who were suffering.

We hear many stories of this brave nurse, who gave up her own home life in England and went into hospital work caring for the soldiers by day and by night. Florence Nightingale seemed everywhere. At night when all was still she could be found in her simple dress, white apron, and closely fitting cap, gliding through the wards of the hospital; she carried a tiny night lamp in her hand as she moved from bed to bed, smoothing a pillow, or giving some word of comfort, and the suffering soldier boys called her the "Lady of the Lamp" and "The Angel of Mercy."

The story of her good deeds spread to every country. At the close of the war in the Crimea, people gave large sums of money to help in the building of an institution for the training of nurses; and it was the influence of her work that led to the organization of the Red Cross, the object of which was to care for all people on a battlefield, whether friend or foe.

The Red Cross Society, as known in modern times, dates from the convention of Geneva in 1864. All the countries represented in this convention





agreed to respect the persons and property of those who voluntarily give their services in time of war to attend on the sick and wounded. The workers must have a recognized costume, a flag and arm badge (a red cross on a white field). If taken prisoners they must be discharged without ransom.

The founding of the Red Cross Society was largely inspired by Jean Henri Dunant, who had seen the unnecessary suffering of the sick and wounded on the battlefield and had written a book about it. His book made a deep impression upon all Europe, arousing such a flame of sympathy that the Swiss government called the memorable convention. The agreement was signed by fourteen nations, that number has now increased to forty-three.

In 1884 the American National Red Cross Society was formed. Its purpose is to extend relief, not only in war, but in calamities such as fire, flood, famine, and pestilence. Whenever we see the white flag with the red cross, we must remember it means universal service to humanity, and we will always love and reverence the brave woman who, in war and in peace, showed the spirit of love and self-sacrifice to all.

C. L. CHEEVER.

*"A Lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great History of the land  
A noble type of good  
Heroic womanhood."*—Longfellow.



How CAPTAIN JAMES  
SCANTLING  
got the Better  
of the Pirate.  
called  
CAPTAIN  
PURPLE-BEARD.  
And secured The  
Treasure of THE ISLAND

Captain  
Purple Beard's  
Ship

Captain  
Scantling's  
Ship

The Treasure  
ISLAND



HEN I was a young man I got to hear of a TREASURE hidden on an island. So I set sail for the Island with my ketch, the *Now's Your Time*. But a pirate they called Purple Beard also got to hear of the treasure and he set sail for the island, too, with his felucca *The Pretty Dear*. But we sailed on different courses.



I reached the Island first. However, very unfortunately, my ship was wrecked and me and Smushtashe, the mate, and Timber Toes, and Billy, the Sash, had to swim ashore.



We soon found the TREASURE, and we were just chuckling most uncommon when Billy, the Sash, who was lookout, cried, "A sail, a sail!" It was Captain Purple Beard's felucca.



No time was to be lost. So the crew began making a raft, and I began giving directions. When the raft—



—was finished, the crew threw earth in it covering up the TREASURE which we put in the middle of the raft, and planted palm trees on the earth. And I went on giving directions.



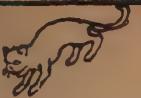
We had just got the raft afloat and everything shipshape when Captain Purple Beard saw us. He dropped his sails and let go his anchor at once and came in a



—boat with some of his crew to take possession of our Island and the TREASURE. They had great swords that shone like tin, but we weren't a bit afraid. I let them come quite close to the shore of our Island, and then I gave orders to—



—haul up the sail. Captain Purple Beard was the most surprised pirate that ever was seen when our TREASURE Island sailed away right before his eyes.

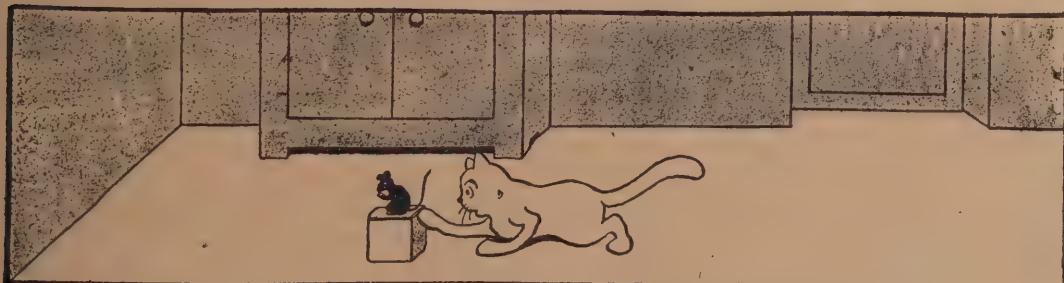


# HA! HA! MISS PUSS

by Benjamin Rabier



1. WELL, WELL, MR. MOUSE, WE'LL SEE ABOUT YOU.



2. I'LL JUST STEAL QUICKLY UPON HIM, AND—



3. O, DEARI WHO IS THIS?



4. I AM SURE I SAW A MOUSE.



• BLAZES INVADES •  
• FIFTH AVENUE •

EACH day as the four Carey children went down into the street, Mother cautioned Susie, the little mother, not to leave the block on which they lived. Yet, somehow, on this Monday in December, Mother, busy with the week's wash, forgot the usual warning. Rather naughtily, therefore; the little Careys, led by Blazes, set out from East Thirty-seventh Street to find the fairyland known as Fifth Avenue. Mother often said, "She puts on enough airs for Fifth Avenue," and the children had come to think of it just as they did of the Arabian Nights.

Blazes was a bold young explorer and wanted to find it for himself. Susie was not so brave, but she, too, wanted to see this strange country. Walter was happy in trying to be like Blazes. And Toots, the baby, loved to be wheeled, no matter where. So the four set off.

It was perfectly natural to turn west, beyond the dismal elevated roads, to look for fairy scenes. Somewhere, on and on, they were certain to reach that place of wealth and beauty where children can ride all day long in motor cars that make no more noise than the rolling of a rubber ball.

Walter, next in years to the baby, walked on the inner side of Susie, who was wheeling Toots in the go-cart. Close to the curb, as a safety guard,



trotted Blazes, stick in hand, his wavy red hair all atumble, his white blouse showing the first specks of soil. Only a year prevented Blazes from being Susie's twin.

The children passed an avenue of shops where the houses were old and shabby. This, of course, could not be Fifth Avenue. Farther on they came to a broad highway, with railed grass plots in the center and on both sides of the streets wonderful tall buildings that made the children think of the word dungeon; yet people seemed to live in them. But Fifth Avenue could not possibly be a place of such stillness. They knew it must be full of life, and color, and sparkle.

They journeyed on again. All at once Blazes noticed a very tall young man coming toward them with giant steps. He was so tall that he made Blazes think of a tower out for a walk.



Blazes attempted to waylay him: "Is Fifth Avenoo far, please?"

It seemed the young man was going to pass Blazes as if he were not there at all. This only showed how little he knew Blazes. That young knight shot out his stick as if for battle.

The tall young man was really Dick Rutherford, and to many young ladies of Manhattan he appeared a prince of noble bearing. He paused to look at the warlike Blazes. Then he fell back a step. He twisted his body and grew so red in the face, laughing, that Blazes longed to try the valor of his stick.

Susie was quite frightened. She attempted to move on. Blazes held her back, meantime scowling ferociously at the lofty young man.

Rutherford saw that Blazes meant to be treated as a young gentleman of some importance, so he spoke to him most solemnly.

"I beg your pardon." For a second his face moved like a jumping-jack. Was he trying not to laugh at them, Blazes wondered? "Fifth Avenue is the street just ahead, where the automobiles are passing and many people are walking," said the tall young man.

It was Susie who said, "Thank you, sir." As she started forward the tall young man walked beside her as if they were old friends.

"Out—out for a little walk with the baby?"

Susie stammered, "Ye—yes, sir." Blazes lowered his stick.

"You have never before been on Fifth Avenue—really?"

"Not yet," Blazes said, like one who meant to explore the earth.

"Perhaps you will let me take a little walk with you and point the way?"

Blazes advanced. Rutherford caught up with him. Susie, Walter, and Toots followed behind.

At the end of the block Rutherford said: "And now we are on Fifth Avenue."

Each pair of round, wondering eyes jumped excitedly from shop window to motor car, from hats to shoes, from gowns to linens. It was like a fairy tale come true. And these brasses, and china, and velvety carpets, and pictures surely belonged to the kingdom where Aladdin and Sinbad had dwelt.

Rutherford halted and beamed like a midday sun. The children stopped, too. He looked up and down the avenue. Suddenly he waved his hands in a forward-march way. "Come along with me, kids, I know where we'll find something good."

The children trembled with delight. Susie placed one of Walter's hands on the go-cart and her own over it. Rutherford caught Walter's other hand. They crossed the street slowly. Blazes hesitated, because he wanted no leader but himself. Yet, remembering that he must be ready to protect the others, he drew up behind.

*The Fragrant Leaf*, that was the name of the tea-shop, had never before received such strange company. The maids in waiting with lacy caps and aprons at first looked haughtily on the children, but the tall young man, a prince from tip to toe, was with them, so it must be all right.



Rutherford chose a table near the wall, so that Toots could remain in her cart. "What is it to be, tea or chocolate?" asked the Prince.

Blazes joyfully shouted: "Chocolate!" Rutherford read, "Me, too," in each smiling face, and so he ordered, "Chocolate, and tarts, and cookies —lots of them."

Never had the children eaten so splendid a feast, while everywhere in the tea-room their eyes were busy. Rutherford nibbled at a cake, slyly watching, as happy as the children.

The feast over, Susie offered a fervent, "Thank you, sir, for us all!" and started to push Toots toward the door.

Blazes smoothed down the front of his blouse with both hands: "Thanks, it was great—better than the cakes at Weber's."

"I am glad they were as good as all that," returned the Prince with an amused air.

Blazes was close behind the Prince as they left *The Fragrant Leaf*.

On the avenue again the children became almost dizzy with so much to see. The Prince thought that three, or even five eyes, eyes that could not blink, would not be enough for such eager little boys and girls as these. They passed show-windows of glassware in shining rainbows; jewels, gleaming blue and green and red and amber; candies, too lovely to eat. Now and again they held their breath as a beautiful lady in suede and silk and jewels, surely a princess, floated by on a perfumed breeze.

Again the Prince consulted his watch and thought of Beatrice, lovelier far than any princess they had seen. She had promised to pour him a cup of tea at five, and now it was a quarter past four. He looked down at his band and knew he could not say good-bye yet.

Blazes found Fifth Avenue not like his dreams, yet altogether enchanting, and here he was walking beside the ruling prince. Nothing should come between them. In token of his fealty he let go his grasp on Rutherford's coat to cling inseparably to his hand.

"It's a long, long walk, and you're going to show it all to us?"

The Prince seemed not to hear but to be searching up and down the avenue for something. He found it. At the same moment Blazes saw it, too. Fickle knight. He deserted his Prince to run toward the toy shop. And Walter ran after Blazes.

The Prince explained to Susie: "By walking four blocks up that way you would be back at Thirty-seventh Street." Then they walked on side by side. "Now let's make a tour of toyland." At the show window the Prince laid a hand caressingly on the heads of Blazes and Walter, and even Toots cooed to show she understood.

With delight too great for words the young explorers went from end to end of the shop, the Prince following them close by, in a kind of fairy world the children had made for him.

And then, wonder of wonders, the Prince asked each one to name the toy he or she liked best. Susie chose a game, Toots a fleecy lamb, Walter a bow and arrow, and Blazes, because of his high place as head of the band, said ball-bearing skates.

Gently tapping Blazes and Walter on the cheek, patting Susie's head and tugging lightly at one of Toot's ringlets, the Prince said, "Now watch your wish come true!" and vanished.

Huddled together, half afraid of so many wondrous happenings, the children waited. How like a fairy story it had all been!

Then a young man, not their Prince, but a very pleasant, smiling person, came up to them, bearing four gifts wrapped separately. The children received them joyously and trotted slowly towards the door. Their Prince was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared, probably by magic. But, for the children, he lived ever after as the reigning monarch of Fifth Avenue. And at a certain number on Thirty-seventh Street, far over near Avenue A, no Christmas saint in whiskers and furs, can ever take the place of a tall young man who wears a high hat and gray spats and carries a cane.

JOSEPHINE SESNAN CRONIN.



## OLD TIM CROW

A FUNNY crow sat on a limb  
And something funny tickled him;  
He clapped his bill, he winked his eye,  
And this is just the reason why.  
He looked at you, he looked at me,  
And said: "How strange some folk  
can be!  
They cannot caw, they do not fly,  
They are not crows. I wonder why?"

*(Tim Crow's cigar is just a joke.  
Tim Crow would never, never smoke.)*



# On the Nature of Things

DID you ever stop to wonder  
Why the Pug-dog's nose is pug;  
Why the Dachshund is the longest  
Of the canine catalog?



Long before the time of Noah,  
Mr. Pug-dog had a tail  
That was straight as any other  
And a nose thin as a rail.



In their path a tree was standing  
Which the rabbit dodged perforce,  
But the Pug was most unlucky  
And ran into it, of course.



If you'll give me your attention,  
I'll endeavor to explain  
Just how all these things peculiar  
Came to be and so remain.

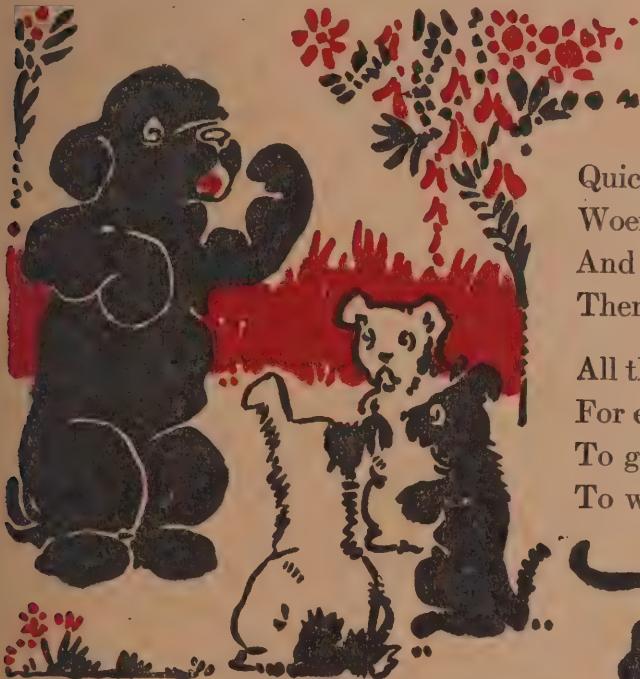


But, kind friends, one day the doggie,  
Roaming through the quiet wood,  
Spied a hare and set upon him  
Just as quickly as he could.



When, at length, were separated  
Nose of dog from bark of tree,  
Puggie-dog's most handsome feature  
Was a sorry sight to see.

And his tail had, in the meantime,  
Just through force of the impact,  
Curled up in a foppish manner  
Near the middle of his back.



But the Dachshund,—an exception  
To the morals of the day—  
While his playmates showed their breeding,  
Let *his* mind roam far away.



Quickly to his home he scurried,  
Woeful figure to behöld,  
And his story he recited;  
Then again 'twas told and TOLD.

All the puppies heard with wonder  
For each one of them was bred  
To give very close attention  
To what elder canines said.



Far it wandered and still farther  
Till at last, my dears, we find  
That his head went on without him  
While his *heels* were left behind!

CHESTER M. COGSWELL.

# JIM JAY



A FLASHING and dashing and gay  
Young Jay  
Fell in love with a bluebird one day  
They say,  
And he asked her to wed,  
But she answered instead:  
"I have other intentions, so pray  
Go 'way,  
And please have the goodness to *stay*  
Away!"



But it blasted his happiness so  
To go  
That he cried, "What a terrible blow!  
Oh! Oh!  
The world I will shun  
Like a monk or a nun,  
And never get over my woe!"  
Although  
Just whether he did I don't know,  
Just so.

GEORGE CASSARD.

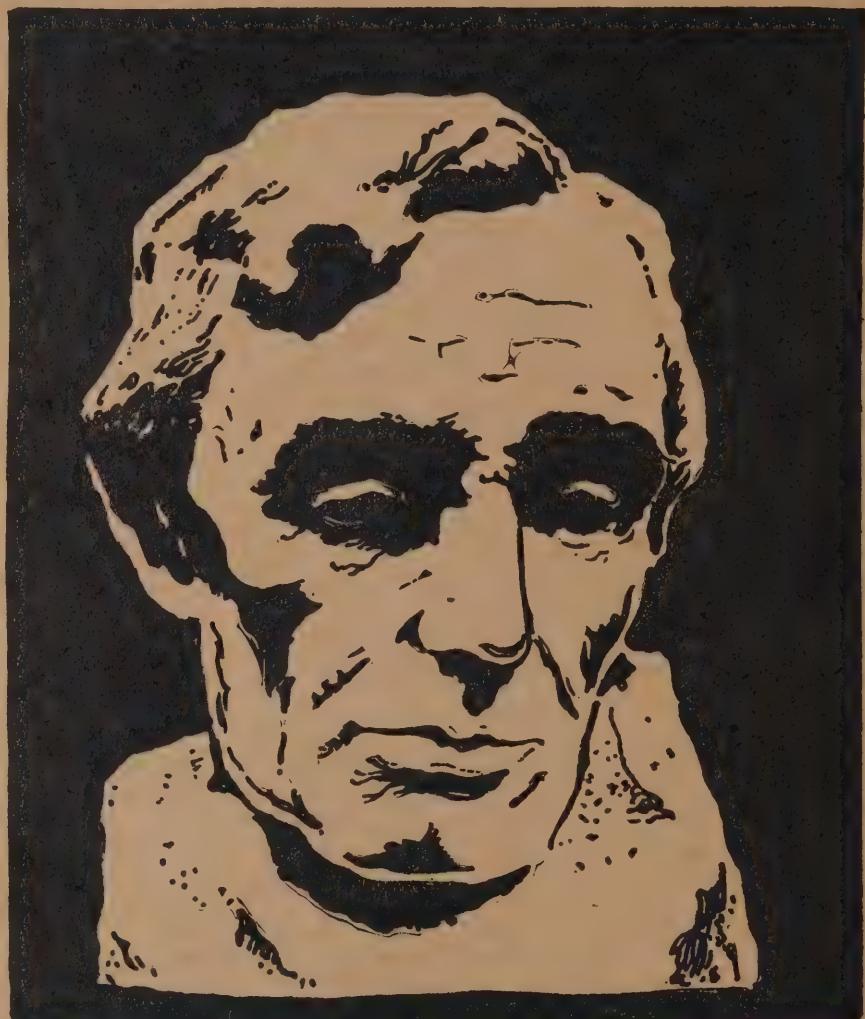


### THE TUGBOAT

THE tugboat is a hustler boat and keeps so very busy  
That I should think its working crew would get extremely  
dizzy.

It hurries here and scurries there, oh busiest of boats!  
And pulls and hauls and butts and bunts most everything that  
floats.

It plies the rivers and the bay, the harbor and the ocean,  
It sticks to jobs it has to do with puffs and fine devotion.  
If I could be, with energy so running-over full,  
How crowded all my days would be with constant push and pull!



:: ABRAHAM LINCOLN ::

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH  
CHARITY FOR ALL, WITH FIRMNESS IN THE  
RIGHT, AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A LITTLE STORY OF HIS LIFE



**A**BOUT a hundred years ago, a baby was born in a log cabin in Kentucky, a baby who was to be President of the United States! More than this, he was to be one of the best Presidents that ever lived in the White House and one of the greatest men that ever lived anywhere! The baby's name was Abraham Lincoln.

His family was very poor and they lived in a new part of the country where there were no comforts. When they moved, as they often did, they made the journey in an ox-cart, carrying their few belongings packed in with them. Once, when they went from Indiana to Illinois, it took them fourteen days to make the trip. After they arrived, they would quickly build another log-cabin (sometimes without a floor or windows) and there they were!

Little Abraham couldn't go to school often, but he was the kind of boy who wanted to *know* things. So, for years he studied by himself. It wasn't easy to find time, for Abraham was busy all day, splitting trees into rails for fences and doing other hard work. Sometimes he would write and do sums on a wooden shovel by the fire. After he had used up all of the space, he would shave off what he had written so as to have a clean slate again! He had few books, but those that he had were *good* books which he read over and over. Once he walked six miles to get a grammar! After he got it you may be sure he studied it hard. This boy taught himself to speak and write not only correctly but beautifully! Some of his speeches are among the finest in the English language.

Not even George Washington was more honest than "Honest" Abe Lincoln. At twenty-two, he began to work in a grocery store in his home

town, New Salem, Illinois. Whenever he made a mistake in measuring tea or giving change, he couldn't rest until he had set it right. He would walk miles to give back eight cents! Lincoln also served as Postman, but to be Postman in New Salem was not a hard task. He carried all of the letters in his hat, and handed them out when he happened to meet the people to whom they were written.

A grocery store in the West at that time was an interesting, jolly place. Everybody came there to talk things over. Wherever Abe Lincoln was, people gathered around him to hear what he had to say. Most of the talk was about politics, for the people liked to hear his opinions. He was very popular, for he understood people and he could explain things clearly. He had a stock of funny stories which he told very well. A tall, lanky fellow he was, not handsome or graceful, with his short, skimp trousers, coarse shirt and coon-skin cap. But he had a kind heart and a bright, clear mind; so what did it matter how he looked?

One day someone thought of sending him to the State Capital to help make laws for the State of Illinois. And so at the age of twenty-five he began his public life. A little later he opened a law-office in Springfield. Afterwards he was elected to Congress.

At that time there was a great question before the country. In the South, colored people were held as slaves and the slave States wanted slavery extended into new States as they came into the Union. People in the North were willing that slavery should stay where it was but they were not willing to extend it. This made a great quarrel. Lincoln hated slavery. He had once seen a slave auction in the South and he could never forget it. He knew that many slaves were happy but others were wretched and cruelly treated. Besides, he could not believe it right for human beings to be held as property.

The country was boiling with excitement from one end to the other. In Illinois Lincoln was running for Senator against Stephen A. Douglas. People came in thousands to hear the two candidates debate. Lincoln told the people many things about slavery that they did not want to hear, so he was not elected. They elected Douglas instead. At the time Lincoln was much disappointed. He said: "It hurts too much to laugh, and I am too big to cry!" But it was what he said at these meetings that first made Lincoln known outside of his own State, and finally made him President.

Nothing could have been harder than being President in those days. The Southerners and Northerners were getting angrier at each other every minute, until things grew so bad that they went to war against each other! Think of it! Brothers fighting against brothers, friends against friends. The South said: "We *will* have our slaves or we won't belong to the United States any more." The North said: "You *do* belong to the United States with us, and we won't let you stop belonging."

There was one thing that Lincoln hated more than slavery and that was to have the United States broken up. There must be *one great* United States, not *two small* ones. The South must be made to live under the Stars and Stripes and, if it took a fight to do it, then there would have to be a fight.

For four long years the fearful war went on. Every day of those four years was a day of sorrow for the President. Often he was lonely. Many times he felt that everyone blamed him and nobody trusted him. But no amount of care and worry could make him change his mind. He could bear it all if the Union could be saved.

And the Union was saved. The Northerners won their fight. Long before the war was ended, Lincoln set the slaves free. Slavery can never again exist in this country. The South would not wish it any more than the North. We are all one now, and better friends than ever.

The great Lincoln who worked and prayed for this, the gentle Lincoln who never said unkind things to people and always forgot any unkindness that was done to him, did not live long to enjoy peace when it came. Shortly after he had been elected President for the second time, he was killed at the theatre, one evening, by a wretched man who did not know that, if Washington gave us our country, Lincoln saved it for us.

SELMA ROSENTHAL



# LITTLE CAMP · SHARP-EYES

OR UNCLE JIM'S BABES IN THE WOODS

THORNTON BURGESS



"REALLY-TRULY CAMPING IS SUCH FUN!"

"**R**EALLY-TRULY camping is such fun!" squealed Whimsey as she and Jimsey scampered down to the spring for a pail of clear, sparkling, cold water. "And we're going to be here a whole month with nothing to do but have a good time," chuckled Jimsey.

"You mustn't let Uncle Jim hear you say that," cried Whimsey. "You know he calls us the 'Babes in the Woods' and says he expects us to learn something every minute that we are awake. He says that now we are in the woods we are in the greatest school in the world—Old Mother Nature's school—so don't let him hear you say we've nothing to do but have a good time."

"But seeing things and learning things out of doors *is* fun, the best kind of fun, isn't it?" persisted Jimsey. Whimsey nodded. "Then I don't see that we've anything to do but have a good time, and the more

we see and learn the better time we'll have. Wasn't it fun sleeping in a tent last night? Uncle Jim has promised to take me fishing to-day, 'way out on the lake. He brought in a lot of little fishes which he called minnows while you were dressing this morning. We are going to use them for bait." Jimsey said this with a very important air. "I'll show them to you if you want to see 'em after we've taken this pail of water up to camp."

"Of course I want to see 'em! Where are they? It isn't fair of Uncle Jim to show you things that he doesn't show me!" Whimsey's blue eyes snapped.

"That's because you didn't get up early enough," teased Jimsey. "But you can see 'em now. You know that old boat half full of water down on the little sand beach where the big birch-tree leans way out?" Whimsey nodded. "Well, they're in that, ever so many of 'em. That's where Uncle Jim is going to keep 'em so as to have some ready whenever we want to go fishing."

When the pail of water had been left with Mother at the cook tent they started down the narrow little path to the edge of the lake. And because it was all so new and beautiful and there was so much to see they walked just as still as still, with eyes wide open, looking this way and looking that way. It was in their own little play camp, Little Camp Sharp-eyes, in the farthest corner of the Old Orchard that they had learned to do this—not to move suddenly or make the teeniest, weeniest noise if they wished to see things. Just as they came in sight of the old boat which, you know, was half full of water, a little brown animal ran out along the leaning birch and looked down into the boat. Then he dropped as light as a feather to the edge of the boat and disappeared inside. But almost at once appeared again with something silvery in his mouth, jumped out on the bank and disappeared under some old roots. Just as Whimsey opened her mouth to ask Jimsey if it was a new kind of squirrel the little fellow was back again. Once more he vanished in the boat only to pop up again with something silvery in his mouth and disappear among the roots on the bank.

Jimsey's eyes were shining. "I do believe it is Billy Mink!" he whispered. Just then one of Old Mother West Wind's Merry Little Breezes danced past and made Whimsey's dress flutter. For just a second two



bright little eyes stared at them and then they and their owner vanished as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him up. Jimsey and Whimsey waited and waited without moving, but he didn't come back and finally they went on to look at the minnows.

"Why! Why-e-e!" exclaimed Jimsey. "Uncle Jim put a lot of them in here and now there are only half a dozen! And see how frightened they are! What can have become of the others?"

Whimsey suddenly giggled. It was a funny excited little giggle. "Jimsey," she cried, "I do believe we caught Billy Mink fishing! Those little silvery things he had in his mouth were minnows."

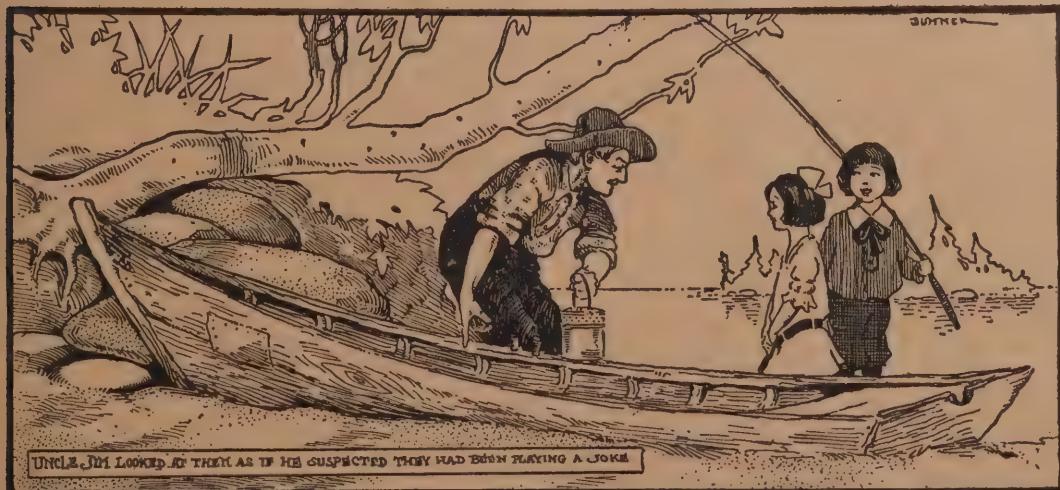
"Then Billy Mink is a thief and a pig," said Jimsey indignantly. "If he ate all those minnows I—I—well, I hope they give him the stomach-ache. But I don't see how he could have eaten all of them without swelling up and bursting."

"Perhaps he has a storehouse like Happy Jack Squirrel's!" cried Whimsey. "Do you suppose he has? You know he was gone only a minute or two each time. Oh, Jimsey, wouldn't it be fun if we could find it? Let's go look!"

But just then Mother's voice was heard calling them to breakfast and a wee bit regretfully they scampered up to the dining tent. "We won't tell Uncle Jim," whispered Whimsey. "We'll go down with him and watch his face when he sees that his dear little fishes are gone. I don't believe he'll ever, ever guess what has become of them, even if he does know so much about Old Mother Nature and her children."

It was great fun eating under a canvas roof with the birds singing all around and Chatterer the Red Squirrel scolding over head and sometimes dropping a pine-cone on the roof just for fun. After breakfast Uncle Jim got out two fishing-rods, one for Jimsey and one for himself, and showed Jimsey just how to put on the reel and run the line through the little rings. Then he took a queer kind of pail which he called a bait-pail and started for the old boat where he had put the minnows early that morning. Jimsey and Whimsey went with him and though they tried very hard to keep their faces sober their eyes fairly danced at the thought of the surprise Uncle Jim was going to have when he found only half a dozen minnows there.

When he reached the old boat Uncle Jim gave a long whistle. Whimsey pinched Jimsey and their eyes danced more than ever, but they looked into the old boat quite as if they had no idea of what was the matter.



And then it was their turn to be surprised. There was nothing but water in the old boat, not even one little minnow! Billy Mink had been busy while they were eating breakfast. Uncle Jim looked at them as if he suspected they had been playing a joke on him, but when he saw the surprised look on Jimsey's face he knew they hadn't.

"H-m-m," said Uncle Jim, "somebody else seems to have been fishing this morning, or else somebody doesn't want us to go, eh, Jimsey?"

Jimsey and Whimsey were just bubbling over with desire to tell Uncle Jim what they had seen. But they wanted to see if Uncle Jim could guess what had become of the fish and so they kept still. He was forever teasing them about not seeing things and they felt sure that this time they would have a laugh at his expense because now that Billy Mink was nowhere in sight how could he ever guess what had become of all those minnows?

Uncle Jim walked around the end of the boat looking sharply on the ground and talking to himself. "Now there isn't anybody around here excepting us and the little people who live in the Green Forest," said he to no one in particular. "It wasn't one of us so it must have been one of them. No one loves fish better than Little Joe Otter and Billy Mink. Little Joe would hardly bother with such little fish and so it must have been Billy Mink. Ha, I thought so!"

He was stooping down to look at a little soft place in the wet sand. Jimsey and Whimsey hurried to look too. There were funny little footprints—the footprints of Billy Mink. Jimsey could keep in no longer.

"We saw him, Uncle Jim!" he cried. "We saw him taking those fish away before breakfast. Isn't he a thief and a pig? Now I s'pose we can't go fishing because he's stolen all our bait."

Uncle Jim's eyes twinkled: "I don't know that he is a thief," said he. "Don't you suppose he thought he had just as much right to those minnows as we had? I rather think he had myself. He found them swimming where he could catch them easily, just as I found them swimming where I could catch them easily early this morning. Do you think Mother is a pig when she makes a great big batch of cookies to last a whole week? I suspect that Billy Mink has put those fish away to eat by and by when he is hungry and cannot catch any."

Jimsey scratched his head thoughtfully. "I—I didn't think of it in

that way," he confessed. "Do you suppose he really has a storehouse and that we can find it?" he asked eagerly.

"Suppose we hunt for it instead of going fishing. We can do that tomorrow," said Uncle Jim.

Of course this delighted Whimsey and they began their hunt right away. First they went up among the roots of the trees where they had seen Billy Mink disappear. It was surprising what a lot of little caves and holes they found there. They hunted and hunted, but not a trace could they find of the missing fish. At least Jimsey and Whimsey hunted while Uncle Jim *pretended* to hunt. When they had begun to grow tired and Jimsey was beginning to wish that he had gone fishing instead, Uncle Jim led them over to an old stump and pulled away some loose moss from a little hole under the roots. There lay the missing minnows neatly piled, each one showing the marks of Billy Mink's sharp little teeth where he had killed it by biting it just back of the head.

And that was how Jimsey and Whimsey got acquainted with Billy Mink and learned their first lesson in "seeing things" during that happy month in a real camp. I wish I could tell you what they learned of Little Joe Otter and Sammy Jay, and Blacky the Crow and Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Jimmy Skunk and Hooty the Owl and ever so many more of the little friends in feathers and fur, not to mention the wonderful things they discovered about insects and butterflies and flowers and plants. But John Martin says it must be some other time. Any way that month as "Uncle Jim's Babes in the Wood" was one of the happiest in all their lives, and Uncle Jim says it was all because they learned to see—what to see and how to see, and to hear as well.

THORNTON W. BURGESS.



# HE LONGED FOR SPORT

NEAR a green, oozy bog  
There resided a frog,  
Who was portly and old,  
So I've often been told.

In the spring of the year  
He just croaked with good cheer;  
Then remarked to his wife:  
"Let us lead a gay life."

"Why not journey away  
On a fine summer's day  
To see our relation  
Who live at Frog's Station?"

So together they went  
On real pleasure intent.  
They rode in a car  
Run by Froggy Ap-Bar

As they glided along,  
With a croak and a song,  
Mr. Frog kissed his wife  
And he said: "This is life."



NOEMI PERNESSIN



They stopped at "Frog's Station",  
Where lived their relation,  
And they had, there, such sport  
That the summer seemed short.

Mr. Frog learned to hunt,  
And he did a great stunt,  
By shooting a rabbit  
As though 'twere his habit.

Then he won in a race,  
For he had a swift pace,  
And he climbed up a tree,  
('Twas a great sight to see.)

He attended a feast,  
And looked handsome, at least.  
On a toad-stool he sat,  
But he crushed it down flat.

Too much sweet pie he ate,  
When the hour was quite late,  
So a sad pain he had—  
It was really too bad!

When he once more felt well—  
It is funny to tell—  
He jollied and danced,  
And he capered and pranced.

As he flourished about,  
With a croak and a shout,  
You'd have thought him quite young,  
And his life just begun.



When the summer was gone,  
Why! he felt quite forlorn,  
For he knew he must jog  
To his home near the bog.

His wife and he started,  
(They'd never been parted,)  
And the fine motor-car—  
Run by Froggy Ap-Bar—

Soon was speeding away  
On a bright autumn day,  
When—as quick as a wink—  
It turned turtle, just think!

Mr. Frog, with his wife,  
Made a jump to save life;  
He fell into the mud  
With a terrible thud.

Mr. Frog's clothes were spoiled,  
(For them long had he toiled.)  
"Never mind," said his wife,  
"You've escaped with your life."

When they started, once more,  
They sat down on the floor  
Of that ill-behaved car  
Run by Froggy Ap-Bar.

For they felt safer there  
Than high up in the air,  
Where the danger was great  
For a frog and his mate.

When they reached their green bog,  
That old gentleman frog  
Was as brimful of joy  
As a gay-hearted boy.

He is living there still  
By the far-away hill,  
And he thinks his own bog  
The best place for a frog.

EMILY MATHER SMITH.



## THE FROG AND THE POLLYWOG

**A**DIGNIFIED frog and a young pollywog  
Sat down by the edge of the water;  
They got out their notes,  
And both cleared their throats,  
And sweet was the music he taught her.





## THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A TUB



HERE was once a man who lived in Athens, long, long ago. He ate his meals and slept in a tub which he carried with him. His name was Diogenes. He used to roll in the hot sands in the summer time and throw his bare arms round statues covered with snow in the winter. He did these uncomfortable things because he wished to become used to all kinds of weather and all kinds of discomfort.

Plato, a great philosopher of Athens, once gave a banquet. His home had very expensive and beautiful carpets on the floor. While his banquet was going on, the man who lived in a tub came in. He had not been invited to the feast, but he did not care. Diogenes wiped his dirty feet on Plato's fine carpets and said: "Your pride is nothing, so I will trample it under my feet, Plato."

Plato was very polite. He wished that the man would feel very much ashamed of himself and sorry for wiping his feet on those fine carpets. To come without an invitation was very impolite, but to rub off the mud from his feet on the carpets was very rude. So Plato stood by and smiled and said:

"You take more pride in doing what you are doing than I ever possessed in my life, Diogenes."

Another time Diogenes was enjoying the sunshine while seated in his tub. He liked to sit in the sun every day because it was good for his health. Then a very great man came by. This man was Alexander the Great, a man who was a conqueror of armies and nations.

If so great a man as Alexander the Great had called upon us, *we* would have bowed politely. It would have been polite if Diogenes had stepped out of his tub and bowed to the great man. But he did not. Alexander was much surprised, for it was not often that he met such men.

"I am Alexander," said the great conqueror.

"And I am Diogenes," replied the man in the tub. You see he wanted Alexander to know that he considered him his equal.

"Have you no favors to ask of me?" inquired the great man.

Diogenes felt very cross. "Yes, I have a favor to ask of you," he growled, "and that is that you get out of the way so the sun can shine on me."

This man had been impolite to everybody and he felt proud of his uncivil ways. Strange to relate, he never had his head chopped off, but lived to be very old and never changed his ideas about being impolite.

Well, I suppose if people live in wooden tubs, and keep away from bath tubs, they are apt to have bad manners.

B. HAMILTON WIKE





DRAWING BY CARTON MOOREPARK

## • MANDARIN DUCKS •

THE Mandarin Ducks are very wise ducks;  
They're clever as clever can be;  
They know all they know and a little more, too;  
And see all that wise ducks should see.  
The Mandarin Ducks are beautiful ducks,  
They get their exceptional name  
From nobly-born Chinamen known for their wealth  
And praised for their wisdom and fame.



# MY GARDEN



## IN SPRING-TIME

**D**OWN in the dark and sticky clay  
My plants have sprouted, day by day.  
And now, above the garden beds,  
Are peeping green and curious heads.



## IN SUMMER-TIME

The weather is warm, the flowers are up,  
Hyacinth, rose, and buttercup.  
They open their petals, one by one,  
To the nice fresh dew and the shining sun.

## IN THE FALL

My flowers are gone, the stalks are dead,  
But the leaves are turning brown and red.  
The rain is falling, the leaves fall, too,  
And seeds have come where the flowers grew.

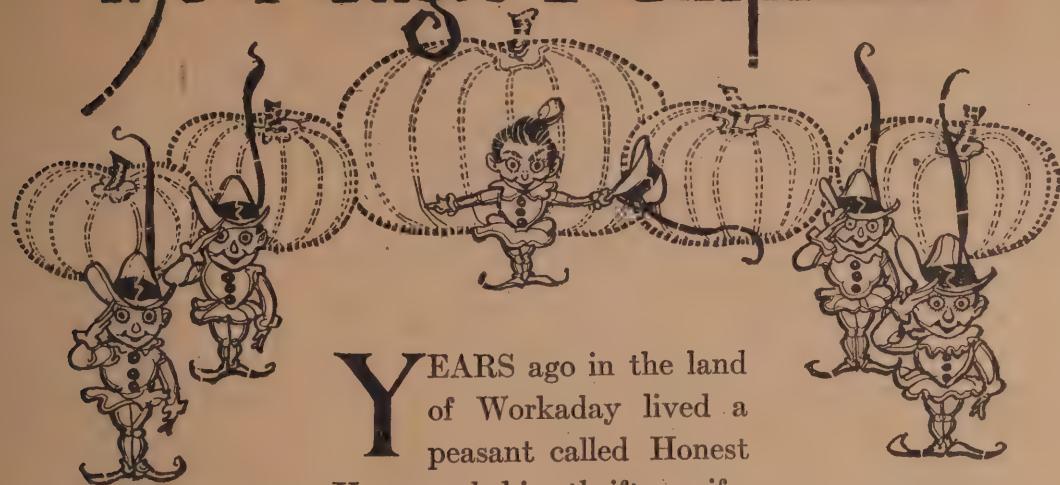


## IN WINTER-TIME

The snow lies thick upon the ground;  
Not a single leaf nor plant is found.  
But Mother says, if I wait, I'll see  
That next spring they'll come back to me.

EMILIE MOISE GUYOL.

# The Magic Pumpkins



YEARS ago in the land of Workaday lived a peasant called Honest Kron, and his thrifty wife,

Karen. Now Honest Kron, as is usually the way with folks who deserve the name Honest, did not own even the hilly little six acre farm on which he lived. Kron's landlord was a rich man who owned an iron and wire factory in a big city, and, as is sometimes the case, he had worshipped his factory so long that his heart itself had turned into iron, bound round and round by his own strong wire. All that Kron and Karen could call their own was an old bay horse named Kringle, a cart, a plow, and a wooden harrow.

When Kron had first come on this little piece of land, he had found it covered with weeds; but by hoeing all day long in the broiling sun, he had high waving corn, green spreading cabbages and sweet clover in place of ugly cockleburs. When the landlord came for his rent at harvest time, he was delighted to see how thrifty the place looked. But instead of rewarding

Kron for his hard work he said:

"Now, Kron, you have raised such good crops, you must pay more rent."

There was nothing to do but pay because Kron had his clover growing and he couldn't move that, and he had newly thatched the cottage.



Kron was badly discouraged and nodded his head slowly when Karen said that they must work harder next year. When, at harvest time, the landlord came again and saw that Kron had dug a ditch and drained a swamp and had bushels and bushels of potatoes in the black rich muck, he was envious and said:

"Kron, you are getting rich from my land. You must pay me fifty dollars more."

Poor Kron! After he had sold enough cabbage, turnips, potatoes, and corn to meet the rent, he went into the field to see what was left for himself. Just enough cabbages to make a tiny crock of sauerkraut, no potatoes at all, and hardly enough turnips for the winter.

"Poor old Kringle," sighed Kron, "you must make every ear of corn last a long time."

Now Kron had cut the cornstalks and piled them in shocks which stood about like Indian wigwams, and, between these, scattered all over, lay golden pumpkins. Some one had told Kron that in town on All Saint's Day people bought pumpkins for the children to use as Jack o' Lanterns. Kron did not know what a Jack o' Lantern was, but decided to sort out the roundest and yellowest pumpkins and to take a load to market. He had his load all made up, with the five biggest on top when he heard his name called. He could see no one, so he said to himself:

"I must have been dreaming, the crickets are noisy to-day." He was just starting to the cottage when he heard again:



**“Kron, Kron, let me out! Let me out!”**

This time Kron turned around to follow the sound, and where do you think it came from? The five big pumpkins! He could hear *thump, thump*, inside each one. In a second Kron had his knife out and had cut in one pumpkin a round hole when out jumped the quaintest little man you ever saw. His coat was green with a yellow tassel, yellow breeches with golden buckles, green and yellow striped stockings, and golden shoes with long peaked toes. The tiny elf looked kindly at Kron and began to sing:

*“I’m a dandy little fellow  
My coat is green and yellow.”*

When *thump, thump*, came again.

“Oh,” cried the elf, “my brothers, let them out, kind Kron.” Kron hesitated just a minute because, you see, he had intended selling these pumpkins to buy meal and a piece of pork for the sauerkraut, but the thought of those little creatures shut up in his pumpkins was too much for the kind hearted peasant, and as quickly as his fingers could move, he let them out until the five stood before him. At first he was too astonished to do anything but gaze open mouthed. When the dwarfs joined hands and began to dance, Kron laughed until the hills reëchoed with his merry *ha ha*, and his good wife came running out to see what ailed him. Then she, too, joined in the laughter.

“You are a jolly couple,” said the dwarfs. “We must hurry away now, but not before we reward you for letting us out of our prison.”

“Karen and I want no reward,” said Kron, “that was just a good turn.”

“One good turn deserves another,” replied the elves. “Are you sure there is nothing you want?”

“If we were sure of having enough to pay our rent every year, we should worry over nothing,” faltered Karen.

The dwarfs put their heads together and whispered a few minutes. Then one said:

“For your willingness to do a good turn with no thought of reward, we will give you this advice. Take the seeds from these pumpkins, our prisons for so long, carefully guard them, and in the spring plant them. When your landlord demands more rent, ask his price for the farm and ask for one day to get the money. He will laugh but will grant your request.



Go then to the ripe pumpkins, pick out five of the largest, and open them carefully." The little men vanished leaving a very much astonished Kron and Karen.

The next spring, into the good black dirt went the precious seed, and you may be sure Kron and Karen could hardly wait for harvest to come.

One day, as Kron was digging a pit for the winter cabbages and turnips, the landlord appeared.

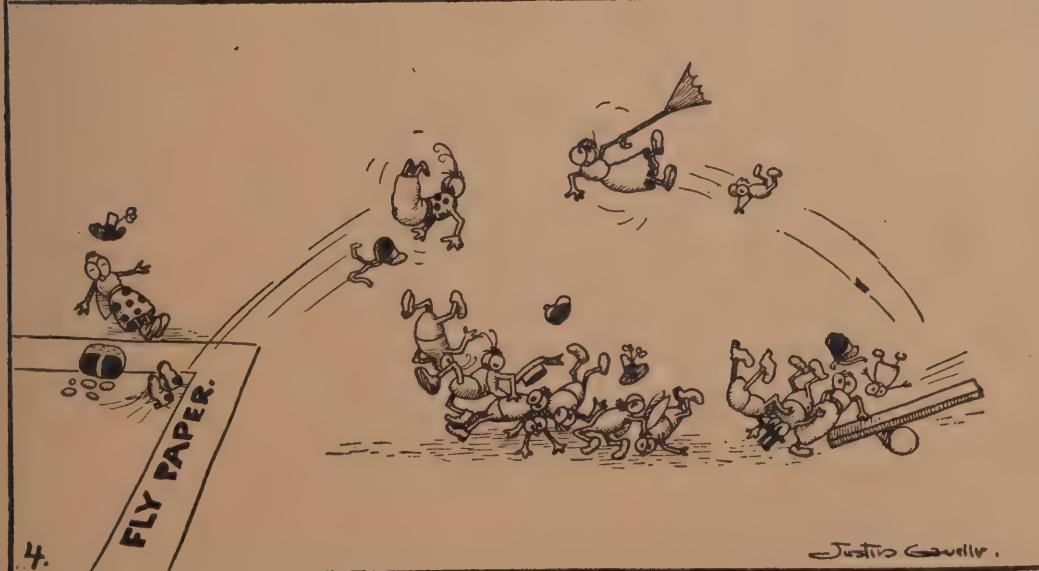
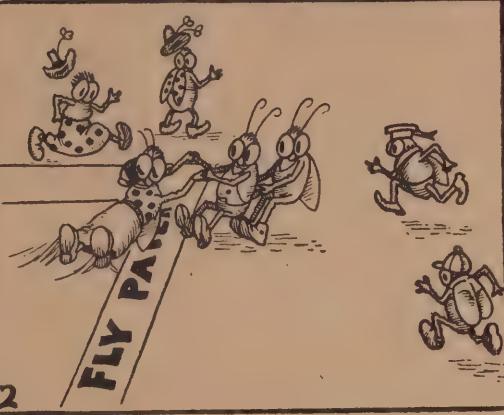
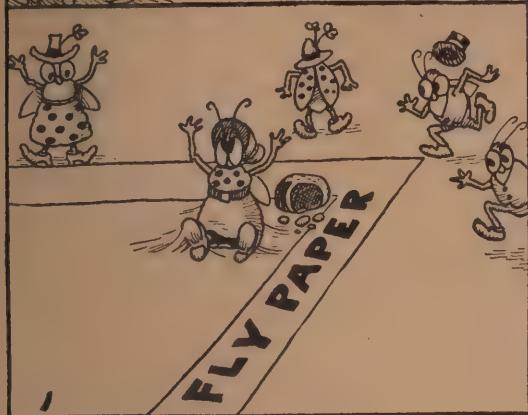
"What wonderfully fine crops, Kron, you are surely getting too rich. I shall have to have fifty dollars more."

How he did laugh when Kron asked the price of the farm, and how he did laugh again when Kron asked for one day to get the money. It didn't take the good couple long to run to the pumpkins and find the five largest ones, and what do you think they found inside? Each pumpkin was filled with gold pieces, just enough in all to pay for the farm!

MARION W. MAGOON.



# IN BUGVILLE



# THE SHOP ON STORY STREET

A GOOD old man is Joseph Grey;  
He keeps a shop in Story Street;  
He works within his shop all day,  
And it is always clean and neat,

A small shop with a sign above the door that reads "JOSEPH GREY".  
And very queer and dear and small;  
It has a little narrow door,  
And boxes painted blue and red  
Stand neatly on the painted floor.

There is a little counter, too;  
The top of it is shining tin;  
And three big bowls stand toward the front,  
To put the clinking pennies in!

There is a pile of paper bags;  
The paper bags are green and pink,  
And they are filled with sugar plums,  
And they are one cent each, I think!

He has three rabbits in a cage,  
And one of them is white as snow;  
And he is five cents as he stands!  
His name is Binky-Bun—and, oh,

The other two are black as ink!  
They're two for six and cheap at that!  
And you would love to have them, for  
They are so cute and round and fat!

An illustration showing three rabbits in a cage. One rabbit is white and standing on its hind legs, looking over the top of the cage. Two smaller black rabbits are sitting on the ground inside the cage. There are several small pieces of paper or money scattered around the base of the cage.



HARRY PAUL..



And Joseph Grey has other things—  
A parrot and a cockatoo,  
And one brown puppy-dog who cocks  
His ear and wags his tail at you!

The puppy-dog is fifty cents,  
The parrot is just twenty-five!  
A guinea-pig is only two!—  
A bargain, sure as you're alive!

And then, upon the many shelves,  
Are 'bout a hundred other things!  
Real watches and small clocks that go,  
And chains and necklaces and rings!

And toy balloons, and rubber balls  
That will bounce higher than your head!  
And story books! You'd say they were  
The very best you'd ever read!

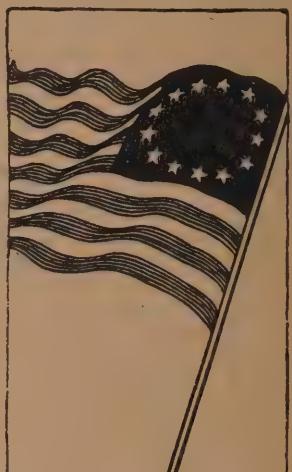
Now, when you've saved your pennies up,  
Would you not like to go some day  
In that small shop in Story Street,  
And buy something of Joseph Grey?

LAURA CAMPBELL.

# BETSY ROSS AND THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER



## BANNER



LONG, long ago, when there was no flag of stars and stripes, the little children of this country saluted the flag of England. America was then an English colony and had been quite content. But there came a time when the colonies wanted

to do something for themselves. They had been faithful for more than two hundred years, receiving their supplies of clothing, saws, axes, hammers, needles, pins, tacks, and many other things from England. Their ships had been built there, and their governors had been appointed by the English king. English soldiers guarded their forts and frontiers.

But this was all to be changed for the colonies felt strong enough to take care of themselves and to fight for their independence. Then came the necessity of an army, and, with the army, the need of a new flag. But the glorious flag that the little children of to-day know so well is the result of many changes and did not come into general use until the fourteenth of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-seven.

We are told that a rough pencil drawing, made by George Washington himself, was taken to Mrs. Betsy Ross, who supported herself by her skilful needlework in her little upholstery shop in Philadelphia. She was asked whether she could make a flag. Her answer was: "I'll try." And in that spirit she stitched the seams of every stripe and sewed in all the stars.

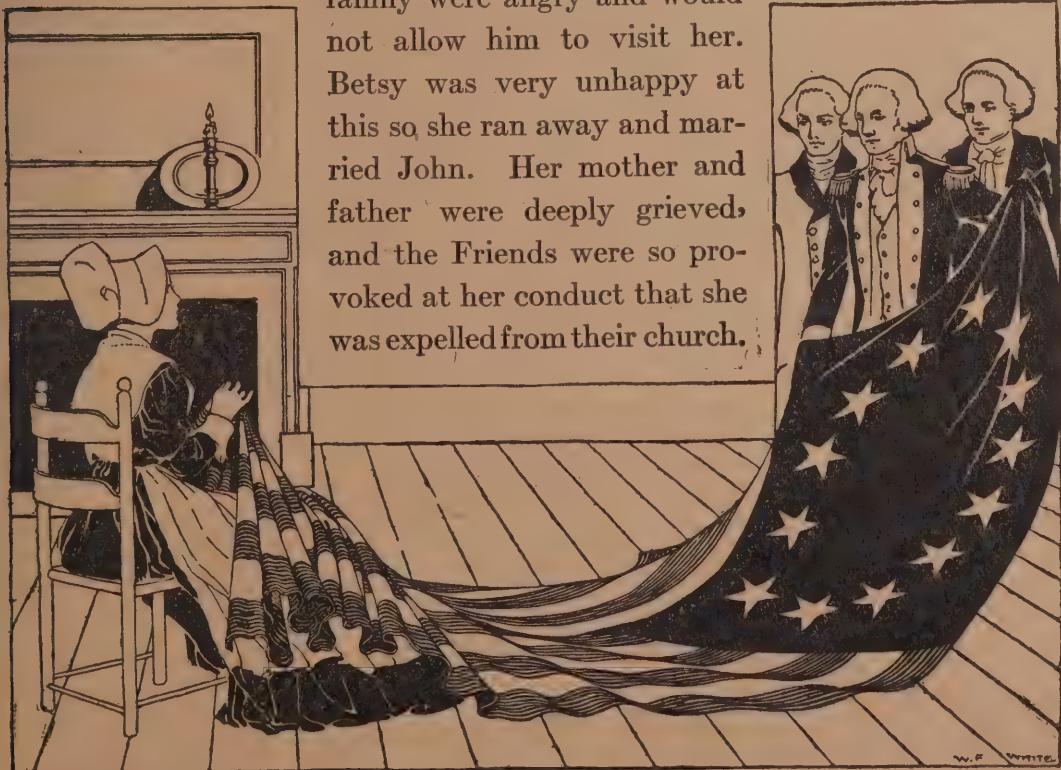
Some say that the design for the flag was suggested by the coat of arms

of the Washington family; but it was Betsy Ross who noticed the six pointed stars in the sketch and said: "That star is not the one used in heraldry. It should have five points." Washington thought it would be too difficult to make a five pointed star. Betsy Ross, however, deftly folded a piece of paper, and, with one snip of her scissors, cut a five pointed star. General Washington was delighted with her ability, and she was allowed to make the first flag with thirteen five pointed stars arranged in a circle upon a blue field and the thirteen red and white stripes to show the unity of the colonies.

When Betsy Ross was a little girl, she was called very beautiful. She had dark auburn hair and sparkling eyes. Her name then was Elizabeth Griscom, and from the day she came to her mother and father, everybody said she would be famous. For you see, she was the seventh daughter and there is a belief that the seventh son or the seventh daughter will be wonderful. At any rate, Betsy will be remembered as long as the flag waves.

Her family belonged to a religious sect called Friends. They were very strict in those days, very stern and straight-laced. So, when Betsy fell in love with John Ross, the son of the rector of Christ Episcopal Church, her

family were angry and would not allow him to visit her. Betsy was very unhappy at this so she ran away and married John. Her mother and father were deeply grieved, and the Friends were so provoked at her conduct that she was expelled from their church.



But Betsy was very happy with her husband and joined his church and worshipped there. John Ross came from a very fine family and was related to the Honorable George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. They lived on Arch Street in Philadelphia in a little house which they used for an upholstery shop, for John was an upholsterer by trade, and Betsy, with her skilful fingers, helped him in his work.

At the time of the Revolution John was called upon to guard some government stores belonging to the Continental Army which were down on the wharf. One day there was an explosion of the gunpowder and John was killed. Poor Betsy was left alone for they had no little children. She was forced to earn her own living so she worked very hard in her little shop, and it was here that George Washington found her at work when he came to see about the flag. He had been sent by John's uncle the Hon. George Ross who was sorry for his nephew's widow and wanted to help her.

Betsy Ross was married three times. The day after the flag was adopted she became the wife of Captain Joseph Ashburn. He was a hero, too, like John Ross and was captured by the British and died in prison, leaving two little daughters. A comrade, John Claypoole by name, was also a prisoner of war, and he nursed and cared for his friend until Joseph Ashburn died. Then, when he was released, John Claypoole brought home to his friend's widow the last messages and the diary of Joseph Ashburn.

But John Claypoole soon found he loved the widow of his friend, for she was still very beautiful and clever, and they were married.

In the famous old Christ Church, where you may see the names of many famous people upon the pew doors, you will find the name of Betsy Ross on pew No. 12 and this inscription on the brass plate:

*"In this pew worshipped Betsy Ross, who made the first flag."*

General Washington and Benjamin Franklin worshipped in that church also.

Nearby, on Arch street, is the home of Betsy Ross. This building is carefully preserved as the birthplace of the *Stars and Stripes*.

Our country has grown, from thirteen thinly settled colonies in 1777, to forty-eight States and more than a hundred million people. The flag has made us a great nation, and love for the flag has made our nation great.

C. L. CHEEVER.



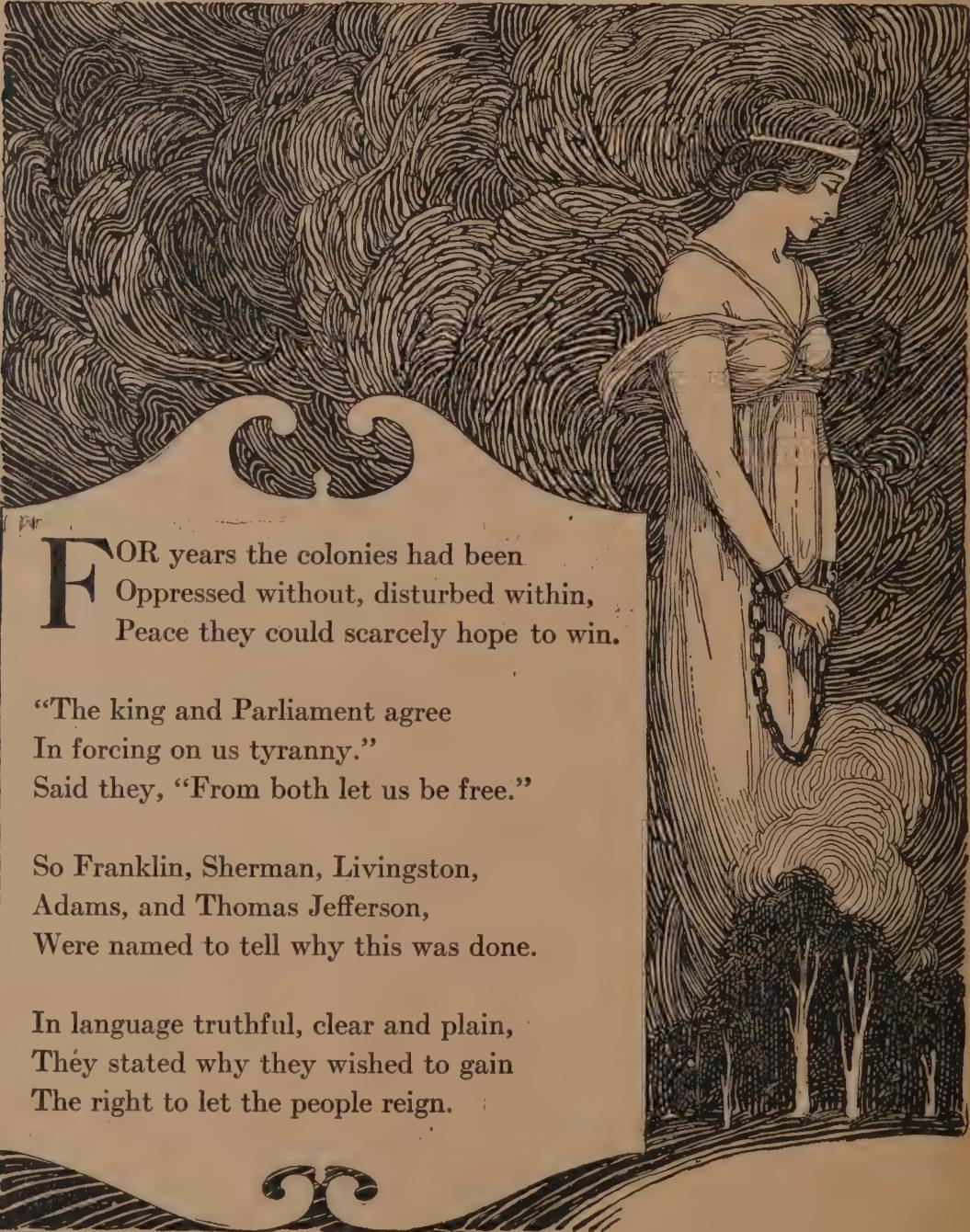
George  
Carson

:: THE FIRE BOAT ::

THIS is an active fire boat—she isn't very large;  
She's built to move more quickly than the slower-going barge.  
For when a fire starts to blaze along the water front,  
Then is the time for Fire Boat to do her little stunt.  
One of her engines works most hard to push her on ahead  
So she may reach the flames before they get a chance to spread.  
Her other engine pumps and pumps the water all about  
Until this gallant Fire Boat has put the fire out.

# *The DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE.*

July 4<sup>th</sup> 1776

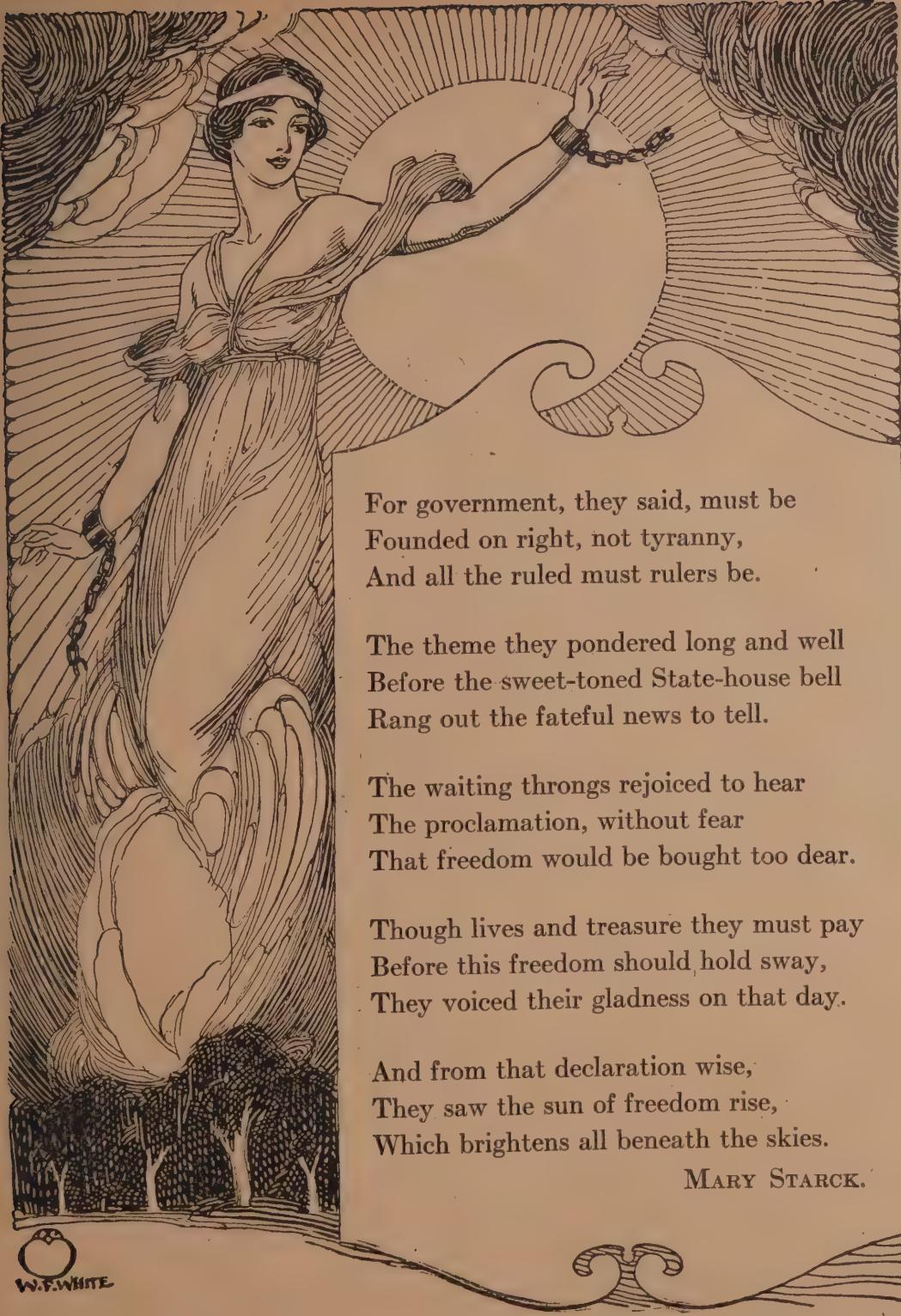


**F**OR years the colonies had been  
Oppressed without, disturbed within,  
Peace they could scarcely hope to win.

"The king and Parliament agree  
In forcing on us tyranny."  
Said they, "From both let us be free."

So Franklin, Sherman, Livingston,  
Adams, and Thomas Jefferson,  
Were named to tell why this was done.

In language truthful, clear and plain,  
They stated why they wished to gain  
The right to let the people reign.



For government, they said, must be  
Founded on right, not tyranny,  
And all the ruled must rulers be.

The theme they pondered long and well  
Before the sweet-toned State-house bell  
Rang out the fateful news to tell.

The waiting throngs rejoiced to hear  
The proclamation, without fear  
That freedom would be bought too dear.

Though lives and treasure they must pay  
Before this freedom should hold sway,  
They voiced their gladness on that day.

And from that declaration wise,  
They saw the sun of freedom rise,  
Which brightens all beneath the skies.

MARY STARCK.

# A SLEEPY LITTLE STORY

IT WAS sleepy time in the wide world. Old Man Owl said so. "To bed with you, to-whit, to-whoo," he hooted, up in the elm tree. Billiboy sat at the nursery window and scowled. He wanted to go out and finish sailing his boat, he wanted to spin his top more times, he wanted to jump up and down, he wanted to roll over and over and turn two somersaults .He did not want to go to bed. No, how Billiboy didn't want to go to bed!

The round sun sat on the edge of the world, like a red apple. Far up in the sky sailed a little white thin moon. It was just like a feather. Everything was all bright and wide awake outside. Billiboy scowled and *scowled*.

Down the road came the Sandman with a hop, skip, and a jump. He stopped to shut up a butter cup by the road. He tossed a handful of dew-drops over the grass blades. Then he saw Billiboy in the window

"Hello!" cried the Sandman. "Time for six-and-a-half-year olds to be in bed!"

"No it isn't," said Billiboy crossly. "Why must I go to sleep? Nobody else is asleep in the whole wide world!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Sandman. "Ho! Ho!"



laughed the Sandman. Then he took Billiboy's hand and drew him right over the sill. "Come and see!" said the Sandman. And they started off with a hop, and a jump, and a skip. First they came to an oak tree. One of the branches hung down very low.

"Mrs. Robin Red Breast lives here," said the Sandman. "She has three babies. See, there, among the leaves?"

"They have not cut their feathers yet, have they?" said Billiboy, trying to be polite. "Probably they will look prettier then."

"Hush!" said the Sandman. "Listen to what Mother Red Breast is singing."

"Cheep! Cheep!  
Go to sleep!"

"You see the bird children have gone to bed," said the Sandman. Billiboy looked doubtful.

"But nobody else has," he said.

"Hee! Hee!" laughed the Sandman. "Come and see." And they started hipperty-quickerty down the road. They came to a barn. It smelled of clover hay and warm milk.

"Bossy Calf lives here with Madame Cow," said the Sandman. "Listen!"

And this is what Madame Cow was singing to Bossy Calf:

"Moo! Moo!  
Bed for you!"



Billiboy began to look interested. "Who else is going to bed?" he asked.

"Come and see!" said the Sandman. And they went lickerty-splitterky down the road. Two little shadows slid out of the Sandman's bag and tagged after them. One shadow was fat and short and round like Billiboy, and the other shadow was tall and thin and sharp like the Sandman. Billiboy and the Sandman went so fast that the shadows had a hard time to keep up with them and were all out of breath and panting when they came at last to a meadow all full of wee white daisies and white wee lambs.

"Madame Baa-Baa is putting baby Baa-Baa to bed," said the Sandman. "Hark!"

"Go to sleep  
Little sheep!"

"See, the little white lambs are jumping over the fence," said the Sandman. "They are coming to be put to bed. Count them, Billiboy."

"One, two, three," counted Billiboy, "ten, eleven, twelve." Then "forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one," and still the little lambs came running and jumping over the fence.

"How many lambs do you see?" asked the Sandman after a while.

But Billiboy did not answer. His head was going nid-nod, nid-nod, and behind him a shadow went nid-nodding too.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Sandman, "Ho! Ho!" laughed the Sandman, "Billiboy is asleep."

And he picked him right up in his arms and flew, willy nilly, back home with him and plopped him right down in his own little bed. At least that is where Billiboy waked up in the morning, and I don't see how else he could have gotten there, do you?

DOROTHY D. CALHOUN.



# HOMEYARD FRIENDS



## THE DOG

**M**Y dog is faithful as can be,  
His first and last thought is of me.  
Though he is dumb, in his soft eyes  
The speech of loving homage lies.  
He shares my joy and knows my pain.  
I never seek his love in vain.  
Oh, what a blessing we would miss  
Without a friend as dear as this!

J. M.



# HOMEYARD FRIENDS



## THE CAT

I DON'T quite understand our cat,  
Or know what she is looking at  
I sometimes think that maybe she  
Can look straight through a child like me.  
Well, never mind, we'll cuddle her  
And listen to her cozy purr;  
We'll never tease nor will we doubt her.  
For what would children do without her?

J. M.



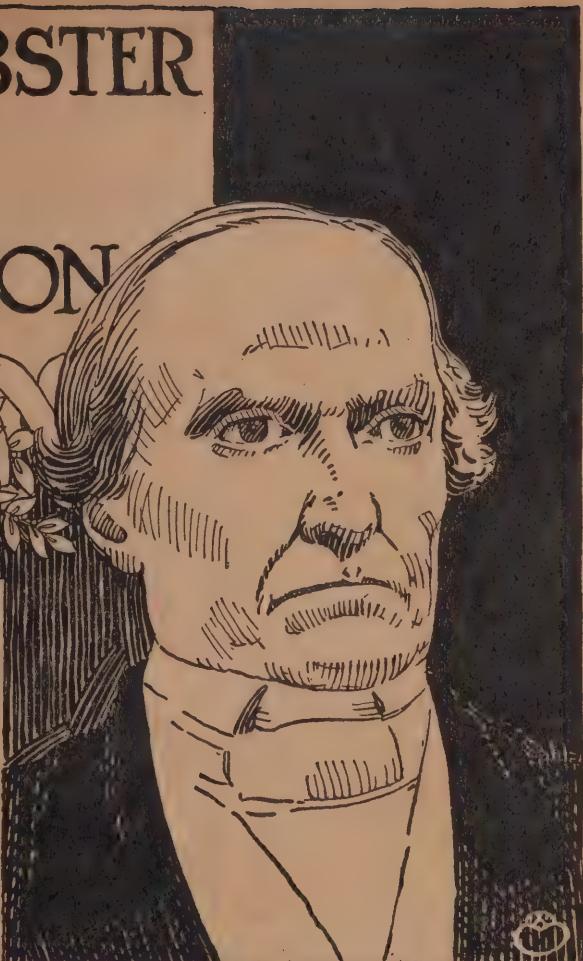
# DANIEL WEBSTER *and the* CONSTITUTION

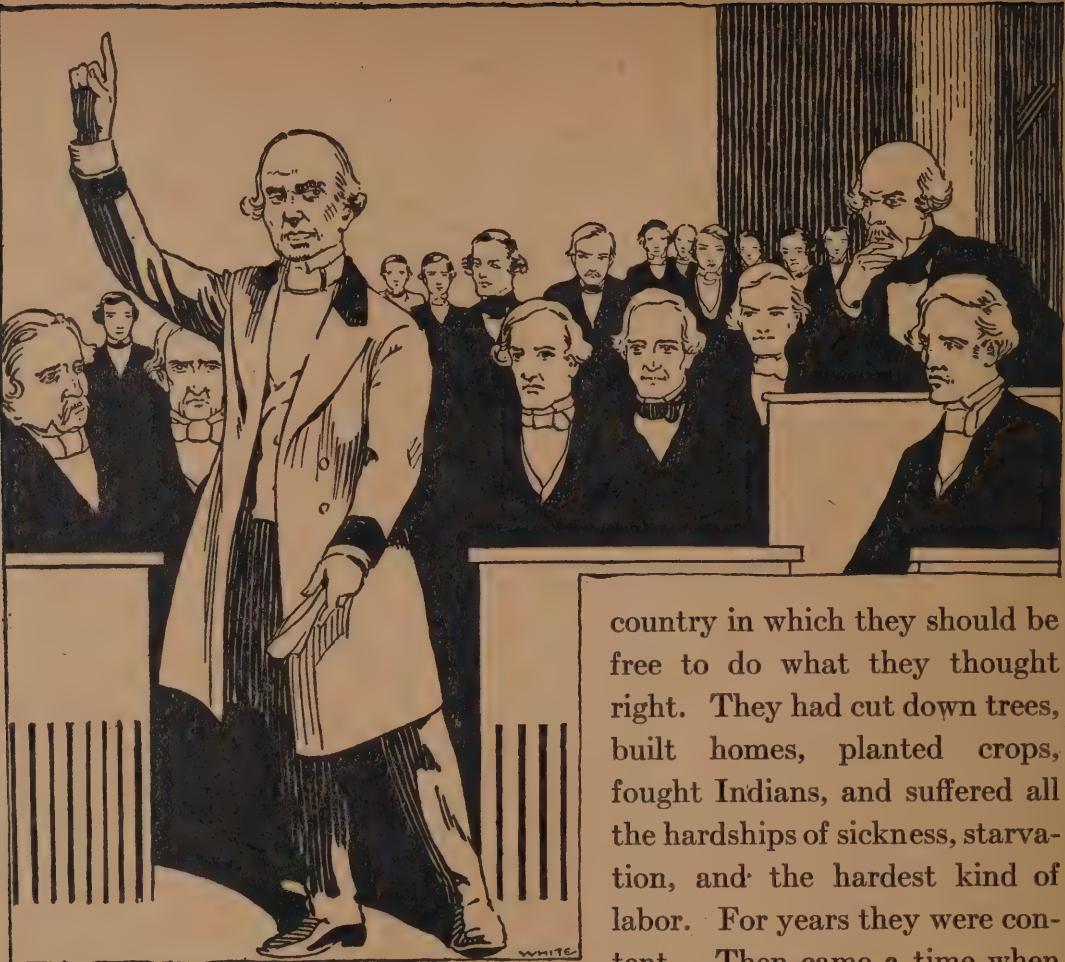


Did you ever know any one whose whole life was influenced by a handkerchief? Yet, that is just what happened to Daniel Webster. When only eight years old, taking all the copper pennies he could scrape together, he went to the village shop and bought a twenty-five cent cotton handkerchief on which the new Constitution of the United States was printed. Oh, how proud he was of that handkerchief!

As he was too delicate to go to school, his mother, five years before, had taught him to read. So, he commenced right away to learn the words on this wonderful handkerchief. Years afterward he said: "There was not an article, a section, a clause, a phrase, a word, a syllable, which I had not studied and pondered over in every way." To our boys of to-day this might seem dull reading, but if they had lived, as Webster did, when brave men were making these new laws for a new land, their hearts, too, would have thrilled with pride.

Think for a moment what it meant! A hundred years before, Webster's grandparents, with their neighbors, had sailed over here to find a





country in which they should be free to do what they thought right. They had cut down trees, built homes, planted crops, fought Indians, and suffered all the hardships of sickness, starvation, and the hardest kind of labor. For years they were content. Then came a time when

the hand of the mother country pressed too heavily upon these liberty-seeking people and they revolted against the oppression of a tyrannical king. We know that revolt as the Revolutionary War.

Daniel's mop of black hair used fairly to stand on end as his father described getting news of the battle of Bunker Hill and how the neighbors formed themselves into a company with Daniel's father at their head. Daniel's father was the first to scale the breastworks at White Plains; he fought with Molly Stark's husband and helped to prevent the surrender of West Point by the traitor, Arnold. Then, one day, as he stood guard before Washington's headquarters, he won from his commander-in-chief these words: "Captain Webster, I believe I can trust you." How proud were the Webster children of that father of theirs!

Captain Webster also made them understand, as no history book could

do, what a really brave thing the Declaration of Independence was. In those days, the world was governed by kings who believed they had the *divine right* to rule! Next came princes and nobles, and, last of all, the common people. So it seemed a bold thing for men of our thirteen separated and struggling colonies to declare that *all men are free and equal*. Then came the end of the war, with victory and the right to prove the principle that men are free.

Up to that time there had been no central government. Each of the states had its own laws, and they were like thirteen clocks sounding their hours at different times of the day. So each state sent representatives to meet at Philadelphia for the purpose of making a set of rules—a Constitution, they called it, for the new nation.

Washington met with them, and, for four long months, they worked hard on a set of laws that should be like a barrel hoop holding thirteen staves together. At last the Constitution was adopted by all the states and went into force in 1789, when little Dan was seven years old. Washington was elected president to see that these new laws were carried out. John Adams said: "This Constitution now makes all our thirteen clocks strike together."

Of course everybody wanted a copy of the new Constitution, but there were no telegraph nor telephone wires to send it flashing across the country. There were no railroad trains to carry it in printed form through the thinly settled states with their poor roads and scattered homes. No wonder then that, when the town shopkeeper managed to get a few copies printed on coarse handkerchiefs, they sold like hot cakes.



*Little All-Eyes*, for so Daniel Webster was called because of his great black eyes, spent his last copper for the precious print. It was easy for him to commit it to memory, for, in those days of few books, people made a habit of learning things by heart. In this way he had learned much of the Bible. All through his life he made a practice of reading his Bible through once a year, believing it to be *the* book of all others for lawyers as well as preachers to study.

So strong was Daniel's love for books that his father, by making great sacrifices managed to send him to college. After that Dan taught school and helped send his older brother, and they both became noted lawyers. Although at first very timid about making speeches, Daniel Webster became the greatest American orator. An orator, you know, is a speaker who can choose just the right words to convince his hearers, can make them laugh or cry, can make them eager to do their best. That is what *Black Dan* could do. His dark eyes, black hair, and swarthy skin earned him this title, and by it he was known the country over. He was elected to Congress when he was thirty-one years old and later went to the Senate where his eloquent speeches touched more and more upon the problems troubling the country. Finally came the wonderful opportunity to uphold the beloved Constitution.

A senator from South Carolina had said in a speech that the government was only a loose group of states, any one of which could refuse to obey Congress when it chose. The very suggestion was a firebrand to Webster. His grandfather and father had fought with musket and sword against Indians and tyrants to give their children this free country; and he, too, with all the weapons that God had given him—a patriotic heart, a golden voice, and a powerful brain, would fight to hold together the nation which had been won for them, keeping it a great and undivided whole. No constitution was ever so ably defended. The great orator afterward said that it had taken him forty years to prepare that speech, and he might have said that its preparation began with the twenty-five cent handkerchief for which he saved his pennies when he was eight years old.

In many ways Daniel Webster's life was full of contradictions. A child so delicate that his mother feared to have him out of her arms, yet he became a tremendously large and strong man. So regal was his powerful frame that, when he visited Europe, the people exclaimed, "There goes a king!" And

when Sidney Smith looked at his gigantic head and figure, he said, "Good Heavens, he is a small cathedral by himself!"

At school he was so bashful that he could never speak pieces before his class, no matter how earnestly he promised himself to do so. When his name was called, he could not make himself rise from his seat. Yet he came not only to speak pieces better than any one else in America, but he wrote them, too, the ringing, eloquent speeches which schoolboys, for the last seventy years, have been reciting as models of patriotism.

But, at one point of Daniel Webster's life, there was never any contradiction. He always kept his love for the Constitution, and we in America to-day, in a large measure, owe our safety, peace, and happiness, to this great countryman of ours, Daniel Webster, whose watchword was

*"One country, one constitution, one destiny!"*

CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN.



•THE WISDOM OF WEBSTER•

**L**IBERTY exists in proportion to wholesome restraint.

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people.

I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American.

# SIX LITTLE PIGS



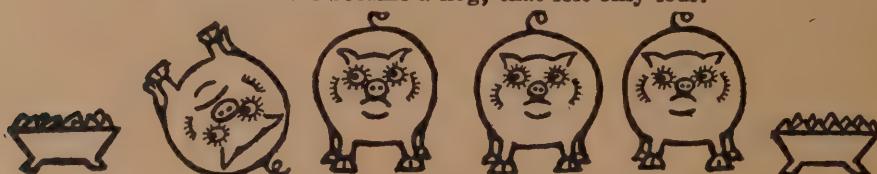
6

SIX little Piggies, very much alive,  
Oldest one was musical, that left only five.



5

Five little Piggies, eating more and more,  
One of them became a hog, that left only four.



4

Four little Piggies, round as they could be,  
One rolled off the picture, that left only three.



3

Three little Piggies, hunting something new,  
One found it in a bee hive, that left only two.



2

Two little Piggies tried a race to run,  
One Piggie beat the other, leaving only one



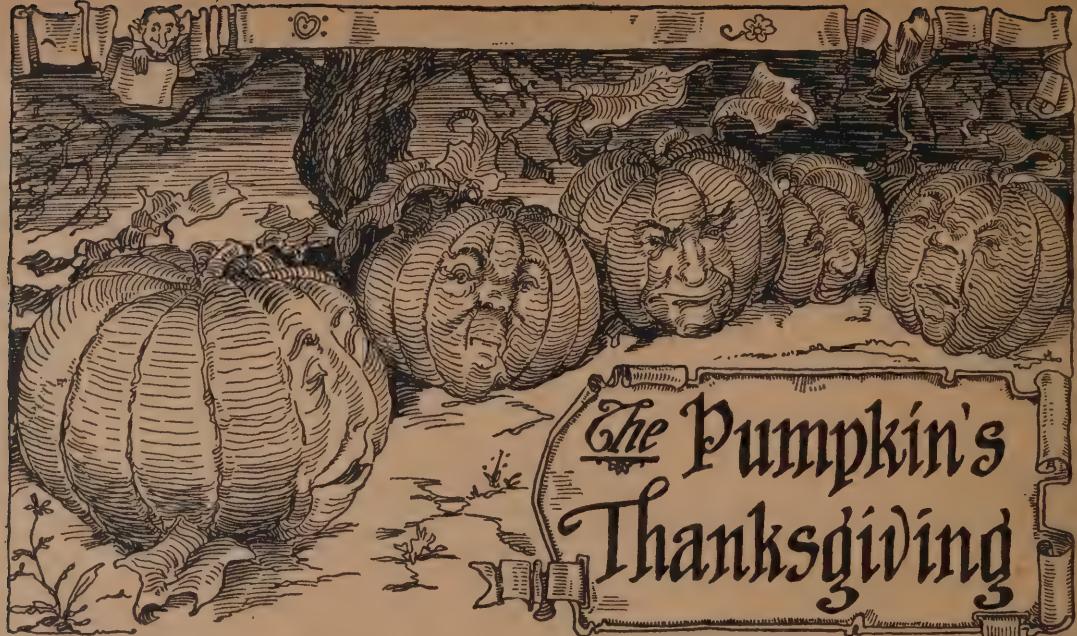
1

One little Piggie, very much bereft,  
Grieved so much he pined away, not a one was left.



• SPRINGTIME IN BUGLAND •

D.R. Crowell.



THE PUMPKINS were sitting around in a row;  
Remember, this happened a cycle ago,  
Discussing together, with tears in their eyes,  
How they could escape being made into pies!]

"If we but had wings," cried a dudish young fellow  
The shade of whose coat was uncommonly yellow,  
"We'd flutter and fly, till we got to the sky  
And be turned into planets, and not into pie!"

"No, no," cried a crumpled old dame from the rear,  
"Wings? wings are a snare; do not trust them, my dear!  
The farmers would catch us in nets as we flew  
And turn us to pies, spite of all we could do."



Then spoke, in a deep, muffled voice, an old punkin,  
Said he—"I've been settin' here, listenin' and thunkin';  
And I have concluded that if we had feet  
We could leave our old masters with nothin' to eat.



"We'd limp and we'd hobble, we'd hop and we'd 'run,'"  
"Oh my!" cried a dear little pumpkin, "What fun!"  
"And hide us away with our children and wives  
And they'd never find us in all of their lives."





Just then little lights flickered over the green,  
The prettiest witch-lights that ever were seen.  
And quaint little goblins, with wonderful ease  
Hopped over the fences and out of the trees.

"Now, pumpkins," they cried, "you poor silly creatures  
With form without legs, and face without features,  
We've come by the witch-light to weave you a charm—  
'Twill aid your escape, and will do you no harm."

"Grow, legs!" shrieked a goblin, whose beard flowed around  
Like a fountain of snow from his chin to the ground.  
At his word, every pumpkin felt trembling and queer,  
And little bow-legs began quick to appear.



They pushed through their overcoats, yellow and tight,  
And stretched themselves feebly, then kicked with delight.  
"Ho, ho," laughed the goblins, so merry and warm;  
The pumpkins rolled over like ships in a storm,  
Climbed up on their feet, balanced stiff on their toes  
Then came down more suddenly, far, than they rose.

The witch-lights were dancing all over the ground,  
And the goblins were ranged in a circle around,  
The signal was given; on tiptoe, they stood  
And shouted, "Now, pumpkins, away to the wood!"





Such limping and hobbling and hopping away!  
Oh, never did pumpkins make such a display.  
They rolled and they tumbled, got up and fell down,  
But onward they pressed to the forest so brown.

The jolly old moon hid her face in a cloud,  
The wind came up roaring and laughing aloud.  
Down tumbled the snow from a bank in the sky  
And the pumpkins lay low, and felt ready to die;  
But the goblins, with thorns and with sharp little sticks,  
Kept spurring them up with a million of pricks.

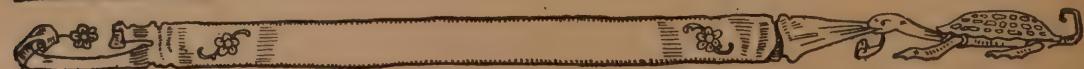
The dude and the dame trotted nimbly along,  
And puffy old yellow-top gave them a song,  
But many a tumble and many a tear  
Were the portion of run-away pumpkins that year.



The gray-bearded goblin rapped thrice on a rock  
And wide flew the portals, as echoed his knock.  
"Come in," cried the goblin. "Here's lots of good cheer,  
Come in, and be happy for many a year."

"Come in, and we all will be goblins together,  
And what shall we care for the wind or the weather?"  
So in they all went, and I've never heard say,  
But I think they're all goblins together to-day!

GERTRUDE F. THOMAS.



# WHEN THE STARS SANG



Carlisle said: "Why did not somebody teach me the constellations and make me at home in the starry heavens which are always overhead and which I do not know to this day?"

**W**E do not know the name of the star that guided the Wise Men to the baby Jesus. We know only that it was in their eastern sky. Think what it would mean to be able to say when something very lovely and golden came twinkling into view,—“There is the star of Bethlehem!” The holy star

must have been very large and brilliant, for there was surely no doubt in the minds of the Wise Men about it. Perhaps, too, an angel may have whispered softly to them in a dream which one to follow. For, we are told that when they saw it, "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy . . . and lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." And that is all we really *know* to this day about the first Christmas star.

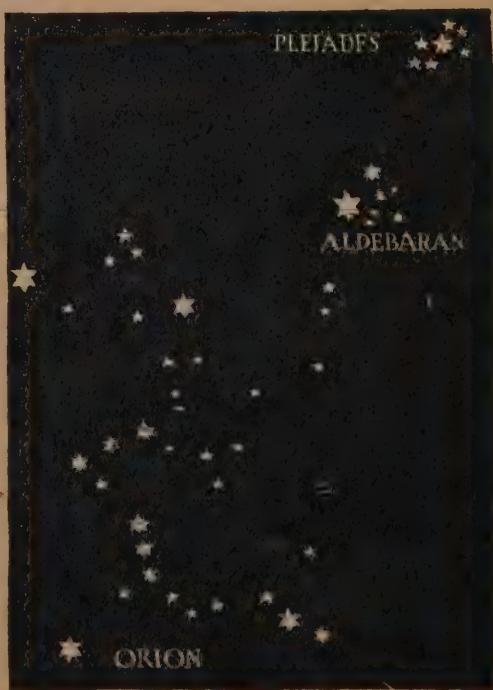
Thousands of years before Jesus was born, the stars had been grouped into constellations. Arcturus, so brilliantly shining in the east at the very dawn of Christmas morning, had been named by no less important person than the patient Job, himself, more than a *thousand years* before. The Pleiades, the "bands of Orion," and the Great Bear are all spoken of by the Old Testament writers, showing how many hundreds and hundreds of years ago these same starry wonders were enjoyed. Surely when, on our own Christmas night, we look at the sparkling little cluster of the Pleiades and remember that they were twinkling gloriously there on the very night of the birth of the little Christ Child, it cannot help bringing all the sacred beauty of that holy happening closer to our hearts.

Shepherds of those early times rested among their flocks at night to protect them from the wild beasts that roamed about; and they must have spent many of the long hours watching the heavens. Very great imagination they had, too, for some of the groups do not look much like the animals and other objects for which they are named. Learned men then had no telescopes so they had to do a great deal of guessing. To-day we know where any star or planet may be found at any hour of the year. We know, too, when we may expect wonderful eclipses such as we had last summer.

If Christmas Night should be clear and you should take Father or Mother out for a walk, you might look at the stars, for during these winter months the heavens are fairly aglow with flaming lamps. First, you could spy out the old giant Orion, just coming up in the eastern sky. He is perhaps the easiest to see of any object up there on account of his belt—three stars in a perfectly straight line, quite close together. Orion is made of brilliants and is our showiest constellation. His sword hanging by his side, rather hazy-looking, contains the celebrated Orion Nebula. The belt, which Job calls the “bands,” is slanting, and points up (almost) to the Pleiades, the little cluster so much loved by the poets. Tennyson in a beautiful poem called “Locksley Hall,” says “they glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.”

Quite near to the Pleiades is the fiery eye of the Bull Taurus which is trying to gore Orion. Aldebaran (pronounced Al-deb'-ar-an) is the reddish star's name. Find the V which forms the Bull's face and you will have it without a doubt. It is *such* fun to spy out these stars, and once you have found them, you will have a pleasure in store for every Christmas night, and every other night,—and never, never tire of it.

Leaving the charming pageant in the east, let your eyes wander around toward the north to the Big Dipper.

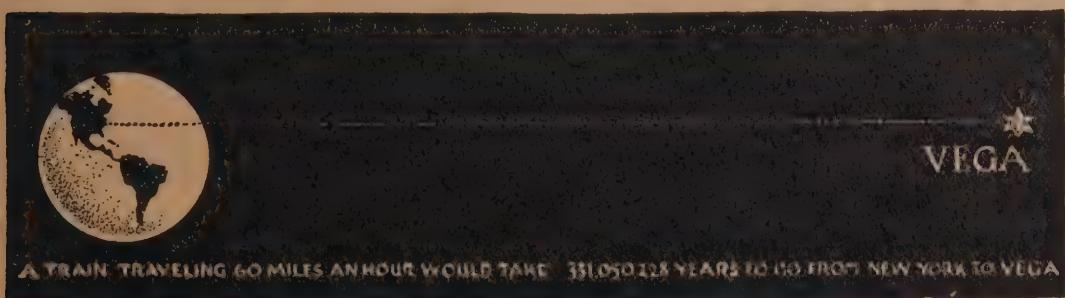


The bright star, and the only very bright one on the way is Capella or the Little Kid. To be sure of Capella, see if it is the brightest of a five-sided figure; some persons call the figure a shield. Capella fairly blazes when seen through an opera glass,—a vivid green, yellow and violet and red,—and such a twinkler! The shepherds who named Capella fancied they could see a man carrying a little kid in his arms. While here, look close to the northeast horizon for the twins Castor and Pollux just "getting up."

North of overhead is Queen Cassiopeia and her chair looking for all the world like a great W. Around to the west lies the lovely Northern Cross which many persons say is more perfect than the famous Southern Cross, only not so showy. In old times, before Christ lived, the people did not care so much about the Cross as they do now, and they called this group the Swan. The bright star at the head of the Cross is Deneb which becomes the tail of the Swan when it is turned around, and the spread wings are the stars forming the small arm of the Cross. Deneb or Arided is an Arabic word meaning "the tail."

If you are not too late you may catch Aquila, the Eagle, ready to sink to rest below the northwest horizon. This little constellation is interesting because it has in it Altair, the brightest star in the Milky Way, and also because it was in this group that the now-famous new star appeared so suddenly last summer almost taking our breath away, and fading out again in a few weeks. Altair, the large blue-white one is the Eagle's body, each side is a fainter star supposed to be his wings.

The three point in a northerly direction straight to Vega, one of our largest first magnitude stars. It hangs like a great blue-white diamond in the northwest heavens. Vega is one of the large suns of the Universe giving out nearly one hundred times as much light as our own sun, yet it takes twenty-nine years for its light to reach us.



The Big Dipper, most of the boys and girls know, and we must not forget that the two stars forming the front of its bowl point to the North Star. If one knows this yellow "beacon light," around which all the others circle, one can never lose one's way. Many a soldier and many a sailor has owed his very life to the North Star. Only a few months ago a book was published by an American aviator who had escaped from the Germans. He found his way back to our lines, he says, by the stars; and so grateful was he that he dedicated his book to the North Star.

Our boys and girls do not live out in the open as the children of Palestine did, but they may learn to love the stars, nevertheless—and who knows but some day a little John Martiner will become a great astronomer and wake the old world up with a great eagerness to learn more about the blessed Christmas stars.

IDA S. MILLER.

THE stars like sheep roam through the sky  
Beneath a Shepherd's watchful eye;

The little ones, tired out with play,  
Are huddled in the milky way.

While larger ones, unwearied, stray  
Across the plains of heaven's wide way!

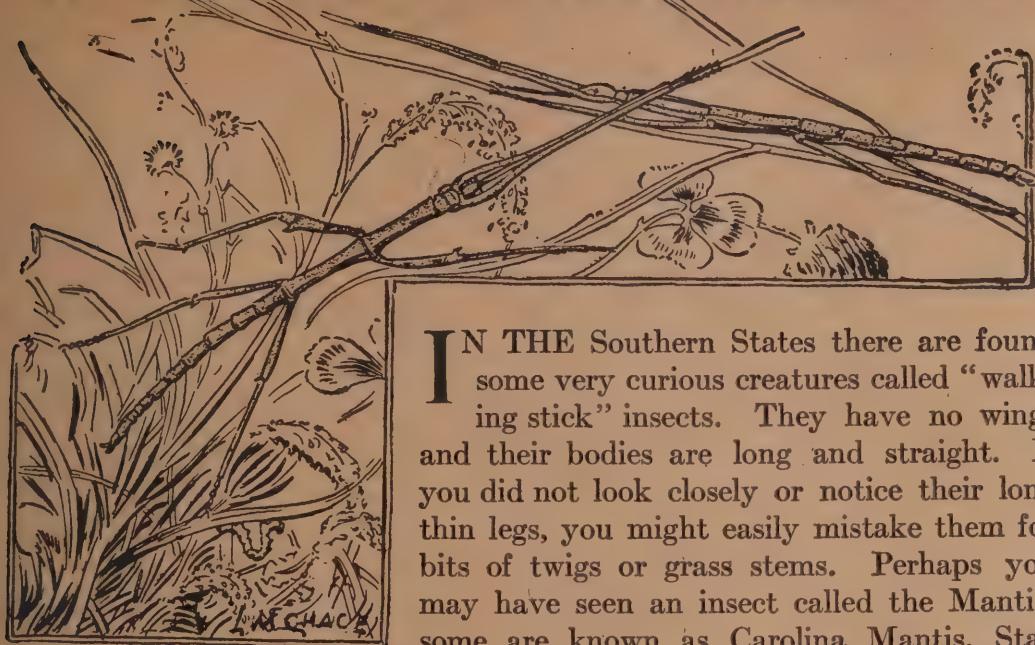
At rosy dawn, into the fold  
They're driven like the flocks of old!

DAISY M. MOORE.

## THE STARS



# WALKING STICK INSECTS



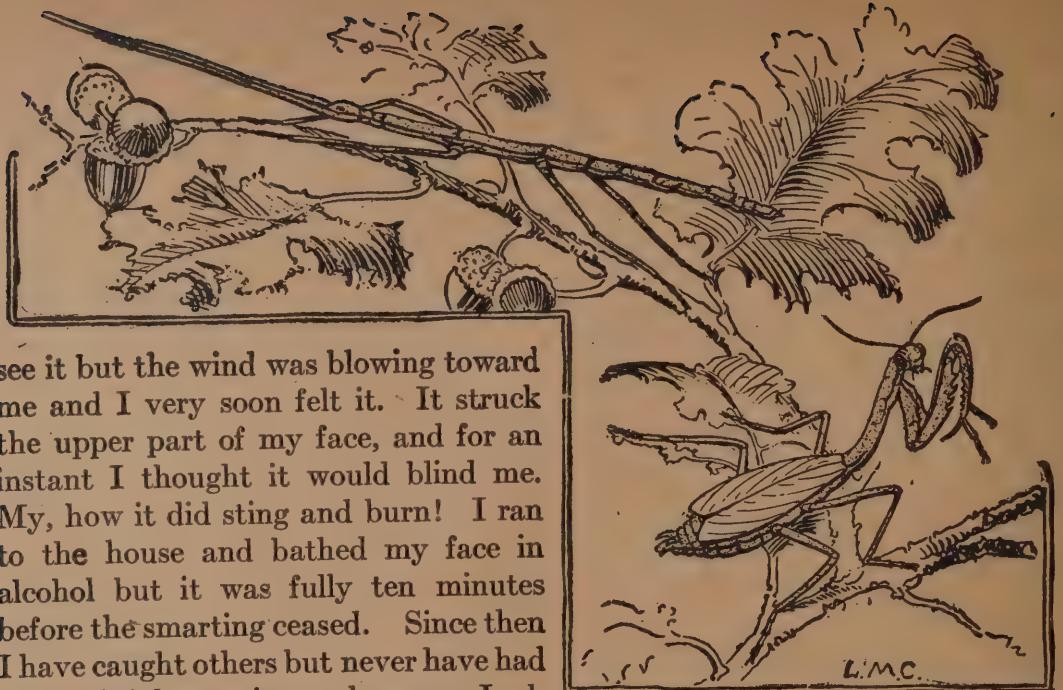
**I**N THE Southern States there are found some very curious creatures called "walking stick" insects. They have no wings and their bodies are long and straight. If you did not look closely or notice their long thin legs, you might easily mistake them for bits of twigs or grass stems. Perhaps you may have seen an insect called the Mantis; some are known as Carolina Mantis, Stag Mantis, and there is a sort called the "Praying" Mantis because of the way they hold their front legs, using them like hands.

This last is a native of Europe but has made its way to this country in the last few years. The "walking stick" insect, or Phasma as he is called, is distantly related to the Mantis.

There is one kind of these "stick" insects that has a very thin body; it is about three inches long and colored a bright green. They are fond of hiding in the grass and they resemble a grass stem so closely, that it is next to impossible to see them. They have very long legs and hold up the front pair folded in front of them, very much like the "praying" Mantis.

There is another sort that the country children in the South call "spit-eyes"; I'll tell you about an experience of mine and then you'll know why.

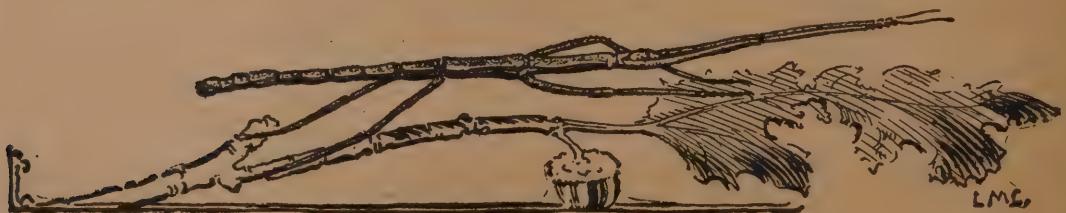
One sunny morning while out collecting butterflies I chanced to find a pair of these funny little creatures perched on the tip of a myrtle bush. For lack of something else to do I began poking at them with a short stick—a bit of twig about two feet long. I was not afraid of them for I had caught numbers of them before. I always considered them perfectly harmless except for a very disagreeable odor they give forth when first captured. But this time they had a surprise for me. I had scarcely made a jab at the pair before one of them—I could not tell whether it was the male or female—suddenly shot a fine spray upward. It was colorless and so fine that I did not



see it but the wind was blowing toward me and I very soon felt it. It struck the upper part of my face, and for an instant I thought it would blind me. My, how it did sting and burn! I ran to the house and bathed my face in alcohol but it was fully ten minutes before the smarting ceased. Since then I have caught others but never have had this painful experience; however I always take care to protect my face when picking them up. This is why the children call them "spit-eyes." The females of this variety are several times larger than the males, and their bodies are a dark striped brown; one could readily imagine they were bits of twigs.

One autumn I found a curious cocoon-like thing made of reddish brown wax fastened to the stem of a tall reed. It was of a peculiar shape, the outer edge being flat and marked off into little cells. I decided to take it home and see what might come out of it. It did not look like any chrysalis that I had ever seen, but I felt sure it was the egg case of some insect. I put it in a pint jar and, every week during the winter, I would take a look at it to see if anything had hatched. Late in the spring I decided I must have been mistaken and was about to throw the thing away when, one morning, I chanced to peep into the jar, and, to my great astonishment, what should I find but hundreds of wee little "stick" insects crawling around inside! I kept them for a day or two, then dumped them in a clump of weeds in the garden. I did not care to undertake the raising of such a large family!

J. GAITHER BONNIWELL.



# Old King Cole

was a  
merry  
old  
soul

And a  
merry old  
soul was  
he



**H**e called  
for his  
pipe  
and  
he  
called  
for his  
bowl





And he called for



his fiddlers

three



# The JOURNEY of the GIFTS

IT'S very dark in here," said a wee voice, sociably. The person addressed drew away and turned her back. It was rather dark in the big mail-bag, and some ice from a fruit crate had dripped on it, making it damp and clammy.

"Where are you going?"

asked Wee Voice. There was no answer, for the little stylish package had been warned not to speak to strangers. She glanced from the corner of her eye at the persistent stranger and turned up her nose at the coarse, brown paper, the knotted string, and the trembly handwriting.

"I wonder what she thinks of my pretty dress," thought the snob. In bright gold letters, on a red tag was printed:

**PLEASE DO NOT OPEN UNTIL CHRISTMAS MORNING!**

Dotted here and there on the soft white paper were lovely green and red holly stamps, while the common package had only one simple Red Cross stamp on it. Dainty petticoats of soft white tissue paper crackled when the little snob moved, and a glimmer of gilt cord could be seen.

"I don't suppose this person wears petticoats," she thought, and she gave it a little punch to see if anything rustled.

"Oh, please excuse me for bumping into you," said Wee Voice, gently, and the snob wished she had not been so rude.

It was very rough and dark in the bag. The train must be bumping and jolting a great deal. Suddenly the snob cried out in pain. A tin

horn, carelessly wrapped in thin paper, bumped against her. It laughed, shrilly.

"If you're such a baby, why don't you travel with a nurse?" it said in a rough, boyish tone, and deliberately bumped into the lady-like package again.

"How dare you be so rude to a lady?" said Wee Voice. "Don't you know this is a lady, and is going to some little girl for Christmas?"

"Well, so am I going to somebody for Christmas, but thank goodness it's a boy and not one of you pink-ribboned girls."

"You are a very rude horn," said Wee Voice, looking at it crossly.

"I'll bump her all I like," retorted the horn, and he started to throw himself against the fragile snob, when he brought up against something hard and solid. The little poor package had thrown herself between the terrified snob and the horn.

"You can bump *me* all you like," said Wee Voice. "My wrapper is tough, and you cannot hurt me." The horn glared at the courageous stranger and nursed its bent handle.

"I'll get the drum and pop-gun and we will fix you girls!"

"What was that?" whispered the snob.

"I think it is the mail-man coming," said Wee Voice. The boys settled down and tried to look innocent, but the sack opened slowly and a deep voice said:

"It must have been that tin horn. See how badly it is wrapped up! People should be more careful at Christmas time."

The poor horn gave a gasp.

"Now look at this fancy package," continued the man holding up the snob. "What do you suppose tore that holly paster off?" His companion pointed to the horn. On the sharp edge of the protruding handle was the rest of the holly stamp.

"That settles him," and the man tossed the horn aside.

"Say, this one is going to a swell house up on Park Ave. Have a care with it. I'll wager the kid receiving it will never even look at the doll that is inside." The snob shivered.

"Well, here's one that will be appreciated, all right . . . all right," said the other man, as he read the address:



*"To the Child who is forgotten  
Charity Ward,  
City Hospital."*

When the two friends once more lay side by side in the mail bag, Wee Voice whispered comfortingly:

"Don't you believe what they say; you are going to be happy, I just know it. Your mistress may have lots of pretty things, but she can't help loving you in your beautiful dress."

"You are very good to me, and I wish I hadn't been so ugly at first."

"Will you let me kiss you good-bye?" asked Wee Voice, timidly.

"Yes, but take care not to muss my dress; it is damp and it will tear easily."

Gently snuggling up against the fragrant package, the little poor package laid its face against the smooth white one.



I DON'T want any more dolls!" said a peevish voice. "I don't care if Grand-ma did send it to me, I am *sick* of dolls!"

The cross little girl "up on Park Ave." threw the unopened package on the bed. The mailman had been right; its little mistress didn't even care to see what was inside. Suddenly the cross little girl picked up the package and examined something on the wrapper.

"Oh Daddy, what does this queer writing mean?" Daddy studied it a moment, then smiled.

"Gladys, bring me your hand mirror," and when the surprised little girl handed Daddy the mirror, he held it over the package.

"*To the Child who is forgotten, Charity Ward, City Hospital,*" he read, puzzling over the inscription. The imprint of a Red Cross Christmas stamp was also plainly visible. The parting kiss had registered.



"Gladys, that's a message from some little package that journeyed with yours. Would you like to go and hunt for that package?"

"Oh, yes . . . yes," cried the child, and soon, in their big motor, they were whirling down Fifth Avenue toward the hospital.

**Y**ES, such a package did come," replied the nurse in charge, in answer to Daddy's inquiry. "There is a poor woman living up in Maine who lost her only little daughter here two years ago, and she never fails to send a pathetic, cheap gift for some child who is without friends or family."

"Are there such children?" asked Daddy, in surprise, looking at his well-kept little girl.

"There are many little children forgotten by the world, alone and friendless at Christmas time," replied the nurse, sadly.

The package under the little girl's arm gave a jump. There . . . on that bed, was her friend of the mail-bag! It was being opened by a pale, thin little girl who lay in bed propped up by pillows.

"Wait a moment, Sally," said the nurse gently, while the little rich girl slowly approached the bed, pity and sympathy in her eyes.

"Is this your only Christmas present?" she asked.

"Yes, but just think how lovely to have it come at all!" replied the cripple, happily.

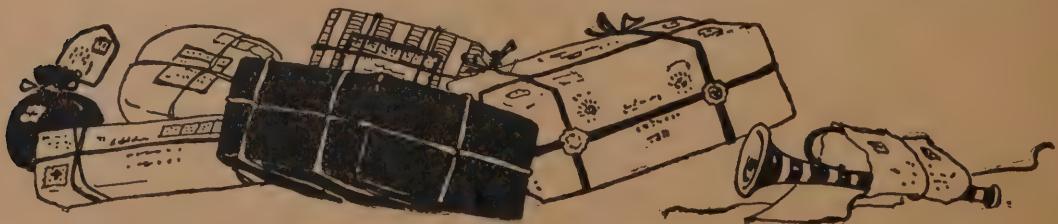
"Oh, I am so glad I came to see you. Let me see your package," and again the two gifts were laid side by side, while the children matched the writing that had been transferred from the humble package to the rich one.

"I told you you would be happy with your little mistress," whispered Wee Voice, gently.

"Let's open our packages and see what we have . . ."

Nurse and Daddy quietly slipped away and the children were soon lost in the real joy of happiness shared.

FLORENCE PARTELLO STUART.



# A CHEWING STORY



ONE day when Auntie was baking she made two Cooky Horses for two little boys. Fine horses they were with heads held high and their seed eyes so round and dark! One horse was light brown and one was cream colored. They stood up against the boys' napkin rings and looked as if they were about to gallop off across the table.

The boys clapped their hands when they saw the horses, and watched them with pride as they ate the first part of their lunch. When they came to cake-time they lifted the horses to their mouths, looked at each other across the table and laughed.

"Oh, where are we going now?" wondered the horses.

One little boy seemed to answer them, for he said: "Now, Mr. Pony, you are going through the mill and then down the red lane."

The horse thought that sounded interesting, but did not have time to think any more, for the red mill doors opened and there were the rows of little, white millers ready to receive him. One mill had twenty millers, and the other had twenty-four—no, only twenty-three, because one had become



unable to do good work and had been taken away, and the new one had not yet come in his place.

The cream-colored horse's head went into the mill and, before his seed eye could wink, the millers began to grind him up. Near each miller was a little well that began to send out sweet water that moistened the crumbs and made them sweeter than the sugar had made them.

A great red manager moved the crumbs around until every miller had had a chance to grind them, and moisten, and sweeten them from his little well. When the crumbs were quite crushed, and moist like cream, a little gate at the back of the mill opened and the crumbs slipped down the red lane into the little boy's stomach.

Then he put another bite of the cooky horse into the mill, and the same thing happened again. When the stomach had finished with them the blood workers took the wee, wee, tiny bits of that cooky horse and made them help that little boy to grow big and strong.

Now, what happened to the brown horse? Something quite different. Just let me tell you. When the other little boy put the first bite into his mill, the millers started to work, the wells began to spout, and the manager was busy keeping everything right, the same as in the first mill. But suddenly there was great confusion.

Before the millers were half done the greedy boy put another bite in and bothered everything. The manager had



to hurry the unground, dry crumbs back toward the gate of the red lane. The gate was not large and the big crumbs had trouble getting through and the boy nearly choked. Then here came more half-ground, dry crumbs, for that boy just poked in the new bites one right after the other. The gate was kept moving so fast that it stuck on its hinges, and the greedy boy choked, and coughed until he had to be excused from the table.

He ran and got a big drink of water, and flooded the mill, and hurried the crumbs down the lane long before they were fit to go. When the pieces of that cooky horse reached the boy's stomach, they were so big that they still knew they had once been a horse, and what do you think? They acted just like a horse and kicked around in that boy's stomach in quite a dreadful way, and the boy felt very miserable for awhile.

Now, which boy are you?

EDITH L. BOYD.

## THE COOKY RACE

*DOWN the Red Lane we gallop away!  
It's gobble and chatter and yum-yum hurray!*



We pass the red gateway;  
The Guards all in white;  
We dash through a chamber  
As dark as the night.



*Down the Red Lane we gallop away!  
It's crunching and munching and frolic and play!*



We dash down a cavern,  
And down a long hall.  
It's dark as a pocket,  
With no light at all.



*Down the Red Lane we gallop away!  
The race is worth racing with no price to pay!*



Don't care for the darkness;  
The goal is in sight,  
And some one we know has  
A grand AP—PE—TITE!



JANE MORGAN.



# SING-SONG

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



BREAD and milk for breakfast,  
And woollen frocks to wear,  
And a crumb for robin redbreast  
On the cold days of the year.



OUR little baby fell asleep,  
And may not wake again  
For days and days, and weeks and weeks;  
But then he'll wake again,  
And come with his own pretty look,  
And kiss Mamma again.



THE summer nights are short  
Where northern days are long;  
For hours and hours lark after lark  
Trills out his song.

The summer days are short  
Where southern nights are long;  
Yet sweet the night when nightingales  
Trill out their song.



GROWING in the vale  
By the uplands hilly,  
Growing straight and frail,  
Lady Daffadowndilly.

In a golden crown,  
And a scant green gown  
While the spring blows chilly,  
Lady Daffadowndilly,  
Sweet Daffadowndilly.



AFTER Marybel Northrop had found forty-three four-leaf clovers and was looking for the forty-fourth, she suddenly saw her fairy godmother sitting in the midst of a clover patch. The fairy was little, and old, and sweet, and she looked just like a dainty pink clover blossom that is beginning to turn the least bit brown. Marybel knew her at once, although she had never seen her fairy godmother before. She went right up to the little, old lady and said:

"Oh, Godmother, won't you tell me why I have no better luck when I find so many four-leaf clovers?"

The bright little lady nodded her head very wisely, and said, "Perhaps it's because you don't know how to use them."

"Use them!" cried Marybel in astonishment. "How does any one use a four-leaf clover?"

Her godmother sighed. "How foolish people are!" she said: "They hunt the world over for good luck and they don't know how to use it when they find it."

"Please, Godmother, I'm only a little girl," begged Marybel. "Won't you tell me what I ought to do? Yesterday I found three good-luck clovers, and then I missed every question in my geography lesson."

"Will you promise to do just as I tell you?" questioned her godmother, looking very stern.

"Oh yes, Godmother, if you'll only help me," promised the little girl.

"Don't look for any more clovers to-morrow," her godmother directed, "but take one of those you have, and put it in your geography at the end of your next lesson. Now when you open your book to study, you mustn't think of anything except your lesson, until you come to the clover leaf. I'm sure it will show you just how the country looks, about which you are studying, and you will remember every word of your lesson."

"Oh, thank you, Godmother," cried Marybel, "I'll do exactly as you say."

"You might try the same plan with your other lessons," the fairy continued; then, waving her hand toward a big brown butterfly that was hovering near, she added: "My aeroplane is waiting, but I shall be here again in four days, and then you may come to tell me how you are getting along."

Four days later Marybel was waiting when her godmother arrived.

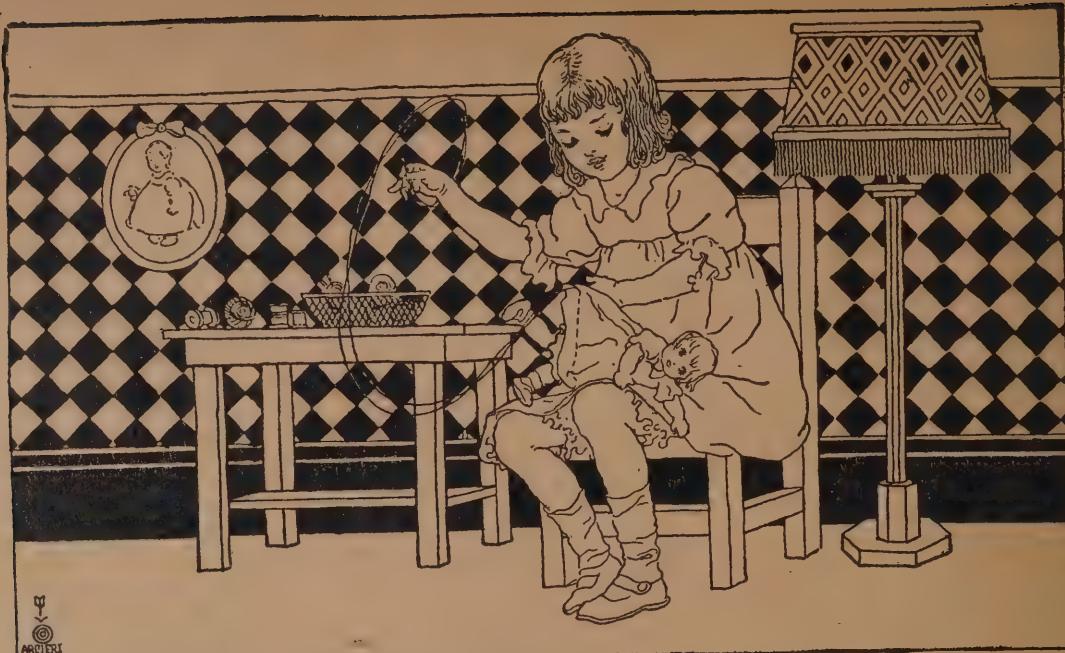
"Well, my dear, and how did the lessons go?" asked the fairy immediately.

"Look!" cried Marybel, "I've brought my report to show you. Every study is marked excellent, and I'm so much obliged to you."

Marybel was so polite that her godmother couldn't help saying: "Is there anything else I can do for you, Marybel?"

"Why yes, Godmother, if you only would," said Marybel. "I want very much to go to a picnic to-morrow, but I have such a long, long seam to sew that I don't believe I'll ever get it done; and every night it takes me so long to wash the dishes that I don't have time enough to play. The fairies in story-books





sometimes help little girls with their work." I'm afraid it wasn't just right for Marybel to hint that way, but her godmother said:

"All you need do, is to use some more of your four-leaf clovers, Marybel. Tuck one up your sleeve before you begin to sew; then sew very hard and fast, and forget all about the picnic. Before you know it, the seam will be finished."

"I'll try, Godmother," cried Marybel. "And will you come to see me again?"

"Yes, in another four days," she replied. "I'm sorry I can't invite you to take a flight with me."

Marybel found that it was easy to do her work when she followed her godmother's advice, and the next time she went to the meeting place, she had another problem to solve.

"Godmother," she said, "I didn't enjoy myself one bit at the picnic. I was so frightened that all I could do was to sit on a bench and watch the other boys and girls. Whenever any one spoke to me, I nearly cried. Will the clover leaves help me this time?"

"Oh, Marybel," her godmother answered, with a comforting smile, "that's the very easiest of all. Put a four-leaf clover in your shoe the next time you go to a party. Then you mustn't think about yourself at all. Just stand up straight, and let your shoes carry you toward some other

bashful little girl, and take her with you into all the good times. Just let the shoes attend to it, and be very sure you are going to enjoy every minute." After the fairy had said this, she disappeared so quickly that all Marybel could see was something that looked like a humming-bird darting through the air.

It was a very happy Marybel who met her godmother for the fourth time.

"I did just as you told me, Godmother, and I had a perfectly splendid time at a party yesterday," she said; "but now I have used up all my clover leaves."

"Never mind, my dear," said the fairy. "You will not need them any more, for you have learned how to work, how to study, and how to play. This one I'll give you for a keepsake." She picked up a tiny four-leaf with a dewdrop glistening in the centre, and bent the stem over, and when she handed it to Marybel, it was a prettier pin than any to be found at a jeweller's.

The brown butterfly was waiting again. "Don't forget," cried the fairy, as she sailed away. "Good-bye, Marybel, and good luck!"

JENNIE G. WALKER.

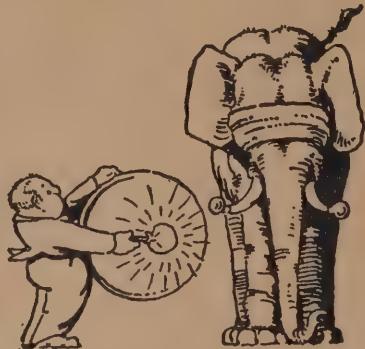


HAPPY as the day is long,  
Sometimes laughter, sometimes song.  
Here and there a thoughtful deed  
For another's help or need.  
Happy when there's work to do;  
Happy when it's finished, too.  
Happy when the clouds are clearing,  
Never doubting, never fearing.  
Happy for all daily bread,  
Happy when it's time for bed.  
Who can this nice person be?  
Look into the glass and see.

MARY MORGAN



# CATCHY QUESTIONS CAN YOU GUESS 'UM?



## CHILDREN, MAKE IT!

*Ques.* What is that which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose?

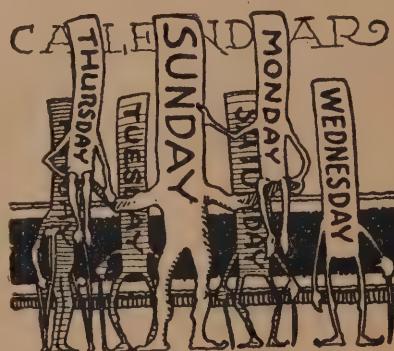
*Ans.* Noise.



## ARITHMETIC

*Ques.* I went out walking one day and met three beggars; to the first I gave ten cents, to the second I also gave ten cents, and to the third I gave but five—what time of day was it?

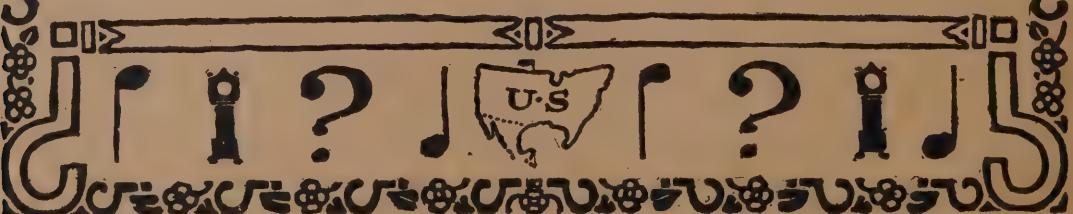
*Ans.* A quarter to three.



## A STRONG DAY

*Ques.* Why is Sunday the strongest day in the week?

*Ans.* Because the others are all week days and Sunday is the only day to rest on.



THEY ARE VERY EASY.  
YES MUM!

*FROM THE CLOUDS*

*Ques.* What animal drops from the clouds?

*Ans.* The rain, dear (reindeer).



*COLORS*

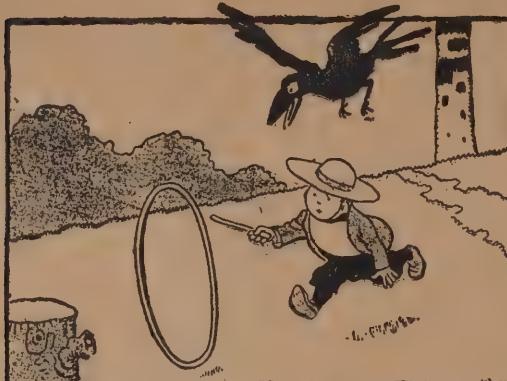
*Ques.* What is the color of the winds and waves in a severe storm?

*Ans.* The winds blew (blue), the waves rose.



# A CROW'S NEST

by Benjamin Rabier



1. What a beautiful perch that hoop would make!



2. I think I'll have to have it



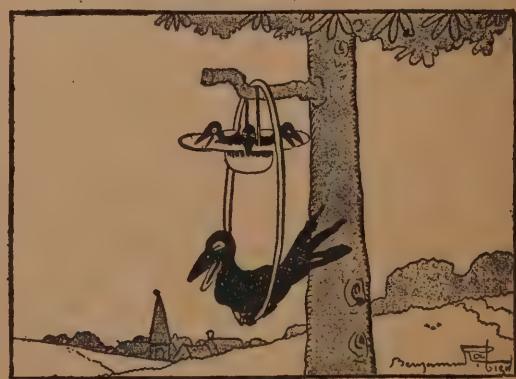
3. And a ready-made nest, too. How fine!



4. I'll just help myself.



5. What a nice swing! What a lovely rest!



6. This is really a very comfortable house, with the children all safe upstairs.

# Silent Night

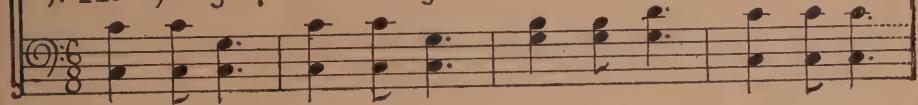
(Christmas Hymn)

Words from the German

German Melody



1. Ho-ly night! si-lent night! All is calm, all is bright,
2. Ho-ly night! si-lent night! Guid-ing Star, lend thy light!
3. Ho-ly night! si-lent night! Won-drous Star, lend thy light!



Round yon Vir-gin moth-er and child, Ho-ly in-fant ten-der and mild  
See the east-ern wise men bring Gifts and hom-age to our King!  
With the an-gels let us sing Hal-le-lu-jah to our King!



Rests in heav'n-ly peace, Rests in heav'n-ly peace.  
Je - sus Christ is here! Je - sus Christ is here!  
Je - sus Christ is here! Je - sus Christ is here!



©

©



The  
**REED**  
and the  
**OAK**  
A Fable from  
Aesop



ONE day an Oak Tree scorned a slender Reed.  
“Weak little thing,” said he. “We brave Oak Trees  
Stand stiff and straight to meet the storm, while you  
Bend down before the little passing breeze.  
Ho! stand and face the storm by strength of limb.  
Let might save all in times of stress or need.  
I do not bend; I never yield like you,  
*O silly Reed!*”





W

The Oak Tree hurt the feelings of the Reed.  
With shame she trembled, but she answered naught.  
That night a great storm came and all night long  
The Oak in his unyielding manner fought.  
But little Reed lay low before the storm,  
And when the Sun of next bright morning woke  
There stood the slender Reed unhurt beside  
*The fallen Oak.*

The slender Reed then trembled as she said,  
"It is not always stubbornness and might  
Nor strength of will, nor fierce resistance that  
Endures the storm or wins the savage fight.  
It's often gentle yielding, without forceful deed  
That wins us peace; *I have the wisdom of*  
*The slender Reed.*"

JOHN MARTIN.

Edward W. Willard

# THE BEAUTI- FUL LADY



# THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

I KNOW a pretty Lady and  
I like to see her go  
Into the garden where the vines  
And trees and flowers grow.  
She walks along the gravel path  
As if she were a queen,  
She is the very nicest one  
That you have ever seen.  
I like to watch her as she cuts  
A flower here and there,  
I like to see the way she twists  
And pushes back her hair.  
Her hands are very big and white  
And quiet when they touch  
A flower and they act as if  
They *loved* it very much.  
I like to see her pick a Rose  
Just with her finger tips,  
For then her eyes have smiles in them  
Exactly like her lips.  
I like to see the way her dress  
Goes flutter in a breeze;  
It's like a pretty sort o' flag  
That flaps about her knees.  
Sometimes the pretty Lady turns  
Her head and looks at me;  
She has a look upon her face  
That's very nice to see.  
The Lady says, I am her knight:  
That she's my Lady Fair.  
She says: "Go forth, Sir Noble Knight,  
And bravely do and dare."  
Those are the words I've often heard  
My Lovely Lady say.  
And I remember, as I try  
To mind in every way.  
Come over to my house and play,  
And she'll be nice to you;  
For she's *my Mother* all the time,  
And *Lovely Lady*, too.

JANE MORGAN



WISTARIA  
A FAVORITE

IN THE southern part of France which borders on the Mediterranean sea, with the beautiful Maritime Alps to the east of it and the River Rhone to the west, is the sweetest city in the world. Its name is Grasse, and it is surrounded by fifteen thousand acres on which practically nothing but flowers is grown—flowers and flowering trees and shrubs.

On one side of the city are groves of orange, lemon, and eucalyptus trees; lilac and jasmine plots are arranged in hedges. On other sides are acres of roses, violets, heliotrope, lilies, and pinks, as well as mignonette, hyacinth, geranium, narcissus, tuberoses, and the strongly scented jonquils. Such things as we are accustomed to call spices and herbs are raised on the hillsides, too, for mint spike, cassia, rosemary, marjoram, thyme, sweet basil, fennel, hyssop, lavender, and wormwood are used in making perfumes, and about three-fifths of all the perfume in the world is made in the sixty factories of Grasse. Barks and roots like orris are used also, and the oil from skins of fruits like lemon and orange. From near the Balkans, in Bulgaria, comes a quantity of attar-of-roses each year, and much eau-de-cologne is exported from Prussia.

About fifteen hundred people are constantly employed in making perfume in Grasse; and, beside these, probably thousands are engaged in tilling the soil and caring for the flowers and harvesting them.

The secret of extracting the perfume of flowers and preserving it has been known to the people of southern France for about five hundred years. So they have ceased to experiment and there is no waste of anything. They have learned that certain kinds of flowers require certain soils for best results; that hand picking cannot be improved upon; that jasmine, for instance, must be picked before sunrise; that pinks are sweetest after the sun has shone on them for three hours, but roses are best when they first open; that, indeed, there is a rule for every flower.

The orange-blossom harvest comes in May, and the odor is then so strong that sometimes men, overcome by it, fall from the orchard-ladders. This blossom is used more than any other. Five million pounds of the waxy white leaves, weighed without stems, are used every year. Next in quantity comes the rose, of which four million pounds are used; then the jasmine,

violets, and so on. It takes one thousand bunches of Parma violets, each bunch a foot in diameter, to make forty pounds of petals. The pink single-bud, not unlike our dog-rose or wild-rose, is the kind of rose most used for perfume.

Not all manufacturers use the same methods in perfume making, and different flowers require different treatment. For some flowers the process called *enfleurage* is used. *Fleur* is the French word for flower, and *en-fleur* is to put the flower in something. In this case, that something is grease (lard, or beef-suet, usually), that has been purified. A large frame, two inches deep and fitted with glass, looking much like a window sash, is covered with grease. On this the flower



## A METHOD FOR CHILDREN WHO WISH TO MAKE THEIR OWN PERFUME.



petals are placed and another frame with the grease inside is laid on it, face down; this gives a space of four inches for odor; a dead flower gives off no odor which seems to prove that the perfume of a blossom is its breath. When the flowers between the two glasses are quite dead, sometimes it will be after twenty-four hours, sometimes not until three days, they are thrown away, and the grease is stirred up with a knife to make fresh surfaces which will absorb the odor of the new, living flowers that are put between the frames. Perhaps the grease is used twenty times; finally it is scraped off the glass, melted, carefully strained, and canned for shipment to other manufacturing perfumers who add alcohol or distilled water or something else to these very strongly scented oils which are prepared in Grasse.

I have known children in America to make excellent perfume by following the simple directions I have given, using, in place of the glass in frames, two deep plates of the same size, the edges of which fitted closely together; filling them over and over again with rose leaves, and finally preserving the grease in alcohol.

Another method of extracting perfume from flowers is that of *distillation*. Any druggist will tell you that distilled water is ordinary water that has been heated until it turned into steam. When this steam, which has been caught and held, is cooled, it becomes water again and falls into the place prepared for it. Sea water can be distilled so no salt is left in it. Our "dew from heaven" is distilled water. The fresh flower petals

are put in water which is slowly brought to the boiling point; the oil in the blossoms rises with the steam, and, as oil and water do not mix, the oil (which is a true essence) will be found floating on the water after it has condensed; it is removed by a process called *decanting*, which is simply a pouring-off instead of a skimming-off.

Some of the perfume-makers use the process called *maceration*. To macerate is to reduce to a soft mass by soaking, and this soaking of the flower petals takes place in oils and fats; after the petals have been very carefully strained out, the oil is added to alcohol which preserves the odors and also prevents fermentation or souring.

And now you have read my simple story of a Centre of Sweetness, and I am hoping that it may linger in your hearts and minds as a sweet memory.

ELIZABETH D. PRESTON.



1. Jonquil  
2. Carnation  
3. Mignonette

4. Rose  
5. Lily  
6. Violet

7. Hyacinth  
8. Lilac  
9. Geranium





# The GOOD NIGHT



HE night has soft and gentle wings  
That spread sweet magic everywhere;  
Night whispers many cozy things  
To fairies hiding here and there  
In woodland, field, and air.



Night tells the Fairy of the Wind  
To blow a happy dream to me,  
Or move the shade, or hide behind  
The window curtains, just to see  
How good my dream can be.



Night asks the Fairy of the Rain  
To patter on the window-sill;  
Or splash against the dripping pane,  
To take good care of me until  
I'm sleeping, still as still.

Night's fairies make a cozy noise  
Behind the wall, then take a peep  
At all their little girls and boys;  
But oh, what careful guard they keep  
While we are fast asleep!

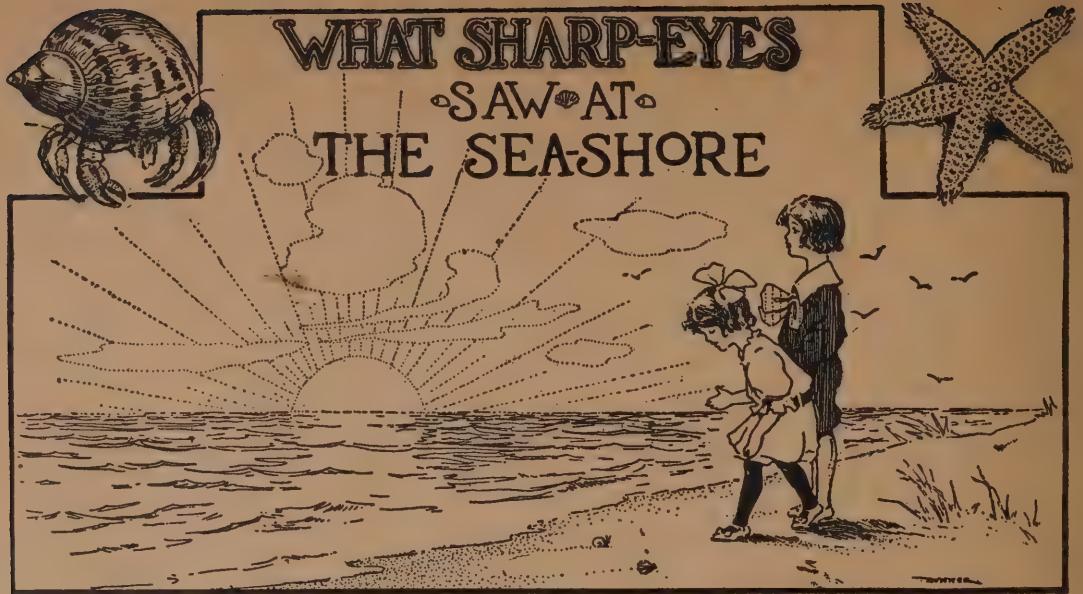
The little noises that I hear  
Are fairies hidden out of sight;  
They love to linger very near  
To see that everything is right  
All through the long good night.



Night is God's messenger of peace,  
And comfort nestles in its breast  
Where busy thoughts and troubles cease.  
Night loves us little children best  
While we all sleep and rest.

JOHN MARTIN.





**I**T was hard for Jimsey and Whimsey to say good-by to that beautiful camp in the woods where they had spent such a happy month. But Mother wanted to go to the sea-shore and it would have been selfish not to be willing to go. Uncle Jim was going to remain in the camp, for that was his summer home.

"When I see you again in the Fall I shall know just how well you have learned to use those eyes of yours," said he, and around his own eyes were the funny little puckered wrinkles they so loved to see. "You won't have anybody with you to do your seeing for you, you know."

"Just as if we couldn't see things for ourselves!" said Jimsey indignantly as they waved a last good-by to Uncle Jim.

"But we shouldn't have seen half as much if Uncle Jim hadn't somehow made us see," replied Whimsey. "Oh, Jimsey! Wouldn't it be fun if we could see something down on the sea-shore that Uncle Jim never has seen. Of course, he has seen about everything in the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, but when I asked him what there was to see at the sea-shore he said, 'Just sand and water and water and sand and a lot of people in bathing.' I guess he doesn't care much for the shore and thinks there's nothing interesting there. Perhaps there are little beach people just as interesting as our friends of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows."

"I hope so, but I don't believe it," growled Jimsey.

Bright and early the next morning Jimsey and Whimsey were out on

the beach, for they had learned the habit of early rising in camp. No one was in sight but a fisherman just getting ready for his day's work. Away and away stretched the broad white sandy beach and out in front the blue ocean sparkled as the shining lances from jolly, round Mr. Sun touched the tops of the tiny waves. The tide, that wonderful movement of the water away from shore for few hours and then back again, was going out, leaving long bars of wet sand and stretches of stony beach with little pools of water here and there.

At first it seemed as if Uncle Jim was quite right and that there was nothing but sand and water and water and sand. Jimsey was just about to say so when he spied a little bird running along at the very edge of the water, following the waves out and running back as they came in. All the time he bobbed up and down in the funniest way. Jimsey grinned. "There's Teeter, the Spotted Sandpiper! It's good to see one old friend anyway," he cried.

"That's so! He looks just as he did up on the shore of the lake, doesn't he?" Whimsey cried happily. "He must have come down here just to keep us from being lonesome. I'm afraid we are going to miss Billy Mink and Grandfather Frog and all the rest of our friends. Oh Jimsey, what do you suppose made that queer little path in the wet sand? It leads right up to that big snail shell. It—why! whye-e! that shell is moving! Mr. Snail himself makes that path! He's a regular little old man with his house on his back."



TEETER THE LITTLE SPOTTED SANDPIPER

Eagerly the two little folks bent over to watch the slow moving little creature. They could just see him move and that was all.

"I wonder if he will hurry if I tickle him with this stick," and Jimsey touched the fleshy body on which the shell seemed to rest. But the little old man didn't hurry at all. Not a bit of it! He was too sensible for that. What do you think he did? Why he promptly retired inside his house and shut the door. Whimsey clapped her hands with joy.

"Isn't he smart?" she cried. "I suppose that is just what he carries his house around with him for. There's another over there just like this one. Let's see if he'll do the same thing."

But this time they were treated to a new surprise. As they came near, the shell suddenly ran away and it ran very fast—so fast that Jimsey had to run to catch it. It looked exactly like the other, but it was plain that no little old man was carrying this house on his back. Oh my, no! The possessor of this house had legs and he could run very fast as they had already seen. Moreover he had two claws or hands with which he could pinch sharply. "It's a crab in a snail's shell," cried Jimsey. "See how that big claw of his makes a regular door and shuts him inside."

"Do you suppose he killed the snail and took the shell?" asked Whimsey eyeing Jimsey's catch suspiciously.

"I don't know," replied Jimsey. "Uncle Jim would say that there is something for us to find out. I wonder if he won't grow any more. And if he grows and his house doesn't, what will he do?"

"Something more for us to find out," replied Whimsey. "Let him go and let's see what he will do."

Jimsey put the shell down. At first nothing happened. Then the legs appeared, two queer bulging eyes looked about to see if the way was clear and then away scuttled the owner of the house, taking it with him. The children followed, taking care not to frighten him. He seemed to have something very much on his mind. Several empty shells like his own were lying about and he went from one to another examining each carefully.

"Do you suppose he is looking for something to eat?" whispered Whimsey.

Just then he approached another shell a wee bit larger than the one he occupied and in it was another chap like himself. A fight started immediately between the two householders. Number One proved to be the stronger and

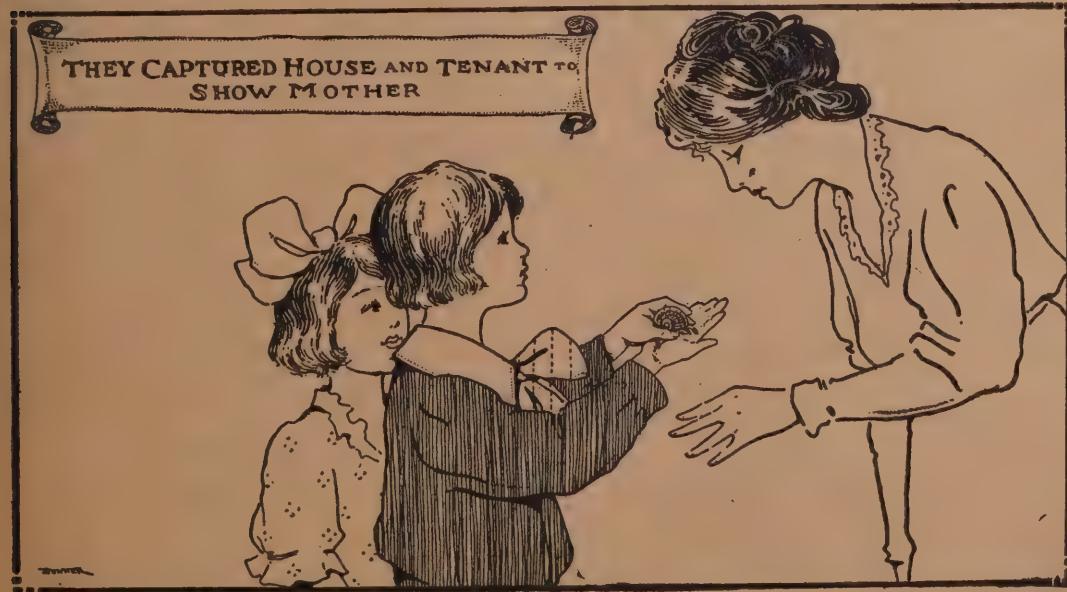
to the astonishment of the two watchers he actually pulled Number Two out of his house and threw him on the sand. Then he examined the empty house. He felt around inside with his feet and feelers. It seemed to suit him, for in the twinkling of an eye he had crawled out of his old house and into the new one, and was off with it on his back just as if it had always belonged to him. The children stared at each other. The whole thing had been done so quickly that they could scarcely believe their eyes. Whimsey giggled.

"The mean thing!" she cried. "He's just like you, Jimsey, when you pull me out of the hammock because you are stronger than I and happen to want to swing. Did you see what happened to that other poor fellow?"

"No, but that must be he over there. That shell didn't have anything in it a minute ago and now it's walking off," replied Jimsey.

They watched it for a few minutes. The new house didn't seem wholly satisfactory and as they watched, they saw him desert it for one more to his liking. As before the change was made in the twinkling of an eye. This time they captured house and tenant to show Mother.

"It's a Hermit Crab," she explained, "and he takes possession of an empty shell as you have seen, but I didn't know he went house hunting and made a change as you saw him do. Your sharp eyes have seen something that Mother's have never seen despite the many, many times I have visited the sea-shore."



After breakfast they were on the beach again eager to find something new. Just above the high water line where the sand was firm and well packed they found ever and ever so many holes. Some were half an inch across and others were almost or quite two inches across.

"I wonder what made these and if we'd find any one at home if we should dig into one," said Jimsey.

"Let's sit down and keep perfectly still. You know Uncle Jim says that is the best and only way to really see things," replied Whimsey.

Jimsey grumbled a little, but finally agreed and they sat down. They didn't have long to wait. Out of a hole right in front of them stared such a curious looking fellow that Whimsey could scarcely keep from giggling right out. His eyes were raised on little tubes, and a great claw was bent across over his head as if to protect it from a sudden blow. It was Fiddler Crab. For a few minutes Fiddler stared very hard at the two children. As they didn't move he evidently made up his mind that there was nothing to fear and scuttled out sideways after the manner of all crabs. In a few minutes he was joined by hundreds of his kind. Without thinking Jimsey moved. Immediately there was a grand rush of Fiddlers for their holes. Each one started for the hole nearest him regardless of whose it might be. Such a funny sight as it was! Jimsey and Whimsey laughed until the tears came. One pop-eyed fellow about half grown found the hole he wanted already occupied by a smaller one. Quick as a wink the small one was pulled out and the bigger one ducked down out of sight. But hardly had he disappeared when a still larger one rushed into the hole and sent him scuttling away to seek safety elsewhere.

Jimsey and Whimsey spent a whole month at the sea-shore and every day they discovered new and interesting things, things they never would have seen if Uncle Jim hadn't taught them *how* to see. They collected shells and sea-weeds and sponges. They learned about other crabs and queer little people of the sea. They saw birds that were quite new to them —that lived only along the shore of the great ocean. And very early one morning they discovered Reddy Fox looking for fish along the edge of the water.

"Uncle Jim is all wrong. There are heaps and heaps of things to see at the sea-shore!" declared Whimsey. And she was quite right.

THORNTON W. BURGESS.

# A TALE of a TAIL



**R**EYNARDITA FOX emptied her much worn purse on the table. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty cents, she counted. How she had economized to save that sum! It was every penny of her spending money for ten weeks.

To-morrow would be Christmas. That fifty cents was to buy a present for her best-beloved, Reynard Fox. It was to be a sensible gift this year—five inches of best gray fox fur to mend a tear in his tail. For, one day, some brambles had caught in Reynard's exquisite tail and had torn off the top, leaving a ragged, shabby end. It had been a sore trial for Mr. Fox to wear so jagged a tail, but he had uttered not one word of complaint. He had just made the best of it.

So, to-morrow Reynardita meant to surprise him! She had found a shop that sold a marvelous five-inch length of fur for fifty cents. It was gray and silky and of exquisite quality. Would half-past eight ever come so the store would be opened? Reynardita could hardly wait to go out and buy her best-beloved's gift.

With beaming face she gathered up the coins and jingled them. "To-morrow will be Christmas!" she sang joyously. "To-morrow will——"

In the midst of her song the door bell rang. Who could it be so early in the morning? She hastened to the door



to admit a messenger with a note from Widow Muskrat. During the night her home down the river had been flooded, and the water had carried away all her possessions. She herself had caught a severe cold.

Reynardita Fox put on her hat, buttoned her fur coat, slipped her precious purse into her muff, and went straight to Mrs. Muskrat.

The very first thing to be done was to search for a safe hole. They found one high on the bank. But what is a house with nothing to eat in it? Mrs. Fox thought of her Christmas savings. She had dreamed how Reynard's eyes would sparkle at sight of that five inches of marvelous gray fur. If she used *one* coin, she could not buy it.

But poor Mrs. Muskrat was hungry. And it was Christmas time. Reynardita could not see her starve. *She would have to find some cheaper fur for Reynard's tail!* After all, Reynard did not *need* such expensive fur, whereas Mrs. Muskrat *had* to have a home and a Christmas dinner. So, with half her savings, Reynardita bought warmth and food to put into the new house.

Then, leaving Mrs. Muskrat safe in her warm home with a fine Christmas dinner in her pantry, Reynardita set off to find her best-beloved's gift.

"The *Christmas spirit* will be in the cheap fur just the same," thought Mrs. Fox as she entered a fur shop on the corner. But no inexpensive fur was to be found there. Reynardita tried another shop, and another, and still another, but not a bit of gray fox fur could she buy for her price.

There was one store left. It was a Department store way off at the very end of Nowhere. Reynardita had to walk. She could spare not one penny for a ride. But she hummed to her heart all the way, and the cheer of coming Christmas made her forget that she was tired.

It was almost dusk when she, at last, stood before the gaily dressed windows of the store. "If I don't find it here," she said softly to herself, "I'll have just to make the best of it and buy something else. Reynard will love whatever I give him. But I *do want* five inches of gray fur to mend his poor torn tail!"



The fur-by-the-inch counter was crowded. So, until her turn, Mrs. Fox amused herself by looking at the powders, perfumes, and sachets on the next counter.

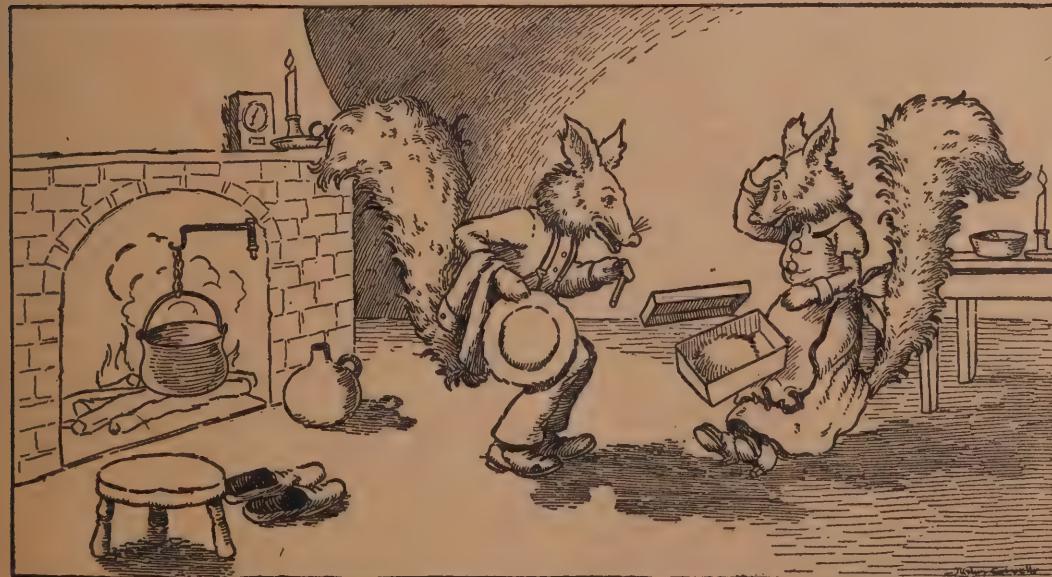
At length, the clerk was able to wait on her. He brought out several kinds of fur. With trembling paws Mrs. Fox examined them. And there it was, the shade of gray she wanted, and at her price! Reynardita bought five inches.

"Now," thought she, as she hugged the box to her heart on the way home, "every morning when he goes to business he can wave to me over the bushes, as he used to do. To-night I shall sew it on for him!" Her heart felt so light that the box of fur seemed to grow lighter than air.

Finally, she reached home. At the foot of the stoop she stopped to take out her key. But the door opened from the inside. Reynard was home early and had seen her coming up the path. The candles were lighted and the kettle was on. But Reynardita just couldn't wait until after supper to show her gift.

"See what I have for you, Reynard," she said. "I have bought some gray fur to mend your raggedy tail."

Reynardita untied the string. She took off the cover. Then she gave a little scream of disappointment. Instead of the five inches of gray fox fur, there was a white powder-puff! The wrapper in the store had made a mistake.



But Reynard snatched up the gift, and with the cheer of Christmas in his heart, just for fun, he clapped it on the end of his torn tail. The magic of Reynardita's love was in that powder-puff, *and it stuck*. Reynard did the fox-trot around the room, waving his tail with its powder-puff tip. Reynardita shook with laughter at the antics of her best-beloved. But it really did look gorgeous—that white tip in the midst of the gray.

"Why, my dearest," said Reynard, when he stopped for breath, "this is better than *sewing* a piece on my tail. When I wave to you now, this will shine through the bushes until I am quite out of sight. It's wonderful, the best Christmas present I've ever had! Now here is yours."

From his inside pocket Reynard drew a brand new purse filled with bright coins for Reynardita to get whatever she wanted most.

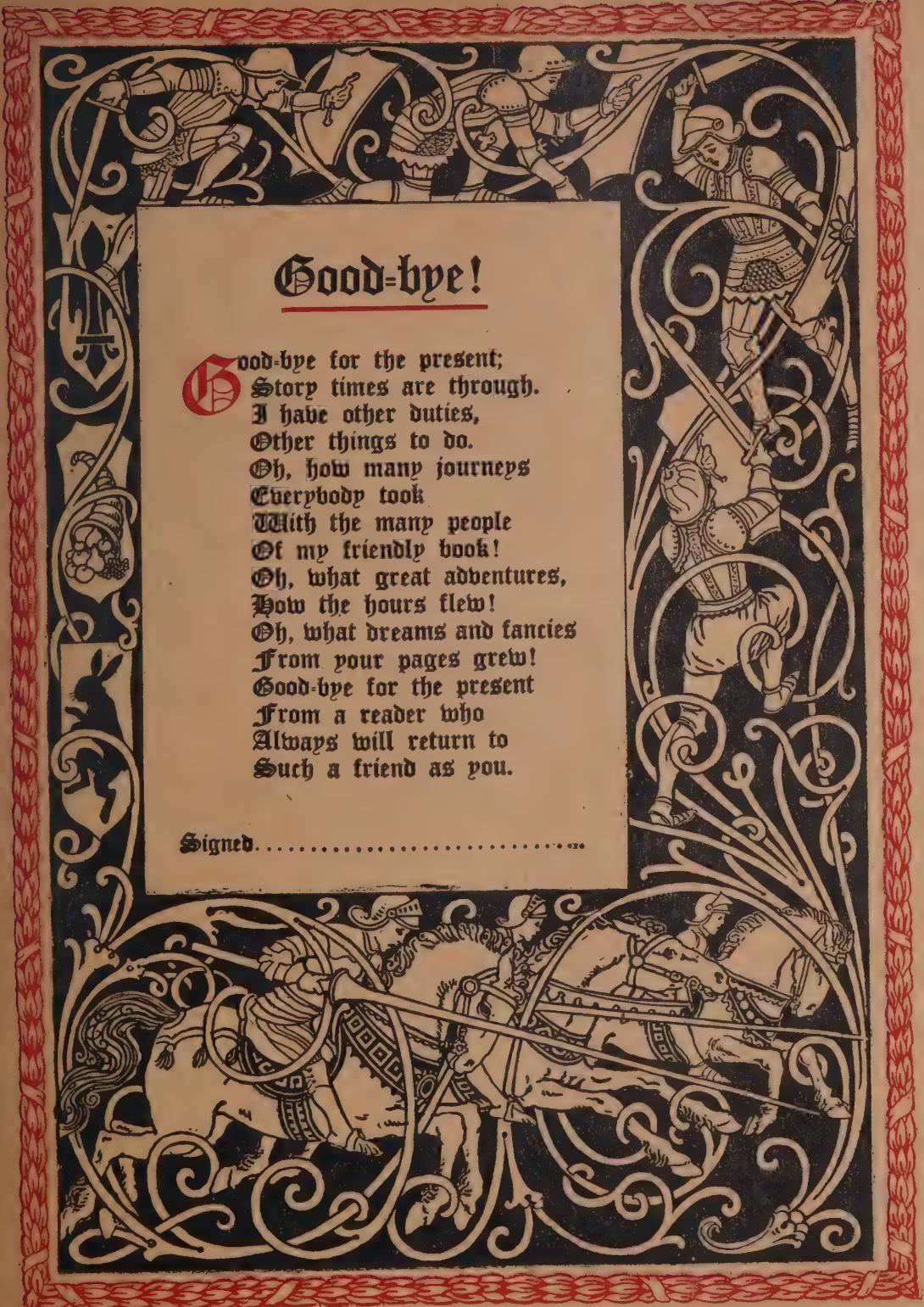
"Buy me a powder-puff tip for my tail, too," she said.

Reynard did, that very night.

Every since that jolly Christmas Eve, foxes' tails have had white powder-puff tips. Love can put magic in everything!

MARY J. J. WRINN.





## Good-bye!

**G**ood-bye for the present;  
Story times are through.  
I have other duties,  
Other things to do.  
Oh, how many journeys  
Everybody took  
With the many people  
Of my friendly book!  
Oh, what great adventures,  
How the hours flew!  
Oh, what dreams and fancies  
From your pages grew!  
Good-bye for the present  
From a reader who  
Always will return to  
Such a friend as you.

Signed.....





To Friends of this  
**Big Book**

You will be interested to know that all of the material in this "Big Book" has been compiled from past issues of

**JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK**

(*The CHILD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE*)

Subscription \$4.00 a year. (Foreign and Canadian subscriptions \$4.50.) Send for sample copies and descriptive circulars to

JOHN MARTIN'S HOUSE, INC.  
No. 128 West 58th Street, NEW YORK



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 10019 804 1



## HOMeward BOUND

All aboard, we're off for home;  
Our merry hearts agree  
That home is a happy place to go,  
A very good place to be.  
So all aboard, true love and joy  
Are there for you and me.

JOHN  
BIG  
FOR LITTLE FOLK  
MARTIN'S  
BOOK

